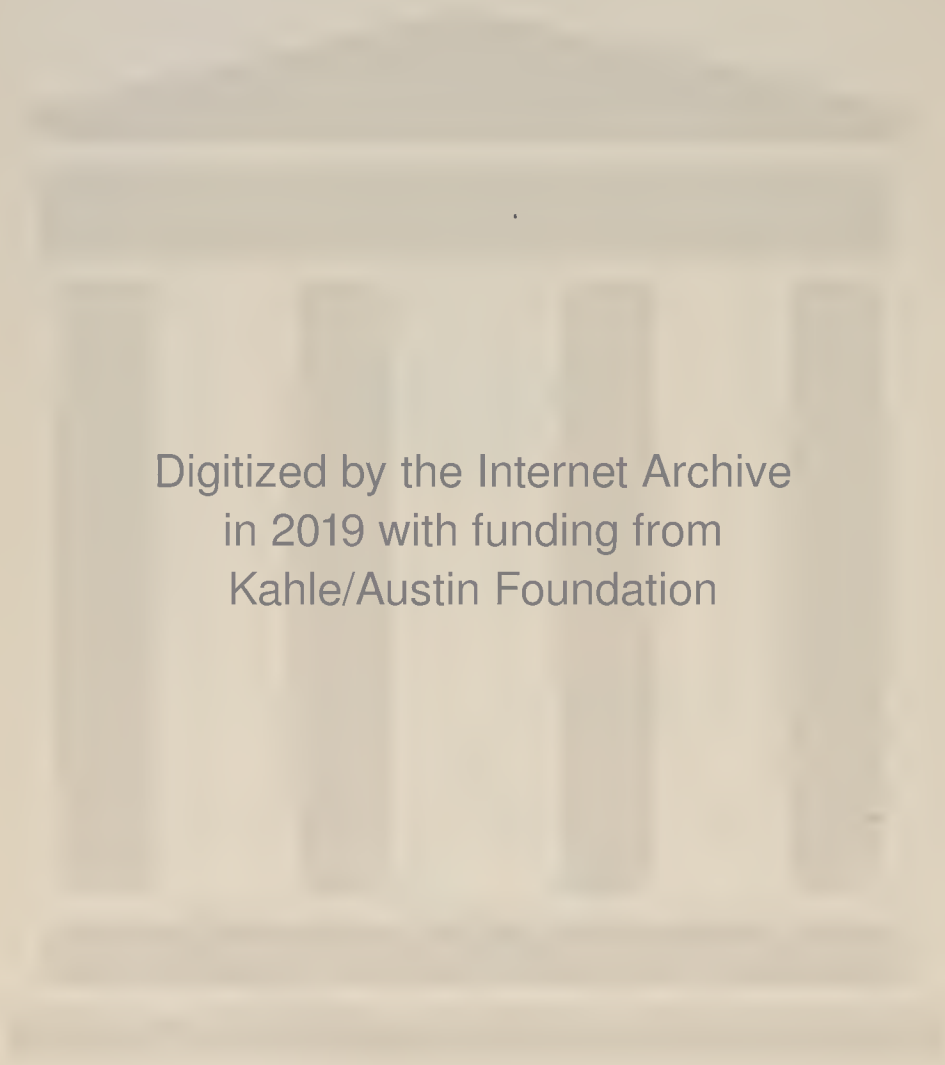
NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

National Library
DUPLICATE
APR 1 8 1971



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/masterpiecesofwo0015unse

MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M. PH.D., L.H.D., EDITOR IN CHIEF

FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XV

NEW YORK ·:· AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY ·:· PUBLISHERS

PN 6013 .P3 v. 15

Copyright, 1899
By Harry Thurston Peck

MANUFACTURED BY
J. B. LYON COMPANY
ALBANY, N. Y.

Contents.

VOLUME XV.

	LIVED	PAGE
HERMAN MELVILLE	1819–1891	7853
Perilous Passage of a Ravine — Descent into the Typee Valley.		
Strange Customs of the Islanders.		
Cannibalism.		
GEORGE MEREDITH	1828–	7874
Clare's Marriage.	Men and Man.	
Clare's Diary.	From "Modern Love."	
Bad News.	Evening.	
Diana's Night-watch.	Love in the Valley.	
Wind on the Lyre.		
PROSPER MÉRIMÉE	1803–1870	7916
A Tragedy.	A Suspicious Companion.	
CHARLES MERIVALE	1808–1893	7929
Augustus Cæsar.		
JAMES MERRICK	1720–1769	7931
The Chameleon.		
JULES MICHELET	1798–1874	7933
The Death of Jeanne d'Arc.		
Michel Angelo.		
The Mediæval Poetry of Chivalry.		
The Mediæval Man and the Church.		
There are no Old Women.		
Autumnal Aspirations.		
Immortal Love.		
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE	1735–1788	7948
Cumnor Hall.		
JOHN STUART MILL	1806–1873	7952
Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual.		
HUGH MILLER	1802–1856	7966
First Studies in Geology.		

162720

	LIVED	PAGE
Richard Monckton Milnes	1809–1885	7972
The Worth of Hours.		
The Long-ago.		
Good-night and Good-morning.		
Naples and Venice.		
The Brookside.		
November Roses.		
John Milton	1608–1674	7978
From Paradise Lost.	Lycidas.	
On Shakespeare.	From "Comus."	
On his Blindness.	L'Allegro.	
To Cyriack Skinner.	Il Penseroso.	
On the late Massacre in Piedmont.	For the Liberty of Printing.	
	On Errors in Teaching.	
The Hymn on the Nativity.	A Book not a Dead Thing.	
Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau	1749–1791	8012
A Letter to the King of Prussia.		
Donald Grant Mitchell	1822–	8017
Smoke — signifying Doubt.	Manly Love.	
Blaze — signifying Cheer.	Cheer and Children.	
Ashes — signifying Desolation.	A Dream of Darkness.	
Manly Hope.	Peace.	
Silas Weir Mitchell	1829–	8054
The Duel.		
Mary Russell Mitford	1787–1855	8068
Frost and Thaw.	The Hard Summer.	
Lost and Found.		
David Macbeth Moir	1798–1851	8086
Casa Wappy.		
Molière	1622–1673	8089
A Sincere Critic seldom pleases.		
Orgon proposes Marianne's Marriage with Tartuffe.		
The Family Censor.		
The Hypocrite.		
The Fate of Don Juan.		
The Sham Marquis and the Affected Ladies.		
Theodor Mommsen	1817–	8122
The Battle of Pharsalus.	The Character of Cæsar.	
James Monroe	1758–1831	8134
Sovereignty and Government.	Origin of Government.	
The Monroe Doctrine.		

	LIVED	PAGE
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu	1689–1762	8139
To Mrs. S. C.	To the Countess of Bute.	
To the Countess of Mar.	From a Letter to the Countess of Bute.	
To the Abbé X——.		
To the Countess of Mar.	To the Countess of Bute.	
To Mr. Pope.		
Michel Eyquem de Montaigne	1533–1592	8151
The Author to the Reader.	Of Repentance.	
Of Friendship.	On Liars.	
Of Books.	Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.	
Montesquieu	1689–1755	8161
On the Power of Punishments.		
In what Manner Republics provide for their Safety.		
Origin of the Right of Slavery among the Roman Civilians.		
On the Spirit of Trade.		
On the True Nature of Benevolence.		
On Religion.		
On Two Causes which destroyed Rome.		
Usbek at Paris to Ibben at Smyrna.		
Rica at Paris to Ibben at Smyrna.		
James Montgomery	1771–1854	8177
The Common Lot.	Night.	
The Old Man's Song.	Friends.	
Thomas Moore	1779–1852	8182
The Fire-worshippers.		
A Ballad.		
Ballad Stanzas.		
A Canadian Boat Song.		
Love's Young Dream.		
Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms.		
Come, rest in this Bosom.		
Nora Creina.		
Oft, in the Stilly Night.		
Oh! breathe not his Name.		
'T is the Last Rose of Summer.		
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.		
"Thou art, O God."		
The Bird let loose.		
Illusion.		
Sir Thomas More	1478–1535	8202
Of the travelling of the Utopians.		
James Justinian Morier	1780–1849	8220
Hajji as a Quack.		

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHN MORLEY	1838–	8233
Condorcet.		
GEORGE P. MORRIS	1802–1864	8240
Woodman, spare that Tree. I 'm with you once again. A Southern Refrain.		
SIR LEWIS MORRIS	1832–	8243
Andromeda. Gilbert Beckett and the Fair Saracen. The Invincible Armada, 1588.		
WILLIAM MORRIS	1834–1896	8258
Atalanta's Race. The Day is coming.		
ARTHUR MORRISON	1864–	8269
Behind the Shade. That Brute Simmons.		
THOMAS MOSS	1740–1808	8281
The Beggar's Petition.		
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL	1797–1835	8283
Jeanie Morrison. My Heid is like to rend, Willie. May Morn Song.		
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY	1814–1877	8289
The Reign of Terror and the Council of Blood. Assassination of William of Orange.		
ELLEN LOUISE (CHANDLER) MOULTON . . .	1835–	8328
Has Lavish Summer brought the Rose? Come, Sleep! At Rest. When we confront the Vastness of the Night. Were but my Spirit loosed upon the Air. When I wander away with Death. Lazy Tours.		
LOUISE MÜHLBACH	1814–1873	8336
The Plan of Escape. The Separation. The Death of the Queen.		
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MÜHLENBERG	1796–1877	8363
I would not live alway.		
JAMES FULLARTON MUIRHEAD		8365
An Appreciation of the American Woman.		
FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER	1823–	8372
On the Migration of Fables. Abolishing some Languages. The Dawn as a Source of Mythology. Reforms in Spelling.		

	LIVED	PAGE
WILHELM MÜLLER	1794–1827	8390
Mine.	Vineta.	
Withered Flowers.	The Scarf.	
The Miller and the Brook.	Pastoral Song.	
Cradle Song of the Brook.	Sweethearts everywhere.	
The Sunken City.		
MUNCHAUSEN	1720–1797	8398
Travels of Baron Munchausen.		
MARY NOAILLES MURFREE	1850–	8414
A Gentleman of the Old School.		

List of Illustrations

VOLUME FIFTEEN

Jeanne d'Arc listening to the Spirits (Photogravure)	*Frontispiece*		
George Meredith	*Facing page*		7874
Evening	„	„	7912
Prayer in the Desert	„	„	7932
Death of Jeanne d'Arc	„	„	7934
John Stuart Mill	„	„	7952
Naples	„	„	7974
Blind Milton dictating "Paradise Lost"	„	„	7978
"Their Summons Called"	„	„	7988
Orpheus and Eurydice	„	„	8002
Donald G. Mitchell	„	„	8016
The River Road	„	„	8054
Jean Baptiste Poquelin (Molière)	„	„	8088
Molière and his Troupe of Players	„	„	8110
Cæsar refusing the Crown	„	„	8132
Michel de Montaigne	„	„	8150
Lalla Rookh	„	„	8182
"The harp that once through Tara's halls"	„	„	8200
Sir Thomas More on the Road to Execution	„	„	8214
Condorcet	„	„	8234
Commanders of the Armada	„	„	8254
John Lothrop Motley	„	„	8288
Alva's Bloody Council	„	„	8308
Assassination of William of Orange	„	„	8326
Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie	„	„	8348
Marie Antoinette on her Way to Execution	„	„	8360
Friedrich Maximilian Müller	„	„	8372
The "Brooklet"	„	„	8390
The Discobolus	„	„	8386
Baron Munchausen	„	„	8398

HERMAN MELVILLE.

Melville, Herman, a noted American novelist and writer of travel and adventure; born at New York, August 1, 1819; died there, September 28, 1891. At the age of eighteen he shipped as a sailor before the mast, to Liverpool. Four years after he set out upon a whaling voyage in the South Pacific. On account of the abuse of the captain, he ran away from the ship at one of the Marquesas Islands. After many adventures, which he narrates in his "Typee," he made his escape on board a whaler. About 1850 he took up his residence at Pittsfield, Mass., but subsequently removed to New York, where he was appointed to a place in the Custom House. His works are "Typee, a Peep at Polynesian Life" (1846); "Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas" (1847); "Mardi, and a Voyage Thither" (1848); "Redburn" (1848); "White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War" (1850); "Pierre, or the Ambiguities" (1852); "Moby Dick, or the White Whale" (1851); "Israel Potter, His Fifty Years of Exile" (1855); "The Piazza Tales" (1856); "The Confidence Man" (1857); "Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War," a volume of poems (1866); "Clarel, a Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," a poem (1876); "John Marr and Other Sailors," a story (1888); and "Timoleon," poems (1891).

Perilous Passage of a Ravine — Descent into the Typee Valley.

(From "Typee.")

The fearless confidence of Toby was contagious, and I began to adopt the Happar side of the question. I could not, however, overcome a certain feeling of trepidation as we made our way along these gloomy solitudes. Our progress, at first comparatively easy, became more and more difficult. The bed of the watercourse was covered with fragments of broken rocks, which had fallen from above, offering so many obstructions to the course of the rapid stream, which vexed and fretted about them,

— forming at intervals small waterfalls, pouring over into deep basins, or splashing wildly upon heaps of stones.

From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarce light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling amongst flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the unpitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egpytian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing.

Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparations far passing the night. Here we constructed a hut, in much the same way as before, and crawling into it, endeavored to forget our sufferings. My companion, I believe, slept pretty soundly; but at daybreak, when we rolled out of our dwelling, I felt nearly disqualified for any further efforts. Toby prescribed as a remedy for my illness the contents of one of our little silk packages, to be taken at once in a single dose. To this species of medical treatment, however, I would by no means accede, much as he insisted upon it; and so we partook of our usual morsel, and silently resumed our journey. It was now the fourth day since we left Nukuheva, and the gnawings of hunger became painfully acute. We were fain to pacify them by chewing the tender bark of roots and twigs, which, if they did not afford us nourishment, were at least sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Our progress along the steep watercourse was necessarily slow, and by noon we had not advanced more than a mile. It was somewhere near this part of the day that the noise of falling waters, which we had faintly caught in the early morning,

became more distinct; and it was not long before we were arrested by a rocky precipice of nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it.

"What 's to be done now, Toby?" said I.

"Why," rejoined he, "as we cannot retreat, I suppose we must keep shoving along."

"Very true, my dear Toby; but how do you propose accomplishing that desirable object?"

"By jumping from the top of the fall, if there be no other way," unhesitatingly replied my companion: "it will be much the quickest way of descent; but as you are not quite as active as I am, we will try some other way."

And so saying, he crept cautiously along and peered over into the abyss, while I remained wondering by what possible means we could overcome this apparently insuperable obstruction. As soon as my companion had completed his survey, I eagerly inquired the result.

"The result of my observations you wish to know, do you?" began Toby, deliberately, with one of his odd looks: "well, my lad, the result of my observations is very quickly imparted. It is at present uncertain which of our two necks will have the honor to be broken first; but about a hundred to one would be a fair bet in favor of the man who takes the first jump."

"Then it is an impossible thing, is it?" inquired I, gloomily.

"No, shipmate; on the contrary, it is the easiest thing in life: the only awkward point is the sort of usage which our unhappy limbs may receive when we arrive at the bottom, and what sort of travelling trim we shall be in afterwards. But follow me now, and I will show you the only chance we have."

With this he conducted me to the verge of the cataract, and pointed along the side of the ravine to a number of curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly from it and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown and decayed, with their extremities snapped short off, and

those in the immediate vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture.

Toby's scheme, and it was a desperate one, was to intrust ourselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and by slipping down from one to another to gain the bottom.

"Are you ready to venture it?" asked Toby, looking at me earnestly, but without saying a word as to the practicability of the plan.

"I am," was my reply; for I saw it was our only resource if we wished to advance, and as for retreating, all thoughts of that sort had been long abandoned.

After I had signified my assent, Toby, without uttering a single word, crawled along the dripping ledge until he gained a point from whence he could just reach one of the largest of the pendant roots; he shook it — it quivered in his grasp, and when he let it go it twanged in the air like a strong wire sharply struck. Satisfied by his scrutiny, my light-limbed companion swung himself nimbly upon it, and twisting his legs round it in sailor fashion, slipped down eight or ten feet, where his weight gave it a motion not unlike that of a pendulum. He could not venture to descend any further; so holding on with one hand, he with the other shook one by one all the slender roots around him, and at last, finding one which he thought trustworthy, shifted himself to it and continued his downward progress.

So far so well; but I could not avoid comparing my heavier frame and disabled condition with his light figure and remarkable activity; but there was no help for it, and in less than a minute's time I was swinging directly over his head. As soon as his upturned eyes caught a glimpse of me, he exclaimed in his usual dry tone, for the danger did not seem to daunt him in the least, "Mate, do me the kindness not to fall until I get out of your way;" and then swinging himself more on one side, he continued his descent. In the mean time I cautiously transferred myself from the limb down which I had been slipping to a couple of others that were near it, deeming two strings to my bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before I trusted my weight to them.

On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots which were round me, to my consternation they snapped off one after another like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath.

As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches on which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swang to and fro in the air, and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me, but in vain; I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it, until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way.

My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

"Pretty well done," shouted Toby underneath me; "you are nimbler than I thought you to be — hopping about up there from root to root like any young squirrel. As soon as you have diverted yourself sufficiently, I would advise you to proceed."

"Aye, aye, Toby, all in good time: two or three more such famous roots as this, and I shall be with you."

The residue of my downward progress was comparatively easy; the roots were in greater abundance, and in one or two places jutting out points of rock assisted me greatly. In a few moments I was standing by the side of my companion.

Substituting a stout stick for the one I had thrown aside at the top of the precipice, we now continued our course along the bed of the ravine. Soon we were saluted by a sound in advance, that grew by degrees louder and louder, as the noise of the cataract we were leaving behind gradually died on our ears.

"Another precipice for us, Toby."

"Very good; we can descend them, you know — come on."

Nothing indeed appeared to depress or intimidate this intrepid fellow. Typees or Niagaras, he was as ready to engage one as the other, and I could not avoid a thousand times congratulating myself upon having such a companion in an enterprise like the present.

After an hour's painful progress, we reached the verge of another fall, still loftier than the preceding, and flanked both

above and below with the same steep masses of rock, presenting, however, here and there narrow irregular ledges, supporting a shallow soil, on which grew a variety of bushes and trees, whose bright verdure contrasted beautifully with the foamy waters that flowed between them.

Toby, who invariably acted as pioneer, now proceeded to reconnoitre. On his return, he reported that the shelves of rock on our right would enable us to gain with little risk the bottom of the cataract. Accordingly, leaving the bed of the stream at the very point where it thundered down, we began crawling along one of these sloping ledges until it carried us to within a few feet of another that inclined downward at a still sharper angle, and upon which, by assisting each other, we managed to alight in safety. We warily crept along this, steadying ourselves by the naked roots of the shrubs that clung to every fissure. As we proceeded, the narrow path became still more contracted, rendering it difficult for us to maintain our footing, until suddenly, as we reached an angle of the wall of rock where we had expected it to widen, we perceived to our consternation that a yard or two farther on it abruptly terminated at a place we could not possibly hope to pass.

Toby as usual led the van, and in silence I waited to learn from him how he proposed to extricate us from this new difficulty.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, after the expiration of several minutes, during which time my companion had not uttered a word; "what's to be done now?"

He replied in a tranquil tone, that probably the best thing we could do in our present strait was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Yes, my dear Toby, but tell me *how* we are to get out of it."

"Something in this sort of style," he replied; and at the same moment to my horror he slipped sideways off the rock, and as I then thought, by good fortune merely alighted among the spreading branches of a species of palm tree, that shooting its hardy roots along a ledge below, curved its trunk upwards into the air, and presented a thick mass of foliage about twenty feet below the spot where we had thus suddenly been brought to a standstill. I involuntarily held my breath, expecting to see the form of my companion, after being sustained for a moment by the branches of the tree, sink through their frail support, and fall headlong to the bottom. To my surprise and joy, however,

he recovered himself, and disentangling his limbs from the fractured branches, he peered out from his leafy bed, and shouted lustily, "Come on, my hearty, there is no other alternative!" and with this he ducked beneath the foliage, and slipping down the trunk, stood in a moment at least fifty feet beneath me, upon the broad shelf of rock from which sprung the tree he had descended.

What would I not have given at that moment to have been by his side! The feat he had just accomplished seemed little less than miraculous, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I saw the wide distance that a single daring act had so suddenly placed between us.

Toby's animating "Come on!" again sounded in my ears, and dreading to lose all confidence in myself if I remained meditating upon the step, I once more gazed down to assure myself of the relative bearing of the tree and my own position, and then closing my eyes and uttering one comprehensive ejaculation of prayer, I inclined myself over towards the abyss, and after one breathless instant fell with a crash into the tree, the branches snapping and crackling with my weight, as I sunk lower and lower among them, until I was stopped by coming in contact with a sturdy limb.

In a few moments I was standing at the foot of the tree, manipulating myself all over with a view of ascertaining the extent of the injuries I had received. To my surprise the only effects of my feat were a few slight contusions too trifling to care about. The rest of our descent was easily accomplished, and in half an hour after regaining the ravine we had partaken of our evening morsel, built our hut as usual, and crawled under its shelter.

The next morning, in spite of our debility and the agony of hunger under which we were now suffering, though neither of us confessed to the fact, we struggled along our dismal and still difficult and dangerous path, cheered by the hope of soon catching a glimpse of the valley before us, and towards evening the voice of a cataract which had for some time sounded like a low deep bass to the music of the smaller waterfalls, broke upon our ears in still louder tones, and assured us that we were approaching its vicinity.

That evening we stood on the brink of a precipice, over which the dark stream bounded in one final leap of full three hundred feet. The sheer descent terminated in the region we

so long had sought. On either side of the fall, two lofty and perpendicular bluffs buttressed the sides of the enormous cliff, and projected into the sea of verdure with which the valley waved, and a range of similar projecting eminences stood disposed in a half circle about the head of the vale. A thick canopy of trees hung over the very verge of the fall, leaving an arched aperture for the passage of the waters, which imparted a strange picturesqueness to the scene.

The valley was now before us; but instead of being conducted into its smiling bosom by the gradual descent of the deep watercourse we had thus far pursued, all our labors now appeared to have been rendered futile by its abrupt termination. But, bitterly disappointed, we did not entirely despair.

As it was now near sunset we determined to pass the night where we were, and on the morrow, refreshed by sleep and by eating at one meal all our stock of food, to accomplish a descent into the valley, or perish in the attempt.

We laid ourselves down that night on a spot, the recollection of which still makes me shudder. A small table of rock which projected over the precipice on one side of the stream, and was drenched by the spray of the fall, sustained a huge trunk of a tree which must have been deposited there by some heavy freshet. It lay obliquely, with one end resting on the rock and the other supported by the side of the ravine. Against it we placed in a sloping direction a number of the half-decayed boughs that were strewn about, and covering the whole with twigs and leaves, awaited the morning's light beneath such shelter as it afforded.

During the whole of this night the continual roaring of the cataract — the dismal moaning of the gale through the trees — the pattering of the rain, and the profound darkness, affected my spirits to a degree which nothing had ever before produced. Wet, half famished, and chilled to the heart with the dampness of the place, and nearly wild with the pain I endured, I fairly cowered down to the earth under this multiplication of hardships, and abandoned myself to frightful anticipations of evil; and my companion, whose spirit at last was a good deal broken, scarcely uttered a word during the whole night.

At length the day dawned upon us, and rising from our miserable pallet, we stretched our stiffened joints, and after eating all that remained of our bread, prepared for the last stage of our journey.

I will not recount every hair-breadth escape, and every fear-

ful difficulty that occurred before we succeeded in reaching the bosom of the valley. As I have already described similar scenes, it will be sufficent to say that at length, after great toil and great dangers, we both stood with no limbs broken at the head of that magnificent vale which five days before had so suddenly burst upon my sight, and almost beneath the shadows of those very cliffs from whose summits we had gazed upon the prospect.

Strange Customs of the Islanders.

(From "Typee.")

There was one singular custom, observed in old Marheyo's domestic establishment, which often exeited my surprise. Every night, before retiring, the inmates of the house gathered together on the mats, and squatting upon their haunches, after the universal practice of these islanders, would commence a low, dismal, and monotonous chant, accompanying the voice with the instrumental melody produced by two small half-rotten sticks tapped slowly together, a pair of which were held in the hands of each person present. Thus would they employ themselves for an hour or two, sometimes longer. Lying in the gloom which wrapped the further end of the house, I could not avoid looking at them, although the spectacle suggested nothing but unpleasant reflections. The flickering rays of the "armor" nut just served to reveal their savage lineaments, without dispelling the darkness that hovered about them.

Sometimes when, after falling into a kind of a doze, and awaking suddenly in the midst of these doleful chantings, my eye would fall upon the wild-looking group engaged in their strange occupation, with their naked tattooed limbs, and shaven heads disposed in a circle, I was almost tempted to believe that I gazed upon a set of evil beings in the act of working a frightful incantation.

What was the meaning or purpose of this custom, whether it was practised merely as a diversion, or whether it was a religious exercise, a sort of family prayers, I never could discover.

The sounds produced by the natives on these occasions were of a most singular description; and had I not actually been present, I never would have believed that such curious noises could have been produced by human beings.

To savages generally is imputed a guttural articulation. This, however, is not always the case, especially among the inhabitants of the Polynesian Archipelago. The labial melody

with which the Typee girls carry on an ordinary conversation, giving a musical prolongation to the final syllable of every sentence, and chirping out some of the words with a liquid, bird-like accent, was singularly pleasing.

The men, however, are not quite so harmonious in their utterance, and when excited upon any subject, would work themselves up into a sort of wordy paroxysm, during which all descriptions of rough-sided sounds were projected from their mouths, with a force and rapidity which were absolutely astonishing.

. . . . . .

Although these savages are remarkably fond of chanting, still they appear to have no idea whatever of singing, at least as that art is practised among other nations.

I never shall forget the first time I happened to roar out a stave in the presence of the noble Mehevi. It was a stanza from the "Bavarian broom-seller." His Typean majesty, with all his court, gazed upon me in amazement, as if I had displayed some preternatural faculty which Heaven had denied to them. The king was delighted with the verse; but the chorus fairly transported him. At his solicitation I sang it again and again, and nothing could be more ludicrous than his vain attempts to catch the air and the words. The royal savage seemed to think that by screwing all the features of his face into the end of his nose he might possibly succeed in the undertaking, but it failed to answer the purpose; and in the end he gave it up, and consoled himself by listening to my repetition of the sounds fifty times over.

Previous to Mehevi's making the discovery, I had never been aware that there was anything of the nightingale about me; but I was now promoted to the place of court-minstrel, in which capacity I was afterwards perpetually called upon to officiate.

Besides the sticks and the drums, there are no other musical instruments among the Typees, except one which might appropriately be denominated a nasal flute. It is somewhat longer than an ordinary fife; is made of a beautiful scarlet-colored reed; and has four or five stops, with a large hole near one end, which latter is held just beneath the left nostril. The other nostril being closed by a peculiar movement of the muscles about the nose, the breath is forced into the tube, and produces a soft dulcet sound, which is varied by the fingers running at random over the stops. This is a favorite recreation with the females, and one in which Fayaway greatly excelled. Awkward

as such an instrument may appear, it was, in Fayaway's delicate little hands, one of the most graceful I have ever seen. A young lady, in the act of tormenting a guitar strung about her neck by a couple of yards of blue ribbon, is not half so engaging.

Singing was not the only means I possessed of diverting the royal Mehevi and his easy-going subjects. Nothing afforded them more pleasure than to see me go through the attitude of pugilistic encounter. As not one of the natives had soul enough in him to stand up like a man, and allow me to hammer away at him, for my own personal gratification and that of the king, I was necessitated to fight with an imaginary enemy, whom I invariably made to knock under to my superior prowess. Sometimes when this sorely battered shadow retreated precipitately towards a group of the savages, and, following him up, I rushed among them, dealing my blows right and left, they would disperse in all directions, much to the enjoyment of Mehevi, the chiefs, and themselves.

The noble art of self-defence appeared to be regarded by them as the peculiar gift of the white man; and I make little doubt but that they supposed armies of Europeans were drawn up provided with nothing else but bony fists and stout hearts, with which they set to in column, and pummelled one another at the word of command.

One day, in company with Kory-Kory, I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog, that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being hatched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally the delighted parent reached out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would sidle for the rock, and the next moment be clasped to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as if on the point of strangling. At such

times, however, the mother snatched it up, and by a process scarcely to be mentioned, obliged it to eject the fluid. For several weeks afterwards I observed this woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea Islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light. I am convinced that it is as natural for a human being to swim as it is for a duck. And yet in civilized communities how many able-bodied individuals die, like so many drowning kittens, from the occurrence of the most trivial accidents!

The long, luxuriant, and glossy tresses of the Typee damsels often attracted my admiration. A fine head of hair is the pride and joy of every woman's heart! Whether, against the express will of Providence, it is twisted up on the crown of the head and there coiled away like a rope on a ship's deck; whether it be stuck behind the ears and hangs down like the swag of a small window-curtain; or whether it be permitted to flow over the shoulders in natural ringlets, — it is always the pride of the owner, and the glory of the toilette.

The Typee girls devote much of their time to the dressing of their fair and redundant locks. After bathing, as they sometimes do five or six times every day, the hair is carefully dried, and if they have been in the sea, invariably washed in fresh water, and anointed with a highly scented oil extracted from the meat of the cocoa-nut. This oil is obtained in great abundance by the following very simple process: —

A large vessel of wood, with holes perforated in the bottom, is filled with the pounded meat, and exposed to the rays of the sun. As the oleaginous matter exudes, it falls in drops through the apertures into a wide-mouthed calabash placed underneath. After a sufficient quantity has been thus collected, the oil undergoes a purifying process, and is then poured into the small spherical shells of the nuts of the moo-tree, which are hollowed out to receive it. These nuts are then hermetically sealed with a resinous gum, and the vegetable fragrance of their green rind soon imparts to the oil a delightful odor. After the lapse of a few weeks the exterior shell of the nuts becomes quite dry and hard, and assumes a beautiful carnation tint; and when opened they are found to be about two-thirds full of an ointment of a light yellow color, and diffusing the sweetest perfume. This elegant little odorous globe would not be out of place even upon

the toilette of a queen. Its merits as a preparation for the hair are undeniable — it imparts to it a superb gloss and a silky fineness.

Cannibalism.

(From "Typee.")

From the time of my casual encounter with Karky the artist, my life was one of absolute wretchedness. Not a day passed but I was persecuted by the solicitations of some of the natives to subject myself to the odious operation of tattooing. Their importunities drove me half wild, for I felt how easily they might work their will upon me regarding this or anything else which they took into their heads. Still, however, the behavior of the islanders towards me was as kind as ever. Fayaway was quite as engaging; Kory-Kory as devoted; and Mehevi the king just as gracious and condescending as before. But I had now been three months in their valley, as nearly as I could estimate; I had grown familiar with the narrow limits to which my wanderings had been confined; and I began bitterly to feel the state of captivity in which I was held. There was no one with whom I could freely converse; no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts, no one who could sympathize with my sufferings. A thousand times I thought how much more endurable would have been my lot had Toby still been with me. But I was left alone, and the thought was terrible to me. Still, despite my griefs, I did all in my power to appear composed and cheerful, well knowing that by manifesting any uneasiness, or any desire to escape, I should only frustrate my object.

It was during the period I was in this unhappy frame of mind that the painful malady under which I had been laboring — after having almost completely subsided — began again to show itself, and with symptoms as violent as ever. This added calamity nearly unmanned me; the recurrence of the complaint proved that without powerful remedial applications all hope of cure was futile; and when I reflected that just beyond the elevations which bound me in, was the medical relief I needed, and that, although so near, it was impossible for me to avail myself of it, the thought was misery.

In this wretched situation, every circumstance which evinced the savage nature of the beings at whose mercy I was, augmented the fearful apprehensions that consumed me. An

occurrence which happened about this time affected me most powerfully.

I have already mentioned that from the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which from their remarkable appearance had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the "Ti," my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were for some purpose or other under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken.

One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and, from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head in the same way that the individual had worn them during life. The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes — filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the centre — heightened the hideousness of its aspect.

Two of the three were heads of the islanders; but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken.

Gracious God! what dreadful thoughts entered my mind! In solving this mystery perhaps I had solved another, and the fate of my lost companion might be revealed in the shocking

spectacle I had just witnessed. I longed to have torn off the folds of cloth, and satisfied the awful doubts under which I labored. But before I had recovered from the consternation into which I had been thrown, the fatal packages were hoisted aloft and once more swung over my head. The natives now gathered round me tumultuously, and labored to convince me that what I had just seen were the heads of three Happar warriors, who had been slain in battle. This glaring falsehood added to my alarm, and it was not until I reflected that I had observed the packages swinging from their elevation before Toby's disappearance, that I could at all recover my composure.

But although this horrible apprehension had been dispelled, I had discovered enough to fill me, in my present state of mind, with the most bitter reflections. It was plain that I had seen the last relic of some unfortunate wretch, who must have been massacred on the beach by the savages, in one of those perilous trading adventures which I have before described.

It was not, however, alone the murder of the stranger that overcame me with gloom. I shuddered at the idea of the subsequent fate his inanimate body might have met with. Was the same doom reserved for me? Was I destined to perish like him — like him, perhaps, to be devoured, and my head to be preserved as a fearful memento of the event? My imagination ran riot in these horrid speculations, and I felt certain that the worst possible evils would befall me. But whatever were my misgivings, I studiously concealed them from the islanders, as well as the full extent of the discovery I had made.

Although the assurances which the Typees had often given me, that they never eat human flesh, had not convinced me that such was the case, yet, having been so long a time in the valley without witnessing anything which indicated the existence of the practice, I began to hope that it was an event of very rare occurrence, and that I should be spared the horror of witnessing it during my stay among them; but, alas! these hopes were soon destroyed.

It is a singular fact, that in all our accounts of cannibal tribes we have seldom received the testimony of an eye-witness to the revolting practice. The horrible conclusion has almost always been derived either from the second-hand evidence of Europeans, or else from the admissions of the savages themselves, after they have in some degree become civilized. The Polynesians are aware of the detestation in which Europeans

hold this custom, and therefore invariably deny its existence, and, with the craft peculiar to savages, endeavor to conceal every trace of it.

The excessive unwillingness betrayed by the Sandwich Islanders, even at the present day, to allude to the unhappy fate of Cook, has been often remarked. And so well have they succeeded in covering that event with mystery, that to this very hour, despite all that has been said and written on the subject, it still remains doubtful whether they wreaked upon his murdered body the vengeance they sometimes inflicted upon their enemies.

At Kealakekau, the scene of that tragedy, a strip of ship's copper nailed against an upright post in the ground used to inform the traveller that beneath reposed the "remains" of the great circumnavigator. But I am strongly inclined to believe not only that the corpse was refused Christian burial, but that the heart which was brought to Vancouver some time after the event, and which the Hawaiians stoutly maintained was that of Captain Cook, was no such thing; and that the whole affair was a piece of imposture which was sought to be palmed off upon the credulous Englishman.

A few years since there was living on the island of Maui (one of the Sandwich group) an old chief, who, actuated by a morbid desire for notoriety, gave himself out among the foreign residents of the place as the living tomb of Captain Cook's big toe! — affirming, that at the cannibal entertainment which ensued after the lamented Briton's death, that particular portion of his body had fallen to his share. His indignant countrymen actually caused him to be prosecuted in the native courts, on a charge nearly equivalent to what we term defamation of character; but the old fellow persisting in his assertion, and no invalidating proof being adduced, the plaintiffs were cast in the suit, and the cannibal reputation of the defendant fully established. This result was the making of his fortune; ever afterward she was in the habit of giving very profitable audiences to all curious travellers who were desirous of beholding the man who had eaten the great navigator's great toe.

About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages, I happened to be at the Ti, when another war-alarm was sounded, and the natives, rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist a second incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I

heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains during the time that the skirmish lasted. An hour or two after its termination, loud pæans chanted through the valley announced the approach of the victors. I stood with Kory-Kory leaning against the railing of the pi-pi awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamors from the neighboring groves. In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length, extended from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long, narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly plucked palm-leaves, tacked together with slivers of bamboo. Here and there upon these green winding-sheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and the clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in dry patches around it. This savage seemed to be sinking under the weight he bore. The bright tatooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

These four individuals, having been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honor of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti. Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me.

The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happars, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foe beyond the summit of the mountain.

When within a short distance of the Ti, the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmonee, tottered forward two or three steps, and fell helplessly to the ground; but not

before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder, and placed it upon his own.

The excited throng of islanders, who surrounded the person of the king and the dead bodies of the enemy, approached the spot where I stood, brandishing their rude implements of warfare, many of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of triumph. When the crowd drew up opposite the Ti, I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retreating before him, as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount.

I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they were determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual commiseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely environed the Ti, I looked with fearful curiosity at the three packages, which now were deposited upon the ground; but although I had no doubt as to their contents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, assured me that the savages

were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity.

All the inmates of the house, with the exception of Marheyo, his son, and Tinor, after assuming their gala dresses, departed in the direction of the Taboo Groves.

Although I did not anticipate a compliance with my request, still, with a view of testing the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to Kory-Kory that, according to our usual custom in the morning, we should take a stroll to the Ti: he positively refused; and when I renewed the request, he evinced his determination to prevent my going there; and, to divert my mind from the subject, he offered to accompany me to the stream. We accordingly went, and bathed. On our coming back to the house, I was surprised to find that all its inmates had returned, and were lounging upon the mats as usual, although the drums still sounded from the groves.

The rest of the day I spent with Kory-Kory and Fayaway, wandering about a part of the valley situated in an opposite direction from the Ti; and whenever I so much as looked towards that building, although it was hidden from view by intervening trees, and at the distance of more than a mile, my attendant would exclaim, "Taboo, taboo!"

At the various houses where we stopped, I found many of the inhabitants reclining at their ease, or pursuing some light occupation, as if nothing unusual were going forward; but amongst them all I did not perceive a single chief or warrior. When I asked several of the people why they were not at the "Hoolah Hoolah" (the feast), they uniformly answered the question in a manner which implied that it was not intended for them, but for Mehevi, Narmonee, Mow-Mow, Kolor, Womonoo, Kalow — running over, in their desire to make me comprehend their meaning, the names of all the principal chiefs.

Everything, in short, strengthened my suspicions with regard to the nature of the festival they were now celebrating; and which amounted almost to a certainty. While in Nukuheva I had frequently been informed that the whole tribe were never present at these cannibal banquets; but the chiefs and priests only, and everything I now observed agreed with the account.

The sound of the drums continued, without intermission, the whole day, and falling continually upon my ear, caused me a sensation of horror which I am unable to describe. On the following day hearing none of those noisy indications of revelry,

I concluded that the inhuman feast was terminated; and feeling a kind of morbid curiosity to discover whether the Ti might furnish any evidence of what had taken place there, I proposed to Kory-Kory to walk there. To this proposition he replied by pointing with his finger to the newly risen sun, and then up to the zenith, intimating that our visit must be deferred until noon. Shortly after that hour we accordingly proceeded to the Taboo Groves, and as soon as we entered their precincts, I looked fearfully round in quest of some memorial of the scenes which had so lately been acted there; but everything appeared as usual. On reaching the Ti, we found Mehevi and a few chiefs reclining on the mats, who gave me as friendly a reception as ever. No allusions of any kind were made by them to the recent events; and I refrained, for obvious reasons, from referring to them myself.

After staying a short time I took my leave. In passing along the piazza, previously to descending from the pi-pi, I observed a curiously carved vessel of wood, of considerable size, with a cover placed over it, of the same material, and which resembled in shape a small canoe. It was surrounded by a low railing of bamboos, the top of which was scarcely a foot from the ground. As the vessel had been placed in its present position since my last visit, I at once concluded that it must have some connection with the recent festival; and, prompted by a curiosity I could not repress, in passing it I raised one end of the cover; at the same moment the chiefs, perceiving my design, loudly ejaculated, "Taboo! taboo!" But the slight glimpse sufficed; my eyes fell upon the disordered members of a human skeleton, the bones still fresh with moisture, and with particles of flesh clinging to them here and there!

Kory-Kory, who had been a little in advance of me, attracted by the exclamations of the chiefs, turned round in time to witness the expression of horror on my countenance. He now hurried towards me, pointing at the same time to the canoe, and exclaiming rapidly, "Puarkee! puarkee!" (Pig, pig). I pretended to yield to the deception, and repeated the words after him several times, as though acquiescing in what he said. The other savages, either deceived by my conduct or unwilling to manifest their displeasure at what could not now be remedied, took no further notice of the occurrence, and I immediately left the Ti.

All that night I lay awake, revolving in my mind the fearful

situation in which I was placed. The last horrid revelation had now been made, and the full sense of my condition rushed upon my mind with a force I had never before experienced.

Where, thought I, desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to possess the ability to assist me was the stranger Marnoo; but would he ever return to the valley? and if he did, should I be permitted to hold any communication with him? It seemed as if I were cut off from every source of hope, and that nothing remained but passively to await whatever fate was in store for me. A thousand times I endeavored to account for the mysterious conduct of the natives. For what conceivable purpose did they thus retain me a captive? What could be their object in treating me with such apparent kindness, and did it not cover some treacherous scheme? Or, if they had no other design than to hold me a prisoner, how should I be able to pass away my days in this narrow valley, deprived of all intercourse with civilized beings, and forever separated from friends and home?

One only hope remained to me. The French could not long defer a visit to the bay; and if they should permanently locate any of their troops in the valley, the savages could not for any length of time conceal my existence from them. But what reason had I to suppose that I should be spared until such an event occurred — an event which might be postponed by a hundred different contingencies?

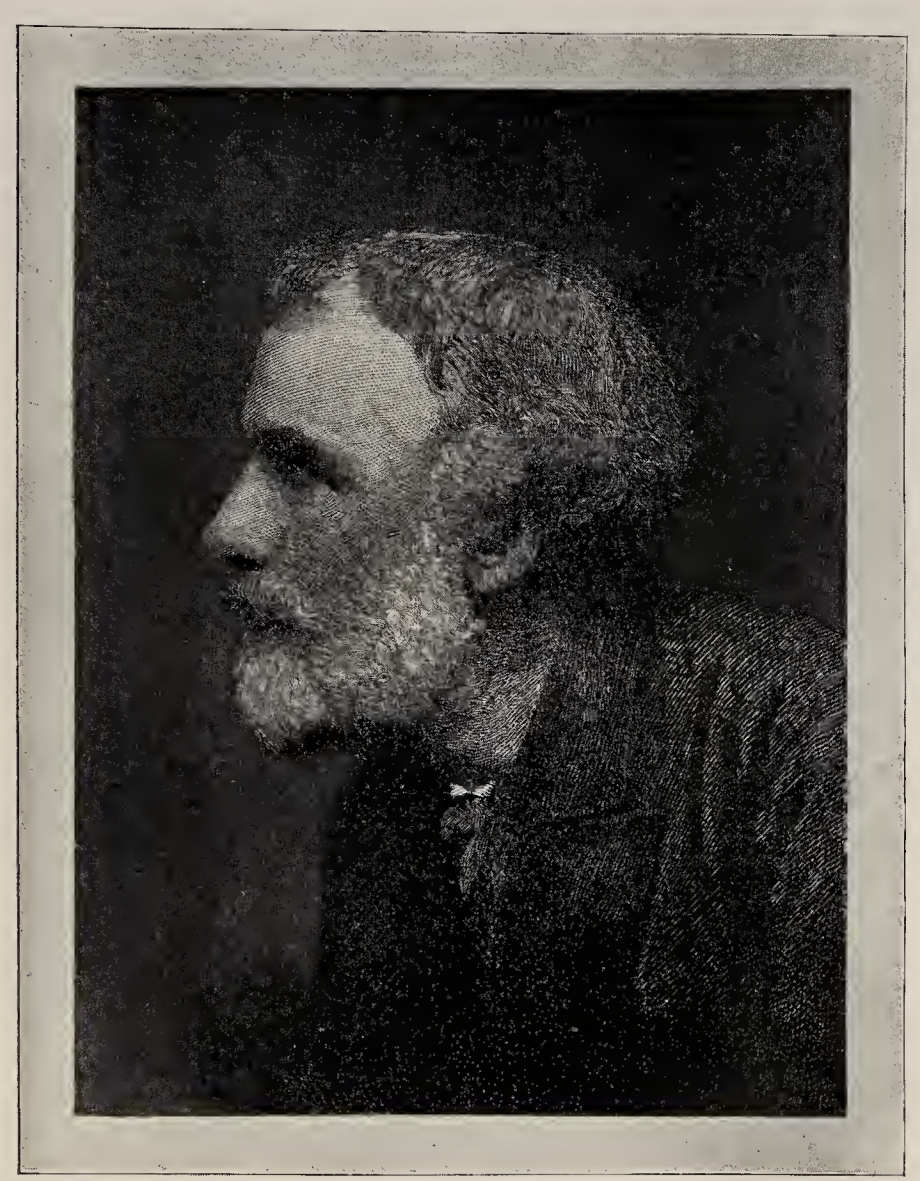
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Meredith, George, an eminent English novelist and poet; born in Hampshire in 1828. His parents died in his childhood, and he became a ward in Chancery. Until he was fifteen years old he was educated in Germany. He studied law, but preferred literature, to which he soon devoted himself. His first volume, of "Poems," was published in 1851. It was followed by "The Shaving of Shagpat," a burlesque story, in 1855, and by a short story, "Farina, a Legend of Cologne," in 1857. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," his first novel, appeared in 1859. He has also written "Evan Harrington," published in book form in 1861; "Modern Love: Poems and Ballads" (1862); "Mary Bertrand" (1862); "Sandra Belloni" (1864); "Rhoda Fleming" (1865); "Beauchamp's Career" (1875); "Vittoria" (1866); "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" (1871); "The Egoist" (1879); "The Tragic Comedians" (1881); "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of the Earth" (1883); "Diana of the Crossways" (1885); "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life" (1887); "A Reading of Earth" (1888); "One of Our Conquerors" (1890); "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" (1894); "The Tale of Chloe" (1895); "The Amazing Marriage" (1895); and "The Empty Purse," poems (1892).

Clare's Marriage.

(From "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.")

Three weeks after Richard arrived in town, his cousin Clare was married, under the blessings of her energetic mother, and with the approbation of her kinsfolk, to the husband that had been expeditiously chosen for her. The gentleman, though something more than twice the age of his bride, had no idea of approaching senility for many long connubial years to come. Backed by his tailor and his hairdresser, he presented no such bad figure at the altar, and none would have thought that he was an ancient admirer of his bride's mamma, as certainly none knew he had lately proposed for Mrs. Doria before there was any question of her daughter. These things were secrets; and



GEORGE MEREDITH

the elastic and happy appearance of Mr. John Todhunter did not betray them at the altar. Perhaps he would rather have married the mother. He was a man of property, well born, tolerably well educated, and had, when Mrs. Doria rejected him for the first time, the reputation of being a fool — which a wealthy man may have in his youth; but as he lived on, and did not squander his money — amassed it, on the contrary, and did not seek to go into Parliament, and did other negative wise things, the world's opinion, as usual, veered completely round, and John Todhunter was esteemed a shrewd, sensible man — only not brilliant; that he was brilliant could not be said of him. In fact, the man could hardly talk, and it was a fortunate provision that no impromptu deliveries were required of him in the marriage-service.

And now she said: "It is time you should marry; and you are the man to be the guide and helper of a young woman, John. You are well preserved — younger than most of the young men of our day. You are eminently domestic, a good son, and will be a good husband and good father. Some one you must marry. — What do you think of Clare for a wife for you?"

At first John Todhunter thought it would be very much like his marrying a baby. However, he listened to it, and that was enough for Mrs. Doria.

She went down to John's mother, and consulted with her on the propriety of the scheme of wedding her daughter to John in accordance with his proposition. Mrs. Todhunter's jealousy of any disturbing force in the influence she held over her son Mrs. Doria knew to be one of the causes of John's remaining constant to the impression she had aforetime produced on him. She spoke so kindly of John, and laid so much stress on the ingrained obedience and passive disposition of her daughter, that Mrs. Todhunter was led to admit she did think it almost time John should be seeking a mate, and that he — all things considered — would hardly find a fitter one. And this, John Todhunter — old John no more — heard to his amazement when, a day or two subsequently, he instanced the probable disapproval of his mother.

The match was arranged. Mrs. Doria did the wooing. It consisted in telling Clare that she had come to years when marriage was desirable, and that she had fallen into habits of moping which might have the worse effect on her future life, as it had on her present health and appearance, and which a

husband would cure. Richard was told by Mrs. Doria that Clare had instantaneously consented to aeeept Mr. John Todhunter as lord of her days, and with more than obedienee — with alaerity. At all events, when Richard spoke to Clare, the strange passive ereature did not admit constraint on her inclinations. Mrs. Doria allowed Riehard to speak to her. She laughed at his futile endeavors to undo her work, and the boyish sentiments he uttered on the subject. "Let us see, ehild," she said, "let us see which turns out the best; a marriage of passion, or a marriage of eommon sense."

Heroie efforts were not wanting to arrest the union. Riehard made repeated journeys to Hounslow, where Ralph was quartered, and if Ralph eould have been persuaded to earry off a young lady who did not love him, from the bridegroom her mothcr averred she did love, Mrs. Doria might have been defeated. But Ralph in his eavalry quarters was eooler than Ralph in the Bursley meadows. "Women are oddities, Diek," he remarked, running a finger right and left along his upper lip. "Best leave them to their own freaks. She 's a dear girl, though she does n't talk: I like her for that. If she cared for me I 'd go the raee. She never did. It 's no use asking a girl twice. *She* knows whether she cares a fig for a fellow."

The hero quitted him with some contempt. As Ralph Morton was a young man, and he had determined that John Todhunter was an old man, he sought another private interview with Clare, and getting her alone, said: "Clare, I 've eome to you for the last time. Will you marry Ralph Morton?"

To whieh Clare replied, "I eannot marry two husbands, Riehard."

"Will you refuse to marry this old man?"

"I must do as mamma wishes."

"Then you 're going to marry an old man — a man you don't love, and can't love! Oh, good God! do you know what you 're doing?" He flung about in a fury. "Do you know what it is? Clare!" he eaught her two hands violently, "have you any idea of the horror you 're going to eommit?"

She shrank a little at his vehemenee, but neither blushed nor stammered; answering: "I see nothing wrong in doing what mamma thinks right, Riehard."

"Your mother! I tell you it 's an infamy, Clare! It 's a miserable sin! I tell you, if I had done sueh a thing I would not live an hour after it. And coldly to prepare for it! to be busy about

your dresses! They told me when I came in that you were with the milliner. To be smiling over the horrible outrage! decorating yourself!" . . .

"Dear Richard," said Clare, "you will make me very unhappy."

"That one of my blood should be so debased!" he cried, brushing angrily at his face. "Unhappy! I beg you to feel for yourself, Clare. But I suppose," and he said it scornfully, "girls don't feel this sort of shame."

She grew a trifle paler.

"Next to mamma, I would wish to please you, dear Richard."

"Have you no will of your own?" he exclaimed.

She looked at him softly; a look he interpreted for the meekness he detested in her.

"No, I believe you have none!" he added. "And what can I do? I can't step forward and stop this accursed marriage. If you would but say a word I would save you; but you tie my hands. And they expect me to stand by and see it done!"

"Will you not be there, Richard?" said Clare, following the question with her soft eyes. It was the same voice that had so thrilled him on his marriage morn.

"Oh, my darling Clare!" he cried in the kindest way he had ever used to her, "if you knew how I feel this!" and now as he wept she wept, and came insensibly into his arms. "My darling Clare!" he repeated.

She said nothing, but seemed to shudder, weeping.

"You *will* do it, Clare? You will be sacrificed? So lovely as you are, too! . . . Clare! you cannot be quite blind. If I dared speak to you, and tell you all. . . . Look up. Can you still consent!"

"I must not disobey mamma," Clare murmured, without looking up from the nest her cheek had made on his bosom.

"Then kiss me for the last time," said Richard. "I'll never kiss you after it, Clare."

He bent his head to meet her mouth, and she threw her arms wildly round him, and kissed him convulsively, and clung to his lips, shutting her eyes, her face suffused with a burning red.

Then he left her, unaware of the meaning of those passionate kisses.

Argument with Mrs. Doria was like firing paper pellets against a stone wall. To her indeed the young married hero spoke almost indecorously, and that which his delicacy withheld

him from speaking to Clare. He could provoke nothing more responsive from the practical animal than "Pooh-pooh! Tush, tush! and Fiddlededee!"

"Really," Mrs. Doria said to her intimates, "that boy's education acts like a disease on him. He cannot regard anything sensibly. He is forever in some mad excess of his fancy, and what he will come to at last heaven only knows! I sincerely pray that Austin will be able to bear it."

Threats of prayer, however, that harp upon their sincerity, are not very well worth having. Mrs. Doria had embarked in a practical controversy, as it were, with her brother. Doubtless she did trust he would be able to bear his sorrows to come, but one who has uttered prophecy can barely help hoping to see it fulfilled: she had prophesied much grief to the baronet.

Poor John Todhunter, who would rather have married the mother, and had none of your heroic notions about the sacred necessity for love in marriage, moved as one guiltless of offence, and deserving his happiness. Mrs. Doria shielded him from the hero. To see him smile at Clare's obedient figure, and try not to look paternal, was touching.

Meantime Clare's marriage served one purpose. It completely occupied Richard's mind, and prevented him from chafing at the vexation of not finding his father ready to meet him when he came to town. A letter had awaited Adrian at the hotel, which said, "Detain him till you hear further from me. Take him about with you into every form of society." No more than that. Adrian had to extemporize, that the baronet had gone down to Wales on pressing business, and would be back in a week or so. For ulterior inventions and devices wherewith to keep the young gentleman in town, he applied to Mrs. Doria. "Leave him to me," said Mrs. Doria, "I 'll manage him." And she did.

"Who can say," asks THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP, "when he is not walking a puppet to some woman?"

Mrs. Doria would hear no good of Lucy. "I believe," she observed, as Adrian ventured a shrugging protest in her behalf, —"it is my firm opinion, that a scullery-maid would turn any of you men round her little finger — only give her time and opportunity." By dwelling on the arts of women, she reconciled it to her conscience to do her best to divide the young husband from his wife till it pleased his father they should live their unhallowed union again. Without compunction, or a sense of

incongruity, she abused her brother and assisted the fulfilment of his behests.

So the puppets were marshalled by Mrs. Doria, happy, or sad, or indifferent. Quite against his set resolve and the tide of his feelings, Richard found himself standing behind Clare in the church — the very edifice that had witnessed his own marriage, and heard, "I, Clare Doria, take thee, John Pemberton," clearly pronounced. He stood with black brows dissecting the arts of the tailor and hairdresser on unconscious John. The back, and much of the middle, of Mr. Todhunter's head was bald; the back shone like an egg-shell, but across the middle the artist had drawn two long dabs of hair from the sides, and plastered them cunningly, so that all save wilful eyes would have acknowledged the head to be covered. The man's only pretension was to a respectable juvenility. He had a good chest, stout limbs, a face inclined to be jolly. Mrs. Doria had no cause to be put out of countenance at all by the exterior of her son-in-law: nor was she. Her splendid hair and gratified smile made a light in the church. Playing puppets must be an immense pleasure to the practical animal. The Forey bridesmaids, five in number, and one Miss Doria, their cousin, stood as girls do stand at these sacrifices, whether happy, sad, or indifferent; a smile on their lips and tears in attendance. Old Mrs. Todhunter, an exceedingly small ancient woman, was also there. "I can't have my boy John married without seeing it done," she said, and throughout the ceremony she was muttering audible encomiums on her John's manly behavior.

The ring was affixed to Clare's finger; there was no ring lost in this common-sense marriage. The instant the clergyman bade him employ it, John drew the ring out, and dropped it on the finger of the cold passive hand in a business-like way, as one who had studied the matter. Mrs. Doria glanced aside at Richard. Richard observed Clare spread out her fingers that the operation might be the more easily effected.

He did duty in the vestry a few minutes, and then said to his aunt: —

"Now I'll go."

"You'll come to the breakfast, child? The Foreys —"

He cut her short. "I've stood for the family, and I'll do no more. I won't pretend to eat and make merry over it."

"Richard!"

"Good-bye."

She had attained her object and she wisely gave way.

"Well. Go and kiss Clare, and shake his hand. Pray, pray be civil."

She turned to Adrian, and said: "He is going. You must go with him, and find some means of keeping him, or he'll be running off to that woman. Now, no words — go!"

Richard bade Clare farewell. She put up her mouth to him humbly, but he kissed her on the forehead.

"Do not cease to love me," she said in a quavering whisper in his ear.

Mr. Todhunter stood beaming and endangering the art of the hairdresser with his pocket-handkerchief. Now he positively was married, he thought he would rather have the daughter than the mother, which is a reverse of the order of human thankfulness at a gift of the gods.

"Richard, my boy!" he said heartily, "congratulate me."

"I should be happy to, if I could," sedately replied the hero, to the consternation of those around. Nodding to the bridesmaids and bowing to the old lady, he passed out.

Adrian, who had been behind him, deputed to watch for a possible unpleasantness, just hinted to John: "You know, poor fellow, he has got into a mess with his marriage."

"Oh! ah! yes!" kindly said John, "poor fellow!"

All the puppets then rolled off to the breakfast.

"Ah! hum!" mumbled Adrian.

"You remember my telling you?" Richard was earnest to hear her exonerated.

"Pleaded and implored, my dear boy? Oh, no doubt she did. Where's the lass that does n't."

"Call my wife by another name, if you please."

"The generic title can't be cancelled because of your having married one of the body, my son."

"She did all she could to persuade me to wait!" emphasized Richard.

Adrian shook his head with a deplorable smile.

"Come, come, my good Ricky; not all! not all!"

Richard bellowed: "What more could she have done?"

"She could have shaved her head, for instance."

This happy shaft did stick. With a furious exclamation Richard shot in front, Adrian following him; and asking him (merely to have his assumption verified), whether he did not think she might have shaved her head? and presuming her to

have done so, whether, in candor, he did not think he would have waited — at least till she looked less of a rank lunatic?

After a minute or so, the wise youth was but a fly buzzing about Richard's head. Three weeks of separation from Luey, and an excitement deceased, caused him to have soft yearnings for the dear lovely home-face. He told Adrian it was his intention to go down that night. Adrian immediately became serious. He was at a loss what to invent to detain him, beyond the stale fiction that his father was coming to-morrow. He rendered homage to the genius of woman in these straits. "My aunt," he thought, "would have the lie ready; and not only that, but she would take care it did its work."

At this juncture the voice of a cavalier in the Row hailed them, proving to be the Honorable Peter Brayder, Lord Mountfalcon's parasite. He greeted them very cordially; and Richard, remembering some fun they had in the Island, asked him to dine with them; postponing his return till the next day. Luey was his. It was even sweet to dally with the delight of seeing her.

Next morning Richard was surprised by a visit from his aunt. Mrs. Doria took a seat by his side, and spoke as follows:

"My dear nephew. Now you know I have always loved you, and thought of your welfare as if you had been my own child. More than that, I fear. Well, now, you are thinking of returning to — to that place — are you not? Yes. It is as I thought. Very well, now, let me speak to you. You are in a much more dangerous position than you imagine. I don't deny your father's affection for you. It would be absurd to deny it. But you are of an age now to appreciate his character. Whatever you may do he will always give you money. That you are sure of; that you know. Very well. But you are one to want more than money: you want his love. Richard, I am convinced you will never be happy, whatever base pleasures you may be led into, if he should withhold his love from you. Now, child, you know you have grievously offended him. I wish not to animadvert on your conduct. — You fancied yourself in love, and so on, and you were rash. The less said of it the better now. But you must now — it is your duty now to do something — to do everything that lies in your power to show him you repent. No interruptions! Listen to me. You must consider him. Austin is not like other men. Austin requires the most delicate management. You must — whether you feel it or no — present an appearance of contrition. I counsel it for the good of all. He

is just like a woman, and where his feelings are offended he wants utter subservience. He has you in town, and he does not see you: — now you know that he and I are not in communication: we have likewise our differences: — Well, he has you in town, and he holds aloof: he is trying you, my dear Richard. No: he is not at Raynham: I do not know where he is. He is trying you, child, and you must be patient. You must convince him that you do not care utterly for your own gratification. If this person — I wish to speak of her with respect for your sake — well, if she loves you *at all* — if, I say, she loves you *one atom*, she will repeat my solicitations for you to stay and patiently wait here till he consents to see you. I tell you candidly, it's your only chance of ever getting him to receive *her*. That you should know. And now, Richard, I may add that there is something else you should know. You should know that it depends entirely upon your conduct now, whether you are to see your father's heart forever divided from you, and a new family at Raynham. You do not understand? I will explain. Brothers and sisters are excellent things for young people, but a new brood of them can hardly be acceptable to a young man. In fact, they are, and must be, aliens. I only tell you what I have heard on good authority. Don't you understand now? Foolish boy! if you do not humor him, he will marry her. Oh! I am sure of it. I know it. And this you will drive him to. I do not warn you on the score of your prospects, but of your feelings. I should regard such a contingency, Richard, as a final division between you. Think of the scandal! but alas, that is the least of the evils."

It was Mrs. Doria's object to produce an impression, and avoid an argument. She therefore left him as soon as she had, as she supposed, made her mark on the young man. Richard was very silent during the speech, and save for an exclamation or so, had listened attentively. He pondered on what his aunt said. He loved Lady Blandish, and yet he did not wish to see her Lady Feverel. Mrs. Doria laid painful stress on the scandal, and though he did not give his mind to this, he thought of it. He thought of his mother. Where was she? But most his thoughts recurred to his father, and something akin to jealousy slowly awakened his heart to him. He had given him up, and had not latterly felt extremely filial; but he could not bear the idea of a division in the love of which he had ever been the idol and sole object. And such a man, too! so good! so generous! If it was jealousy that roused the young man's heart to his

father, the better part of love was also revived in it. He thought of old days: of his father's forbearance, his own wilfulness. He looked on himself, and what he had done, with the eyes of such a man. He determined to do all he could to regain his favor.

Mrs. Doria learnt from Adrian in the evening that her nephew intended waiting in town another week.

"That will do," smiled Mrs. Doria. "He will be more patient at the end of a week."

"Oh! does patience beget patience?" said Adrian. "I was not aware it was a propagating virtue. I surrender him to you. I shan't be able to hold him in after one week more. I assure you, my dear aunt, he's already —"

"Thank you, no explanation," Mrs. Doria begged.

When Richard saw her next, he was informed that she had received a most satisfactory letter from Mrs. John Todhunter: quite a glowing account of John's behavior; but on Richard's desiring to know the words Clare had written, Mrs. Doria objected to be explicit, and shot into worldly gossip.

"Clare seldom glows," said Richard.

"No, I mean *for her*," his aunt remarked. "Don't look like your father, child."

"I should like to have seen the letter," said Richard.

Mrs. Doria did not propose to show it.

Clare's Diary.

(From "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.")

Sir Austin Feverel had come to town with the serenity of a philosopher who says, 'T is now time; and the satisfaction of a man who has not arrived thereat without a struggle. He had almost forgiven his son. His deep love for him had well-nigh shaken loose from wounded pride and more tenacious vanity. Stirrings of a remote sympathy for the creature who had robbed him of his son and hewed at his System, were in his heart of hearts. This he knew; and in his own mind he took credit for his softness. But the world must not suppose him soft; the world must think he was still acting on his System. Otherwise what would his long absence signify? — Something highly unphilosophical. So, though love was strong, and was moving him to a straightforward course, the last tug of vanity drew him still aslant.

The Aphorist read himself so well, that to juggle with him-

self was a necessity. As he wished the world to see him, he behaved himself: one who entirely put aside mere personal feelings: one in whom parental duty, based on the science of life, was paramount: a Scientific Humanist, in short.

He was, therefore, rather surprised at a coldness in Lady Blandish's manner when he did appear. "At last!" said the lady, in a sad way that sounded reproachfully. Now the Scientific Humanist had, of course, nothing to reproach himself with.

But where was Richard?

Adrian positively averred he was not with his wife.

"If he had gone," said the baronet, "he would have anticipated me by a few hours."

This, when repeated to Lady Blandish, should have propitiated her, and shown his great forgiveness. She, however, sighed, and looked at him wistfully.

Their converse was not happy and deeply intimate. Philosophy did not seem to catch her mind; and fine phrases encountered a rueful assent, more flattering to their grandeur than to their influence.

Days went by. Richard did not present himself. Sir Austin's pitch of self-command was to await the youth without signs of impatience.

Seeing this, the lady told him her fears for Richard, and mentioned the rumor of him that was about.

"If," said the baronet, "this person, his wife, is what you paint her, I do not share your fears for him. I think too well of him. If she is one to inspire the sacredness of that union, I think too well of him. It is impossible."

The lady saw one thing to be done.

"Call her to you," she said. "Have her with you at Raynham. Recognize her. It is the disunion and doubt that so confuses him and drives him wild. I confess to you I hoped he had gone to her. It seems not. If she is with you his way will be clear. Will you do that?"

Science is notoriously of slow movement. Lady Blandish's proposition was far too hasty for Sir Austin. Women, rapid by nature, have no idea of science.

"We shall see her there in time, Emmeline. At present let it be between me and my son."

He spoke loftily. In truth it offended him to be asked to do anything, when he had just brought himself to do so much.

A month elapsed, and Richard appeared on the scene.

The meeting between him and his father was not what his father had expected and had crooned over in the Welsh mountains. Richard shook his hand respectfully, and inquired after his health with the common social solicitude. He then said: "During your absence, sir, I have taken the liberty, without consulting you, to do something in which you are more deeply concerned than myself. I have taken upon myself to find out my mother and place her under my care. I trust you will not think I have done wrong. I acted as I thought best."

Sir Austin replied: "You are of an age, Richard, to judge for yourself in such a case. I would have you simply beware of deceiving yourself in imagining that you considered any one but yourself in acting as you did."

"I have not deceived myself, sir," said Richard, and the interview was over. Both hated an exposure of the feelings, and in that both were satisfied: but the baronet, as one who loves, hoped and looked for tones indicative of trouble and delight in the deep heart; and Richard gave him none of those. The young man did not even face him as he spoke: if their eyes met by chance, Richard's were defiantly cold. His whole bearing was changed.

"This rash marriage has altered him," said the very just man of science in life: and that meant, "it has debased him."

He pursued his reflections. "I see in him the desperate maturity of a suddenly-ripened nature: and but for my faith that good work is never lost, what should I think of the toil of my years? Lost, perhaps to me! lost to him! It may show itself in his children."

The Philosopher, we may conceive, has contentment in benefiting embryos; but it was a somewhat bitter prospect to Sir Austin. Bitterly he felt the injury to himself.

One little incident spoke well of Richard. A poor woman called at the hotel while he was missing. The baronet saw her, and she told him a tale that threw Christian light on one part of Richard's nature. But this might gratify the father in Sir Austin; it did not touch the man of science. A Feverel, his son, would not do less, he thought. He sat down deliberately to study his son.

No definite observations enlightened him. Richard ate and drank; joked and laughed. He was generally before Adrian in calling for a fresh bottle. He talked easily of current topics; his gayety did not sound forced. In all he did, nevertheless,

there was not the air of a youth who sees a future before him. Sir Austin put that down. It might be carelessness, and wanton blood, for no one could say he had much on his mind. The man of science was not reckoning that Richard also might have learned to act and wear a mask. Dead subjects — this is to say, people not on their guard — he could penetrate and dissect. It is by a rare chance, as scientific men well know, that one has an opportunity of examining the structure of the living.

However, that rare chance was granted to Sir Austin. They were engaged to dine with Mrs. Doria at the Foreys', and walked down to her in the afternoon, father and son arm-in-arm, Adrian beside them. Previously the offended father had condescended to inform his son that it would shortly be time for him to return to his wife, indicating that arrangements would ultimately be ordered to receive her at Raynham. Richard had replied nothing; which might mean excess of gratitude, or hypocrisy in concealing his pleasure, or any one of the thousand shifts by which gratified human nature expresses itself when all is made to run smooth with it. Now Mrs. Berry had her surprise ready charged for the young husband. She had Lucy in her own house waiting for him. Every day she expected him to call and be overcome by the rapturous surprise, and every day, knowing his habit of frequenting the park, she marched Lucy thither, under the plea that Master Richard, whom she had already christened, should have an airing.

The round of the red winter sun was behind the bare Kensington chestnuts when these two parties met. Happily for Lucy and the hope she bore in her bosom, she was perversely admiring a fair horsewoman galloping by at the moment. Mrs. Berry plucked at her gown once or twice, to prepare her eyes for the shock, but Lucy's head was still half averted, and thinks Mrs. Berry, "'T won't hurt her if she go into his arms head foremost." They were close; Mrs. Berry performed the bob preliminary. Richard held her silent with a terrible face; he grasped her arm, and put her behind him. Other people intervened. Lucy saw nothing to account for Berry's excessive flutter. Berry threw it on the air and some breakfast bacon, which, she said, she knew in the morning while she ate it, was bad for the bile, and which probably was the cause of her bursting into tears, much to Lucy's astonishment.

"What you ate makes you cry, Mrs. Berry?"

"It's all —" Mrs. Berry pressed at her heart and leaned

sideways, "it's all stomach, my dear. Don't ye mind," and becoming aware of her unfashionable behavior, she trailed off to the shelter of the elms.

"You have a singular manner with old ladies," said Sir Austin to his son, after Berry had been swept aside. "Scarcely courteous. She behaved like a mad woman, certainly. — Are you ill, my son?"

Richard was death-pale, his strong form smitten through with weakness. The baronet sought Adrian's eye. Adrian had seen Lucy as they passed, and he had a glimpse of Richard's countenance while disposing of Berry. Had Lucy recognized them, he would have gone to her unhesitatingly. As she did not, he thought it well, under the circumstances, to leave matters as they were. He answered the baronet's look with a shrug.

"Are you ill, Richard?" Sir Austin again asked his son.

"Come on, sir! come on!" cried Richard.

His father's further meditations, as they stepped briskly to the Foreys', gave poor Berry a character which one who lectures on matrimony, and has kissed but three men in her life, shrieks to hear the very title of.

"Richard will go to his wife to-morrow," Sir Austin said to Adrian some time before they went in to dinner.

Adrian asked him if he had chanced to see a young fair-haired lady by the side of the old one Richard had treated so peculiarly; and to the baronet's acknowledgment that he remembered to have observed such a person, Adrian said: "That was his wife, sir."

Sir Austin could not dissect the living subject. As if a bullet had torn open the young man's skull, and some blast of battle laid his palpitating organization bare, he watched every motion of his brain and his heart; and with the grief and terror of one whose mental habit was ever to pierce to extremes. Not altogether conscious that he had hitherto played with life, he felt that he was suddenly plunged into the stormful reality of it. He projected to speak plainly to his son on all points that night.

"Richard is very gay," Mrs. Doria whispered her brother.

"All will be right with him to-morrow," he replied; for the game had been in his hands so long, so long had he been the god of the machine, that having once resolved to speak plainly and to act, he was to a certain extent secure, bad as the thing to mend might be.

"I notice he has rather a wild laugh — I don't exactly like his eyes," said Mrs. Doria.

"You will see a change in him to-morrow," the man of science remarked.

It was reserved for Mrs. Doria herself to experience that change. In the middle of the dinner a telegraphic message from her son-in-law, worthy John Todhunter, reached the house, stating that Clare was alarmingly ill, bidding her come instantly. She cast about for some one to accompany her, and fixed on Richard. Before he would give his consent for Richard to go, Sir Austin desired to speak with him apart, and in that interview he said to his son: "My dear Richard! it was my intention that we should come to an understanding together this night. But the time is short — poor Helen cannot spare many minutes. Let me then say that you deceived me, and that I forgive you. We fix our seal on the past. You will bring your wife to me when you return." And very cheerfully the baronet looked down on the generous future he thus founded.

"Will you have her at Raynham at once, sir?" said Richard.

"Yes, my son, when you bring her."

"Are you mocking me, sir?"

"Pray what do you mean?"

"I ask you to receive her at once."

"Well! the delay cannot be long. I do not apprehend that you will be kept from your happiness many days."

"I think it will be some time, sir?" said Richard, sighing deeply.

"And what mental freak is this that can induce you to postpone it and play with your first duty?"

"What is my first duty, sir?"

"Since you are married, to be with your wife."

"I have heard that from an old woman called Berry!" said Richard to himself, not intending irony.

"Will you receive her at once?" he asked, resolutely.

The baronet was clouded by his son's reception of his graciousness. His grateful prospect had formerly been Richard's marriage — the culmination of his System. Richard had destroyed his participation in that. He now looked for a pretty scene in recompense: — Richard leading up his wife to him, and both being welcomed by him paternally, and so held one ostentatious minute in his embrace.

He said: "Before you return, I demur to receiving her."

"Very well, sir," replied his son, and stood as if he had spoken all.

"Really you tempt me to fancy you already regret your rash proceeding!" the baronet exclaimed; and the next moment it pained him he had uttered the words, Richard's eyes were so sorrowfully fierce. It pained him, but he divined in that look a history, and he could not refrain from glancing acutely and asking: "Do you?"

"Regret it, sir?" the question aroused one of those struggles in the young man's breast which a passionate storm of tears may still, and which sink like leaden death into the soul when tears come not. Richard's eyes had the light of the desert.

"Do you?" his father repeated. "You tempt me — I almost fear you do." At the thought — for he expressed his mind — the pity that he had for Richard was not pure gold.

"Ask me what I think of her, sir! Ask me what she is! Ask me what it is to have taken one of God's precious angels and chained her to misery! Ask me what it is to have plunged a sword into her heart, and to stand over her and see such a creature bleeding! Do I regret that? Why, yes, I do! Would you?"

His eyes flew hard at his father under the ridge of his eyebrows.

Sir Austin winced and reddened. Did he understand? There is ever in the mind's eye a certain wilfulness. We see and understand; we see and won't understand.

"Tell me why you passed by her as you did this afternoon," he said, gravely; and in the same voice Richard answered: "I passed her because I could not do otherwise."

"Your wife, Richard?"

"Yes! my wife!"

"If she had seen you, Richard?"

"God spared her that!"

Mrs. Doria, bustling in practical haste, and bearing Richard's hat and greatcoat in her energetic hands, came between them at this juncture. Dimples of commiseration were in her cheeks while she kissed her brother's perplexed forehead. She forgot her trouble about Clare, deploring his fatuity.

Sir Austin was forced to let his son depart. As of old, he took counsel with Adrian, and the wise youth was soothing. "Somebody has kissed him, sir, and the chaste boy can't get over it." This absurd suggestion did more to appease the

baronet than if Adrian had given a veritable reasonable key to Richard's conduct. It set him thinking that it might be a prudish strain in the young man's mind, due to the System in difficulties.

"I may have been wrong in one thing," he said, with an air of the utmost doubt of it. "I, perhaps, was wrong in allowing him so much liberty during his probation."

Adrian pointed out to him that he had distinctly commanded it.

"Yes, yes; that is on me."

His was an order of mind that would accept the most burdensome charges, and by some species of moral usury make a profit out of them.

Clare was little talked of. Adrian attributed the employment of the telegraph to John Todhunter's uxorious distress at a toothache, or possibly the first symptoms of an heir to his house.

"That child's mind has disease in it. She is not sound," said the baronet.

Clare lies in her bed as placid as in the days when she breathed; her white hands stretched their length along the sheets, at peace from head to feet. She needs iron no more. Richard is face to face with death for the first time. He sees the sculpture of clay — the spark gone.

Clare gave her mother the welcome of the dead. This child would have spoken nothing but kind commonplaces had she been alive. She was dead, and none knew her malady. On her fourth finger were two wedding-rings.

When hours of weeping had silenced the mother's anguish, she, for some comfort she saw in it, pointed out that strange thing to Richard, speaking low in the chamber of the dead; and then he learnt that it was his own lost ring Clare wore in the two worlds. He learnt from her husband that Clare's last request had been that neither of the rings should be removed. She had written it; she would not speak it.

"I beg of my husband, and all kind people who may have the care of me between this and the grave, to bury me with my hands untouched."

The tracing of the words showed the bodily torment she was suffering, as she wrote them on a scrap of paper found beside her pillow.

In wonder, as the dim idea grew from the waving of Clare's

dead hand, Richard paced the house, and hung about the awful room; dreading to enter it, reluctant to quit it. The secret Clare had buried while she lived, arose with her death. He saw it play like flame across her marble features. The memory of her voice was like a knife at his nerves. His coldness to her started up accusingly: her meekness was bitter blame.

On the evening of the fourth day, her mother came to him in his bedroom, with a face so white that he asked himself if aught worse could happen to a mother than the loss of her child. Choking she said to him, "Read this," and thrust a leather-bound pocket-book trembling in his hand. She would not breathe to him what it was. She entreated him not to open it before her.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me what you think. John must not hear of it. I have nobody to consult but you — O Richard!"

"My Diary" was written in the round hand of Clare's childhood on the first page. The first name his eye encountered was his own.

"Richard's fourteenth birthday. I have worked him a purse and put it under his pillow, because he is going to have plenty of money. He does not notice me now beeause he has a friend now, and he is ugly, but Richard is not, and never will be."

The occurrences of that day were subsequently recorded, and a childish prayer to God for him set down. Step by step he saw her growing mind in his history. As she advanced in years she began to look back, and made much of little trivial remembrances, all bearing upon him.

"We went into the fields and gathered cowslips together, and pelted each other, and I told him he used to call them 'coals-sleeps' when he was a baby, and he was angry at my telling him, for he does not like to be told he was ever a baby."

He remembered the incident, and remembered his stupid scorn of her meek affection. Little Clare! how she lived before him in her white dress and pink ribbons, and soft dark eyes! Upstairs she was lying dead. He read on: —

"Mamma says there is no one in the world like Richard, and I am sure there is not, not in the whole world. He says he is going to be a great General and going to the wars. If he does I shall dress myself as a boy and go after him, and he will not

know me till I am wounded. Oh, I pray he will never, never be wounded. I wonder what I should feel if Richard was ever to die."

Upstairs Clare was lying dead.

"Lady Blandish said there was a likeness between Richard and me. Richard said I hope I do not hang down my head as she does. He is angry with me because I do not look people in the face and speak out, but I know I am not looking after earthworms."

Yes. He had told her that. A shiver seized him at the recollection.

Then it came to a period when the words: "Richard kissed me," stood by themselves, and marked a day in her life.

Afterwards it was solemnly discovered that Richard wrote poetry. He read one of his old forgotten compositions penned when he had that ambition.

"Thy truth to me is truer
Than horse, or dog, or blade;
Thy vows to me are fewer
Than ever maiden made.

"Thou steppest from thy splendor
To make my life a song:
My bosom shall be tender
As thine has risen strong."

All the verses were transcribed. "It is he who is the humble knight," Clare explained at the close, "and his lady is a Queen. Any Queen would throw her crown away for him."

It came to that period when Clare left Raynham with her mother.

"Richard was not sorry to lose me. He only loves boys and men. Something tells me I shall never see Raynham again. He was dressed in blue. He said Good-bye, Clare, and kissed me on the cheek. Richard never kisses me on the mouth. He did not know I went to his bed and kissed him while he was asleep. He sleeps with one arm under his head, and the other out on the bed. I moved away a bit of his hair that was over his eyes. I wanted to cut it. I have one piece. I do not let anybody see I am unhappy, not even mamma. She says I want iron. I am sure I do not. I like to write my name. Clare Doria Forey. Richard's is Richard Doria Feverel."

His breast rose convulsively. Clare Doria Forey! He knew the music of that name. He had heard it somewhere. It sounded faint and mellow now behind the hills of death.

He could not read for tears. It was midnight. The hour seemed to belong to her. The awful stillness and the darkness were Clare's. Clare's voice clear and cold from the grave possessed it.

Painfully, with blinded eyes, he looked over the breathless pages. She spoke of his marriage, and her finding the ring.

"I knew it was his. I knew he was going to be married that morning. I saw him stand by the altar when they laughed at breakfast. His wife must be so beautiful! Richard's wife! Perhaps he will love me better now he is married. Mamma says they must be separated. That is shameful. If I can help him I will. I pray so that he may be happy. I hope God hears poor sinners' prayers. I am very sinful. Nobody knows it as I do. They say I am good, but I know. When I look on the ground I am not looking after earthworms, as he said. Oh, do forgive me, God!"

Then she spoke of her own marriage, and that it was her duty to obey her mother. A blank in the Diary ensued.

"I have seen Richard. Richard despises me," was the next entry.

But now as he read his eyes were fixed, and the delicate feminine handwriting like a black thread drew on his soul to one terrible conclusion.

"I cannot live. Richard despises me. I cannot bear the touch of my fingers or the sight of my face. Oh! I understand him now. He should not have kissed me so that last time. I wished to die while his mouth was on mine."

Further: "I have no escape. Richard said he would die rather than endure it. I know he would. Why should I be afraid to do what he would do? I think if my husband whipped me I could bear it better. He is so kind, and tries to make me cheerful. He will soon be very unhappy. I pray to God half the night. I seem to be losing sight of my God the more I pray."

Richard laid the book open on the table. Phantom surges seemed to be mounting and travelling for his brain. Had Clare taken his wild words in earnest? Did she lie there dead — he shrouded the thought.

He wrapped the thoughts in shrouds, but he was again reading.

"A quarter to one o'clock. I shall not be alive this time to-morrow. I shall never see Richard now. I dreamed last night we were in the fields together, and he walked with his arm round my waist. We were children, but I thought we were married, and I showed him I wore his ring, and he said — if you always wear it, Clare, you are as good as my wife. Then I made a vow to wear it for ever and ever. . . . It is not mamma's fault. She does not think as Richard and I do of these things. He is not a coward, nor am I. He hates cowards.

"I have written to his father to make him happy. Perhaps when I am dead he will hear what I say.

"I heard just now Richard call distinctly — Clari, come out to me. Surely he has not gone. I am going I know not where. I cannot think. I am very cold."

The words were written larger, and staggered towards the close, as if her hand had lost mastery over the pen.

"I can only remember Richard now a boy. A little boy and a big boy. I am not sure now of his voice. I can only remember certain words. 'Clari,' and 'Don Ricardo,' and his laugh. He used to be full of fun. Once we laughed all day together tumbling in the hay. Then he had a friend, and began to write poetry, and be proud. If I had married a young man he would have forgiven me, but I should not have been happier. I must have died. God never looks on me.

"It is past two o'clock. The sheep are bleating outside. It must be very cold in the ground. Good-bye, Richard."

With his name it began and ended. Even to herself Clare was not over-communicative. The book was slender, yet her nineteen years of existence left half the number of pages white.

Those last words drew him irresistibly to gaze on her. There she lay, the same impassive Clare. For a moment he wondered she had not moved — to him she had become so different. She who had just filled his ears with strange tidings — it was not possible to think her dead! She seemed to have been speaking to him all through his life. His image was on that still heart.

He dismissed the night-watchers from the room, and remained with her alone, till the sense of death oppressed him, and then the shock sent him to the window to look for sky and stars. Behind a low broad pine, hung with frosty mist, he

heard a bell-wether of the flock in the silent fold. Death in life it sounded.

The mother found him praying at the foot of Clare's bed. She knelt by his side, and they prayed, and their joint sobs shook their bodies, but neither of them shed many tears. They held a dark unspoken secret in common. They prayed God to forgive her.

Clare was buried in the family vault of the Todhunters. Her mother breathed no wish to have her lying at Lobourne.

After the funeral, what they alone upon earth knew brought them together.

"Richard," she said, "the worst is over for me. I have no one to love but you, dear. We have all been fighting against God, and this . . . Richard! you will come with me, and be united to your wife, and spare my brother what I suffer."

He answered the broken spirit: "I have killed one. She sees me as I am. I cannot go with you to my wife, because I am not worthy to touch her hand, and were I to go, I should do *this* to silence my self-contempt. Go you to her, and when she asks of me, say I have a death upon my head that— No! say that I am abroad, seeking for that which shall cleanse me. If I find it I shall come to claim her. If not, God help us all!"

She had no strength to contest his solemn words, or stay him, and he went forth.

Bad News.

(From "Diana of the Crossways.")

The fatal time to come for her was in the Summer of that year.

Emma had written her a letter of unwonted bright spirits, contrasting strangely with an inexplicable oppression of her own that led her to imagine her recent placid life the pause before thunder, and to share the mood of her solitary friend she flew to Copsley, finding Sir Lukin absent, as usual. They drove out immediately after breakfast, on one of those high mornings of the bared bosom of June when distances are given to our eyes, and a soft air fondles leaf and grass-blade, and beauty and peace are overhead, reflected, if we will. Rain had fallen in the night. Here and there hung a milk-white cloud with folded sail. The Southwest left it in its bay of

blue, and breathed below. At moments the fresh scent of herb and mould swung richly in warmth. The young beech-leaves glittered, pools of rain-water made the roadways laugh, the grass-banks under hedges rolled their interwoven weeds in cascades of many-shaded green to right and left of the pair of dappled ponies, and a squirrel crossed ahead, a lark went up a little way to ease his heart, closing his wings when the burst was over, startled blackbirds, darting with a clamor like a broken cockcrow, looped the wayside woods from hazel to oak-scrub; short flights, quick spirts everywhere, steady sunshine above.

Diana held the reins. The whip was an ornament, as the plume of feathers to the general officer. Lady Dunstane's ponies were a present from Redworth, who always chose the pick of the land for his gifts. They joyed in their trot, and were the very love-birds of the breed for their pleasure of going together, so like that Diana called them the Dromios. Through an old gravel-cutting a gateway led to the turf of the down, springy turf bordered on a long line, clear as a race-course, by golden gorse covers, and leftward over the gorse the dark ridge of the fir and heath country ran companionably to the Southwest, the valley between, with undulations of wood and meadow sunned or shaded, clumps, mounds, promontories, away to broad spaces of tillage banked by wooded hills, and dimmer beyond and farther, the faintest shadowiness of heights, as a veil to the illimitable. Yews, junipers, radiant beeches, and gleams of the service-tree or the white-beam spotted the semicircle of swelling green Down black and silver. The sun in the valley sharpened his beams on squares of buttercups, and made a pond a diamond.

"You see, Tony," Emma said, for a comment on the scene, "I could envy Italy for having you, more than you for being in Italy."

"Feature and color!" said Diana. "You have them here, and on a scale that one can embrace. I should like to build a hut on this point, and wait for such a day to return. It brings me to life." She lifted her eyelids on her friend's worn sweet face, and knowing her this friend up to death, past it in her hopes, she said bravely, "It is the Emma of days and scenes to me! It helps me to forget myself, as I do when I think of you, dearest; but the subject has latterly been haunting me, I don't know why, and ominously, as if my nature were about to

horrify my soul. But I am not sentimentalizing, you are really this day and scene in my heart."

Emma smiled confidingly. She spoke her reflection: "The heart must be troubled a little to have the thought. The flower I gather here tells me that we may be happy in privation and suffering if simply we can accept beauty. I won't say expel the passions, but keep passion sober, a trotter in harness."

Diana caressed the ponies' heads with the droop of her whip: "I don't think I know him!" she said.

Between sincerity and a suspicion so cloaked and dull that she did not feel it to be the opposite of candor, she fancied she was passionless because she could accept the visible beauty, which was Emma's prescription and test; and she forced herself to make much of it, cling to it, devour it; with envy of Emma's contemplative happiness, through whose grave mind she tried to get to the peace in it, imagining that she succeeded. The cloaked and dull suspicion weighed within her nevertheless. She took it for a mania to speculate on herself. There are states of the crimson blood when the keenest wits are childish, notably in great-hearted women aiming at the majesty of their sex and fearful of confounding it by the look direct and the downright word. Yet her nature compelled her inwardly to phrase the sentence: "Emma is a wife!" The character of her husband was not considered, nor was the meaning of the exclamation pursued.

They drove through the gorse into wild land of heath and flowering hawthorn, and along by tracts of yew and juniper to another point, jutting on a furzy sand-mound, rich with the mild splendor of English scenery, which Emma stamped on her friend's mind by saying: "A cripple has little to envy in you who can fly when she has feasts like these at her doors."

They had an inclination to boast on the drive home of the solitude they had enjoyed; and just then, as the head in the wood wound under great beeches, they beheld a London hat. The hat was plucked from its head. A clearfaced youth, rather flushed, dusty at the legs, addressed Diana.

"Mr. Rhodes!" she said, not discouragingly.

She was petitioned to excuse him; he thought she would wish to hear the news in town last night as early as possible; he hesitated and murmured it.

Diana turned to Emma: "Lord Dannisburgh!"—her paleness told the rest.

Hearing from Mr. Rhodes that he had walked the distance from town, and had been to Copsley, Lady Dunstane invited him to follow the pony-carriage thither, where he was fed and refreshed by a tea-breakfast, as he preferred walking on tea, he said. "I took the liberty to call at Mrs. Warwick's house," he informed her; "the footman said she was at Copsley. I found it on the map — I knew the direction — and started about two in the morning. I wanted a walk."

It was evident to her that he was one of the young squires bewitched whom beautiful women are constantly enlisting. There was no concealment of it, though he stirred a sad enviousness in the invalid lady by descanting on the raptures of a walk out of London in the youngest light of day, and on the common objects he had noticed along the roadside, and through the woods, more sustaining, closer with nature than her compulsory feeding on the cream of things.

"You are not fatigued?" she inquired, hoping for that confession at least; but she pardoned his boyish vaunting to walk the distance back without any fatigue at all.

He had a sweeter reward for his pains; and if the business of the chronicler allowed him to become attached to pure throbbing felicity wherever it is encountered, he might be diverted by the blissful unexpectedness of good fortune befalling Mr. Arthur Rhodes in having the honor to conduct Mrs. Warwick to town. No imagined happiness, even in the heart of a young man of two and twenty, could have matched it. He was by her side, hearing and seeing her, not less than four hours. To add to his happiness, Lady Dunstane said she would be glad to welcome him again. She thought him a pleasant specimen of the self-avowed squire.

Diana was sure that there would be a communication for her of some sort at her house in London; perhaps a message of farewell from the dying lord, now dead. Mr. Rhodes had only the news of the evening journals, to the effect that Lord Dannisburgh had expired at his residence, the Priory, Hallowmere, in Hampshire. A message of farewell from him, she hoped for: knowing him as she did, it seemed a certainty; and she hungered for that last gleam of life in her friend. She had no anticipation of the burden of the message awaiting her.

A consultation as to the despatching of the message had taken place among the members of Lord Dannisburgh's family present at his death. Percy Dacier was one of them, and he

settled the disputed point, after some time had been spent in persuading his father to take the plain view of obligation in the matter, and in opposing the dowager countess, his grandmother, by stating that he had already sent a special messenger to London. Lord Dannisburgh on his death-bed had expressed a wish that Mrs. Warwick would sit with him for an hour one night before the nails were knocked in his coffin. He spoke of it twice, putting it the second time to Percy as a formal request to be made to her, and Percy had promised him that Mrs. Warwick should have the message. He had done his best to keep his pledge, aware of the disrelish of the whole family for the lady's name, to say nothing of her presence.

"She won't come," said the earl.

"She 'll come," said old Lady Dacier.

"If the woman respects herself she 'll hold off it," the earl insisted because of his desire that way. He signified in mutterings that the thing was improper and absurd, a piece of sentiment, sickly senility, unlike Lord Dannisburgh. Also that Percy had been guilty of excessive folly.

To which Lady Dacier nodded her assent, remarking: "The woman is on her mettle. From what I 've heard of her, she 's not a woman to stick at trifles. She 'll take it as a sort of ordeal by touch, and she 'll come."

They joined in abusing Percy, who had driven away to another part of the country. Lord Creedmore, the heir of the house, was absent, hunting in America, or he might temporarily have been taken into favor by contrast. Ultimately they agreed that the woman must be allowed to enter the house, but could not be received. The earl was a widower; his mother managed the family, and being hard to convince, she customarily carried her point, save when it involved Percy's freedom of action. She was one of the veterans of her sex that age to toughness; and the "hysterical fuss" she apprehended in the visit of this woman to Lord Dannisburgh's death-bed and body, did not alarm her. For the sake of the household she determined to remain, shut up in her room. Before night the house was empty of any members of the family excepting old Lady Dacier and the outstretched figure on the bed.

Dacier fled to escape the hearing of the numberless ejaculations re-awakened in the family by his uncle's extraordinary dying request. They were an outrage to the lady, of whom he could now speak as a privileged champion; and the request

itself had an air of proving her stainless, a white soul and efficacious advocate at the celestial gates (reading the mind of the dying man). So he thought at one moment: he had thought so when charged with the message to her; had even thought it a natural wish that she should look once on the face she would see no more, and say farewell to it, considering that in life it could not be requested. But the susceptibility to sentimental emotion beside a death-bed, with a dying man's voice in the ear, requires fortification if it is to be maintained; and the review of his uncle's character did not tend to make this very singular request a proof that the lady's innocence was honored in it. His epicurean uncle had no profound esteem for the kind of innocence. He had always talked of Mrs. Warwick with warm respect for her: Dacier knew that he had bequeathed her a sum of money. The inferences were either way. Lord Dannisburgh never spoke evilly of any woman, and he was perhaps bound to indemnify her materially as well as he could for what she had suffered. — On the other hand, how easy it was to be the dupe of a woman so handsome and clever. — Unlikely too that his uncle would consent to sit at the Platonic banquet with her. — Judging by himself, Dacier deemed it possible for man. He was not quick to kindle, and had lately seen much of her, had found her a Lady Egeria, helpful in counsel, prompting, inspiriting, reviving as well-waters, and as temperately cool: not one sign of native slipperiness. Nor did she stir the mud in him upon which proud man is built. The shadow of the scandal had checked a few shifty sensations rising now and then of their own accord, and had laid them, with the lady's benign connivance. This was good proof in her favor, seeing that she must have perceived of late the besetting thirst he had for her company; and alone or in the medley equally. To see her, hear, exchange ideas with her; and to talk of new books, try to listen to music at the opera and at concerts, and admire her playing of hostess, were novel pleasures, giving him fresh notions of life, and strengthening rather than disturbing the course of his life's business.

At any rate, she was capable of friendship. Why not resolutely believe that she had been his uncle's true and simple friend! He adopted the resolution, thanking her for one recognized fact: — he hated marriage, and would by this time have been in the yoke, but for the agreeable deviation of his

path to her society. Since his visit to Copsley, moreover, Lady Dunstane's idolizing of her friend had influenced him. Reflecting on it, he recovered from the shock which his uncle's request had caused.

Certain positive calculations were running side by side with the speculations in vapor. His messenger would reach her house at about four of the afternoon. If then at home, would she decide to start immediately? — Would she come? That was a question he did not delay to answer. Would she defer the visit? Death replied to that. She would not delay it.

She would be sure to come at once. And what of the welcome she would meet? Leaving the station in London at six in the evening, she might arrive at the Priory, all impediments counted, between ten and eleven at night. Thence, coldly greeted, or not greeted, to the chamber of death.

A pitiable and cruel reception for a woman upon such a mission!

His mingled calculations and meditations reached that exclamatory terminus in feeling, and settled on the picture of Diana, about as clear as light to blinking eyes, but enough for him to realize her being there and alone, woefully alone. The supposition of an absolute loneliness was most possible. He had intended to drive back the next day, when the domestic storm would be over, and take the chances of her coming. It seemed now a piece of duty to return at night, a traverse of twenty rough up and down miles from Itchenford to the heathland rolling on the chalk wave of the Surrey borders, easily done after the remonstrances of his host were stopped.

Dacier sat in an open carriage, facing a slip of bright moon. Poetical impressions, emotions, any stirrings of his mind by the sensational stamp on it, were new to him, and while he swam in them, both lulled and pricked by his novel accessibility to nature's lyrical touch, he asked himself whether, if he were near the throes of death, the thought of having Diana Warwick to sit beside his vacant semblance for an hour at night would be comforting. And why had his uncle specified an hour of the night? It was a sentiment, like the request: curious in a man so little sentimental. Yonder crescent running the shadowy round of the hoop roused comparisons. Would one really wish to have her beside one in death? In life — ah! But suppose her denied to us in life. Then the

desire for her companionship appears passingly comprehensible. Enter into the sentiment, you see that the hour of darkness is naturally chosen. And would even a grand old Pagan crave the presence beside his dead body for an hour of the night of a woman he did not esteem? Dacier answered no. The negative was not echoed in his mind. He repeated it, and to the same deadness.

He became aware that he had spoken for himself, and he had a fit of sourness. For who can say he is not a fool before he has been tried by a woman! Dacier's wretched tendency under vexation to conceive grotesque analogies, anti-poetic, not to say cockney similes, which had slightly chilled Diana at Rovio, set him looking at yonder crescent with the hoop, as at the shape of a white cat climbing a wheel. Men of the northern blood will sometimes lend their assent to poetical images, even to those that do not stun the mind like bludgeons, and imperatively, by much repetition, command their assent; and it is for a solid exchange and interest in usury with soft poetical creatures when they are so condescending; but they are seized by the grotesque. In spite of efforts to efface or supplant it, he saw the white cat, nothing else, even to thinking that she had jumped cleverly to catch the wheel. He was a true descendant of practical hard-grained fighting Northerners, of gnarled dwarf imaginations, chivalrous though they were, and heroes to have serviceable and valiant gentlemen for issue. Without at all tracing back to its origin his detestable image of the white cat on the dead circle, he kicked at the links between his uncle and Diana Warwick, whatever they had been; particularly at the present revival of them. Old Lady Dacier's blunt speech, and his father's fixed opinion, hissed in his head.

They were ignorant of his autumnal visit to the Italian Lakes, after the winter's Nile-boat expedition; and also of the degree of his recent intimacy with Mrs. Warwick; or else, as he knew, he would have heard more hissing things. Her patronage of Miss Paynham exposed her to attacks where she was deemed vulnerable; Lady Dacier muttered old saws as to the flocking of birds; he did not accurately understand it, thought it indiscreet, at best. But in regard to his experience, he could tell himself that a woman more guileless of luring never drew breath. On the contrary, candor said it had always been he who had schemed and pressed for the meeting. He was at liberty to do it, not being bound in honor elsewhere.

Besides, despite his aeknowledgment of her beauty, Mrs. Warwick was not quite his ideal of the perfeetly beautiful woman. Constanee Asper eame nearer to it. He had the English taste for red and white, and for cold outlines: he seeretly admired a statuesque demeanor with a statue's eyes. The national approbation of a reserved haughtiness in woman, a tempered disdain in her slightly lifted small upperlip and drooped eyelids, was shared by him; and Constanee Asper, if not cxaetly aristocratie by birth, stood well for that aristocratic insular type, whieh seems to promise the husband of it a caskct of all the trusty virtues, as well as the security of frigidity in the easket. Sueh was Daeier's native taste; consequently the attractions of Diana Warwiek for him were, he thought, chiefly mental, those of a Lady Egeria. She might or might not be good, in the vulgar sense. She was an agreeable woman, an amusing companion, very suggestive, inciting, animating; and her past history must be left as her own. Did it matter to him? What he saw was bright, a silver ereseent on the side of the shadowy ring. Were it a question of marrying her!—That was out of the possibilities. He remembered, moreover, having heard from a man, who professed to know, that Mrs. Warwiek had started in married life by treating her husband eavalierly to an intolerable degree; "Such as no Englishman could stand," the portly old informant thundered, describing it and her in raey vernaeular. She might be a devil of a wife. She was a pleasant friend; just the soft bit sweeter than male friends which gave the flavor of sex without the artful seduetions. He required them strong to move him.

He looked at last on the green walls of the Priory, seareely supposing a fair watcher to be within; for the contrasting pale eolors of dawn had eeased to quieken the brilliancy of the ereseent, and summer daylight drowned it to fainter than a silver eoin in water. It lay dispieced like a pulled rag. Eastward, over Surrey, stood the full rose of morning. The Priory eloek struck four. When the summons of the bell had gained him admittance, and he heard that Mrs. Warwick had come in the night, he looked back through the doorway at the rosy color, and eongratulatcd himself to think that her hour of watching was at an end. A sleepy footman was his informant. Women were in my lord's dressing-room, he said. Upstairs, at the death-chamber, Dacier paused. No sound came to him. He hurried to his own room, paeed about, and returned.

Expecting to see no one but the dead, he turned the handle, and the two circles of a shaded lamp, on ceiling and on table, met his gaze.

Diana's Night-Watch.

(From "Diana of the Crossways.")

He stepped into the room, and thrilled to hear the quiet voice beside the bed: "Who is it?"

Apologies and excuses were on his tongue. The vibration of those grave tones checked them.

"It is you," she said.

She sat in shadow, her hands joined on her lap. An unopened book was under the lamp.

He spoke in an underbreath: "I have just come. I was not sure I should find you here. Pardon."

"There is a chair."

He murmured thanks and entered into the stillness, observing her.

"You have been watching. . . . You must be tired."

"No."

"An hour was asked, only one."

"I could not leave him."

"Watchers are at hand to relieve you."

"It is better for him to have me."

The chord of her voice told him of the gulfs she had sunk in during the night. The thought of her endurance became a burden.

He let fall his breath for patience, and tapped the floor with his foot.

He feared to discompose her by speaking. The silence grew more fearful, as the very speech of Death between them.

"You came. I thought it right to let you know instantly. I hoped you would come to-morrow."

"I could not delay."

"You have been sitting alone here since eleven!"

"I have not found it long."

"You must want some refreshment . . . tea?"

"I need nothing."

"It can be made ready in a few minutes."

"I could not eat or drink."

He tried to brush away the impression of the tomb in the heavily-curtained chamber by thinking of the summer morn

outside; he spoke of it, the rosy sky, the dewy grass, the piping birds. She listened, as one hearing of a quitted sphere.

Their breathing in eommon was just heard if either drew a deeper breath. At moments his eyes wandered and shut. Alternately in his mind Death had vaster meanings and doubtfuller; Life eowered under the shadow or outshone it. He glaneed from her to the figure in the bed, and she seemed swallowed.

He said: "It is time for you to have rest. You know your room. I will stay till the servants are up."

She replied: "No, let this night with him be mine."

"I am not intruding?" . . .

"If you wish to remain." . . .

No traces of weeping were on her faee. The lamp-shade revealed it eolorless, and lustreless her eyes. She was robed in blaek. She held her hands elasped.

"You have not suffered?"

"Oh, no."

She said it without sighing; nor was her speech mournful, only brief.

"You have seen death before?"

"I sat by my father four nights. I was a girl then; I cried till I had no more tears."

He felt a burning pressure behind his eyeballs.

"Death is natural," he said.

"It is natural to the aged. When they die honored. . ." She looked where the dead man lay. "To sit beside the young, eut off from their dear opening life! . . ." A little shudder swept over her. "Oh! that!"

"You were very good to eome. We must all thank you for fulfilling his wish."

"He knew it would be my wish."

Her hands pressed together.

"He lies peaeefully!"

"I have raised the lamp on him, and wondered each time. So ehangeless he lies. But so like a sleep that will wake. We never see peaee but in the features of the dead. Will you look? They are beautiful. They have a heavenly sweetness."

The desire to look was evidently reeurrent with her. Dacier rose.

Their eyes fell together on the dead man, as thoughtfully as Death allows to the ereatures of sensation.

"And after?" he said in low tones.

"I trust to my Maker," she replied. "Do you see a change since he breathed his last?"

"Not any."

"You were with him?"

"Not in the room. Two minutes later."

"Who? . . ."

"My father. His niece, Lady Cathairn."

"If our lives are lengthened we outlive most of those we would have to close our eyes. He had a dear sister."

"She died some years back."

"I helped to comfort him for that loss."

"He told me you did."

The lamp was replaced on the table.

"For a moment, when I withdraw the light from him, I feel sadness. As if the light we lend to anything were of value to him now!"

She bowed her head deeply. Dacier left her meditation undisturbed. The birds on the walls outside were audible, tweeting, chirping.

He went to the window-curtains and tried the shutter-bars. It seemed to him that daylight would be cheerfuller for her. He had a thirst to behold her standing bathed in daylight.

"Shall I open them?" he asked her.

"I would rather the lamp," she said.

They sat silently until she drew her watch from her girdle. "My train starts at half-past six. It is a walk of thirty-five minutes to the station. I did it last night in that time."

"You walked here in the dark alone?"

"There was no fly to be had. The station-master sent one of his porters with me. We had a talk on the road. I like those men."

Dacier read the hour by the mantelpiece clock. "If you must really go by the early train, I will drive you."

"No, I will walk; I prefer it."

"I will order your breakfast at once."

He turned on his heel. She stopped him. "No, I have no taste for eating or drinking."

"Pray . . ." said he, in visible distress.

She shook her head. "I could not. I have twenty minutes longer. I can find my way to the station; it is almost a straight road out of the park-gates."

His heart swelled with anger at the household for the treatment she had been subjcetcd to, judging by her resolve not to break bread in the house.

They resumed their silent sitting. The intervals for a word to pass between them were long, and the ticking of the timepiece fronting the death-bcd ruled the chamber, scarcely varied.

The lamp was raised for thc final look, thc leave-taking.

Dacier buried his face, thinking many things — the common multitude in insurrection.

"A servant should be told to come now," she said. "I have only to put on my bonnet and I am ready."

"You will take no . . . ?"

"Nothing."

"It is not too late for a carriage to be ordered."

"No — thc walk!"

They separated.

He roused the two women in the dressing-room, asleep with heads against the wall. Thence he sped to his own room for hat and overcoat, and a sprinkle of cold water. Descending the stairs, he beheld his companion issuing from the chamber of death. Her lips were shut, her eyelids nervously tremulous.

They were soon in the warm sweet open air, and they walked without an interchange of a syllable through the park into the white hawthorn lane, glad to brcathe. Her nostrils took long draughts of air, but of the change of scene shc appeared scarcely sensible.

At the park-gatcs, she said: "There is no necessity for your coming."

His answer was: "I think of myself. I gain something every step I walk with you."

"To-day is Thursday," said she. "Thc funeral is . . . ?"

"Monday has bcen fixed. According to his directions, he will lie in the churchyard of his village — not in the family vault."

"I know," she said hastily. "They are privileged who follow him and see the coffin lowered. He spoke of this quiet little resting-place."

"Yes, it 's a good end. I do not wonder at his wish for the honor you have done him. I could wish it too. But more living than dead — that is a natural wish."

"It is not to be called an honor."

"I should feel it so — an honor to me."

"It is a friend's duty. The word is too harsh; — it was his friend's desire. He did not ask it so much as he sanctioned it. For to him what has my sitting beside him been!"

"He had the prospective happiness."

"He knew well that my soul would be with him — as it was last night. But he knew it would be my poor human happiness to see him with my eyes, touch him with my hand, before he passed from our sight."

Dacier exclaimed: "How you can love!"

"Is the village church to be seen?" she asked.

"To the right of those elms; that is the spire. The black spot below is a yew. You love with the whole heart when you love."

"I love my friends," she replied.

"You tempt me to envy those who are numbered among them."

"They are not many."

"They should be grateful."

"You have some acquaintance with them all."

"And an enemy? Had you ever one? Do you know of one?"

"Direct and personal designedly? I think not. We give that title to those who are disinclined to us and add a dash of darker color to our errors. Foxes have enemies in the dogs; heroines of melodramas have their persecuting villains. I suppose that conditions of life exist where one meets the original complexities. The bad are in every rank. The inveterately malignant I have not found. Circumstances may combine to make a whisper as deadly as a blow, though not of such evil design. Perhaps if we lived at a Court of a magnificent despot we should learn that we are less highly civilized than we imagine ourselves; but that is a fire to the passions, and the extreme is not the perfect test. Our civilization counts positive gains — unless you take the melodrama for the truer picture of us. It is always the most popular with the English. — And look, what a month June is! Yesterday morning I was with Lady Dunstane on her heights, and I feel double the age. He was fond of this wild country. We think it a desert, a blank, whither he has gone, because we will strain to see in the utter dark, and nothing can come of that but the bursting of the eyeballs."

Dacier assented: "There's no use in peering beyond the limits."

"No," said she; "the effect is like the explaining of things to a dull head — the finishing stroke to the understanding! Better continue to brood. We get to some unravelment if we are left to our own efforts. I quarrel with no priest of any denomination. That they should quarrel among themselves is comprehensible in their wisdom, for each has the specific. But they show us *their* way of solving the great problem, and we ought to thank them, though one or the other abominate us. You are advised to talk with Lady Dunstane on these themes. She is perpetually in the antechamber of death, and her soul is perennially sunshine. — See the pretty cottage under the laburnum curls! Who lives there?"

"His gamekeeper, Simon Rofe."

"And what a playground for the children, that bit of common by their garden-palings! and the pond, and the blue hills over the furzes. I hope those people will not be turned out."

Dacier could not tell. He promised to do his best for them.

"But," said she, "you are the lord here now."

"Not likely to be the tenant. Incomes are wanted to support even small estates."

"The reason is good for courting the income."

He disliked the remark; and when she said presently: "Those windmills make the landscape homely," he rejoined: "They remind one of our wheeling London gamins round the cab from the station."

"They remind you," said she, and smiled at the chance discordant trick he had, remembering occasions when it had crossed her.

"This is homelier than Rovio," she said; "quite as nice in its way."

"You do not gather flowers here."

"Because my friend has these at her feet."

"May one petition without a rival, then, for a souvenir?"

"Certainly, if you care to have a common buttercup."

They reached the station, five minutes in advance of the train. His coming manœuvre was early detected, and she drew from her pocket the little book he had seen lying unopened on the table, and said: "I shall have two good hours for reading."

"You will not object? . . . I must accompany you to town. Permit it, I beg. You shall not be worried to talk."

"No; I came alone and return alone."

"Fasting and unprotected! Are you determined to take

away the worst impression of us? Do not refuse me this favor."

"As to fasting, I could not eat: and unprotected no woman is in England if she is a third-class traveller. That is my experience of the class; and I shall return among my natural protectors — the most unselfishly chivalrous to women in the whole world."

He had set his heart on going with her, and he attempted eloquence in pleading, but that exposed him to her humor; he was tripped.

"It is not denied that you belong to the knightly class," she said; "and it is not necessary that you should wear armor and plumes to proclaim it; and your appearance would be ample protection from the drunken sailors travelling, you say, on this line; and I may be deplorably mistaken in imagining that I could tame them. But your knightliness is due elsewhere; and I commit myself to the fortune of war. It is a battle for women everywhere; under the most favorable conditions among my dear common English. I have not my maid with me, or else I should not dare."

She paid for a third-class ticket, amused by Dacier's look of entreaty and trouble.

"Of course I obey," he murmured.

"I have the habit of exacting it in matters concerning my independence," she said; and it arrested some rumbling notions in his head as to a piece of audacity on the starting of the train. They walked up and down the platform till the bell rang and the train came rounding beneath an arch.

"Oh, by the way, may I ask?" — he said: "was it your article in Whitmonby's journal on a speech of mine last week?"

"The guilty writer is confessed."

"Let me thank you."

"Don't. But try to believe it written on public grounds — if the task is not too great."

"I may call?"

"You will be welcome."

"To tell you of the funeral — the last of him!"

"Do not fail to come."

She could have laughed to see him jumping on the steps of the third-class carriages one after another to choose her company for her. In those pre-democratic, blissful days before

the miry Deluge, the opinion of the requirements of poor English travellers entertained by the Seigneur Directors of the elass above them was that they differed from cattle in stipulating for seats. With the exception of that provision to suit their weakness, the accommodation extended to them resembled pens, and the seats were emphatically seats of penitence, intended to grind the sitter for his mean pittance payment and absence of aspiration to a higher state. Hard angular wood, a low roof, a shabby square of window aloof, demanding of him to quit the seat he insisted on having, if he would indulge in views of the passing scenery, — such was the furniture of dens where a refinement of castigation was practised on villain poverty by denying leathers to the windows, or else buttons to the leathers, so that the windows had either to be up or down, but refused to shelter and freshen simultaneously.

Dacier selected a compartment occupied by two old women, a mother and babe and little maid, and a laboring man. There he installed her, with an eager look that she would not notice.

"You will want the window down," he said.

She applied to her fellow-travellers for the permission; and struggling to get the window down, he was irritated to animadvert on "these carriages" of the benevolent railway company.

"Do not forget that the wealthy are well treated, or you may be unjust," said she, to pacify him.

His mouth sharpened its line while he tried arts and energies on the refractory window. She told him to leave it. "You can't breathe this atmosphere!" he cried, and called to a porter, who did the work, remarking that it was rather stiff.

The door was banged and fastened. Dacier had to hang on the step to see her in the farewell. From the platform he saw the top of her bonnet; and why she should have been guilty of this freak of riding in an unwholesome carriage, tasked his power of guessing. He was too English even to have taken the explanation, for he detested the distinguishing of the races in his country, and could not therefore have comprehended her peculiar tenacity of the sense of injury as long as enthusiasm did not arise to obliterate it. He required a course of lessons in Irish.

Sauntering down the lane, he called at Simon Rofe's cottage, and spoke very kindly to the gamekeeper's wife. That might please Diana. It was all he could do at present.

Men and Man.

(From "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life.")

Men the Angels eyed;
And here they were wild waves,
And there as marsh descried.
Men the Angels eyed,
And liked the picture best
Where they were greenly dressed
In brotherhood of graves.

Man the Angels marked:
He led a host through murk,
On fearful seas embarked.
Man the Angels marked;
To think without a nay,
That he was good as they,
And help him at his work.

Man and angels, ye
A sluggish few shall drain,
Shall quell a warring sea.
Man and angels, ye,
Whom stain of strife befouls,
A light to kindle souls
Bear radiant in the stain.

From "Modern Love."

All other joys of life he strove to warm,
  And magnify, and catch them to his lip;
  But they had suffered shipwreck with the ship,
And gazed upon him sallow from the storm.
Or if Delusion came, 't was but to show
  The coming minute mock the one that went.
  Cold as a mountain in its star-pitched tent
Stood high philosophy, less friend than foe;
Whom self-caged passion, from its prison-bars,
  Is always watching with a wondering hate.
  Not till the fire is dying in the grate
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Oh, Wisdom never comes when it is gold,
  And the great price we pay for it full worth;
  We have it only when we are half earth:
Little avails that coinage to the old!

EVENING

From a Painting by L. É. Adan

Evening.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings as the flood
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

Love in the Valley.

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the greensward,
Couched with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her,
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow!
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me —
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when athwart the western flood
Circleting the surface he meets his mirrored winglets, —
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;
Gentle — ah! that she were jealous as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales,
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-tide,
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she faltered, —
Fluttered to my bosom — ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
  Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
  I should have more love, and much less care."
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
  Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
  I should lose but one for so many boys and girls."

Clambering roses peep into her chamber,
  Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
White-necked swallows twittering of summer,
  Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
  When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
Will the autumn garners see her still ungathered,
  When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question — should a strange hand pluck her!
  Oh what an anguish smites me at the thought,
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels! —
  Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley
  Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
They see as I see, mine is the fairest!
  Would she were older, and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens if she will deny me?
  Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
  Chattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me —
  Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids
  From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
  Out on the weather through the window-panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
  Bursting out of bud on the rippled river-plains.
When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle
  In her long nightgown, sweet as boughs of May,
Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily
  Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
  Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,
  And the gold sun wakes, and weds her in the blue.
Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
  She the only star that dies not with the dark!
Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
  I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts,
  Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
  Take the honeyed meaning — wear the bridal veil?
Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?
  Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
  Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!
  With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures:
  And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!
Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
  Come, weeping Loveliness, in all thy blue delight!
Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
  Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

Wind on the Lyre.

(From "The Empty Purse.")

That was the chirp of Ariel
You heard, as overhead it flew,
The farther going more to dwell,
And wing our green to wed our blue;
But whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own Father-singer knew;
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through;
The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

Mérimée, Prosper, a celebrated French archæologist, historian, and critic; born at Paris, September 28, 1803; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. He was elected to the French Academy in 1844, and soon after to the Academy of Inscriptions. In 1853 he was made a senator, in 1858 president of the commission to reorganize the Imperial Library, and in 1860 Commander of the Legion of Honor.

He first published, in 1825, "Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul." His next work was "La Guzla," purporting to be a collection of Illyrian popular songs; "Jacquerie" (1828) and "La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX." (1829) followed. He contributed stories to "La Revue de Paris" and "La Revue des Deux Mondes." Among them are "Tamango," "La Vase Etrusque," "La Vision de Charles XI.," "Mateo Falcone," "La Prise de la Redoute," "La Vénus d'Ille," and "Colomba," a tale of Corsica.

In 1841 he published "Essai sur la Guerre Sociale," and in 1844 "La Conjuration de Catilina;" in 1848 "L'Histoire de Don Pèdre;" in 1852 "Les Faux Demetrius." His novels, "Arsène Guillot," "Carmen," "Les Deux Héritages," were published between 1847 and 1853, and a collection of his contributions to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" in 1855, under the titles "Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires." Among his later writings are "Les Cosaques d'Autrefois" (1865); "Lokis" (1869); and "Lettres à une Inconnue," published in 1873.

A Tragedy.

(From "Arsène Guillot.")

The last mass had just come to an end at St. Roch's, and the beadle was going his rounds, closing the deserted chapels. He was about drawing the grating of one of these aristocratic sanctuaries, where certain devotees purchase the permission to pray to God apart and distinguished from the rest of the faithful, when he remarked a woman still remaining in it, absorbed seemingly in meditation, her head bent over the back of her chair. "It is Madame de Piennes," he said to himself, stopping

at the entrance of the chapel. Madame de Piennes was well known by the beadle. At that period a woman of the world, young, rich, pretty, who rendered the blessed bread, who gave the altar clothes, who gave much in charity through the mediation of her curate, had some merit for being devout when she did not have some employé of the government for a husband, when she was not an attachée of Madame la Dauphine, and when she had nothing to gain but her salvation by frequenting the church. The beadle wished heartily to go to dinner, for people of his kind dine at one o'clock ; but he dared not trouble the devotions of a person so well considered in the parish of St. Roch. He moved away, therefore, making his slipper-shod feet resound against the marble floor, not without hope that, the round of the church made, he would find the chapel empty.

He was already on the other side of the choir, when a young woman entered the church, and walked along one of the side aisles, looking with curiosity about her. She was about twenty-five years old, but one had to observe her with much attention not to think her older. Although very brilliant, her black eyes were sunken, and surrounded by a bluish shadow ; her dead-white complexion and her colorless lips indicated suffering ; and yet a certain air of audacity and gayety in her glance contrasted with her sickly appearance. Her rose-colored capôte, ornamented with artificial flowers, would have better suited an evening negligé. Under a long cashmere shawl, of which the practised eye of a woman would have divined that she was not the first proprietor, was hidden a gown of calico, at twenty cents a yard, and a little worn. Finally, only a man would have admired her foot, clothed as it was in common stockings and prunella shoes, very much the worse for wear of the street. You remember, madam, that asphalt was not invented yet.

This woman, whose social position you have guessed, approached the chapel in which Madame de Piennes still lingered ; and after having observed her for a moment with a restless, embarrassed air, she accosted her when she saw her arise and on the point of leaving. "Could you inform me, madam," she asked in a low voice and with a timid smile, — "could you inform me to whom I should go for a candle ?" Such language was too strange to the ears of Madame de Piennes for her to understand it at once. She had the question repeated. "Yes, I should like to burn a candle to St. Roch, but I do not know whom to give the money to."

Madame de Piennes was too enlightened in her piety for participation in these popular superstitions. Nevertheless she respected them; for there is something touching in every form of adoration, however gross it may be. Supposing that the matter was a vow, or something of the kind, and too charitable to draw from the costume of the young woman of the rose-colored bonnet the conclusions that you perhaps have not feared to form, she showed her the beadle approaching. The unknown one thanked her, and ran towards the man, who appeared to understand her at a word. While Madame de Piennes was taking up her prayer-book and rearranging her veil, she saw the lady of the candle draw out a little purse from her pocket, take from a quantity of small-change a five-franc piece, and hand it to the beadle, giving him at the same time, in a low voice, some long instructions and recommendations, to which he listened with a smile.

Both left the church at the same time; but, the lady of the candle walking very fast, Madame de Piennes soon lost sight of her, although she followed in the same direction. At the corner of the street she lived in, she met her again. Under her temporary cashmere the unknown was trying to conceal a loaf of bread bought in a neighboring shop. On recognizing Madame de Piennes she bent her head, could not suppress a smile, and hastened her step. Her smile seemed to say: "Well, what of it? I am poor. Laugh at me if you will. I know very well that one does not go to buy bread in a rose-colored capote and cashmere shawl." The mixture of false shame, resignation, and good-humor did not escape Madame de Piennes. She thought, not without sadness, of the probable position of the young woman. "Her piety," she said to herself, "is more meritorious than mine. Assuredly her offering of a five-franc piece is a much greater sacrifice than what I give to the poor out of my superfluity, without the imposition of a single privation." She than recalled the widow's mite, more acceptable to God than the gaudy charities of the rich. "I do not do enough good," she thought; "I do not do all that I might." While mentally addressing these reproaches to herself, she entered her house.

The candle, the loaf of bread, and above all the offering of an only five-franc piece, engraved upon the memory of Madame de Piennes the figure of the young woman, whom she regarded as a model of piety. She met her rather often afterwards, in the street, near the church, but never at service. Every time

the unknown passed her she bent her head and smiled slightly. The smile by its humility pleased Madame de Piennes. She would have liked to find an occasion to serve the poor girl, who had first interested her, but who now excited her pity; for she remarked that the rose-colored capôte had faded and the cashmere shawl had disappeared. No doubt it had returned to the second-hand dealer. It was evident that St. Roch was not paying back a hundredfold the offering made him.

One day Madame de Piennes saw enter St. Roch a bier, followed by a man rather poorly dressed and with no crape on his hat. For more than a month she had not met the young woman of the candle, and the idea came to her that this was her funeral. Nothing was more probable, she was so pale and thin the last time Madame de Piennes saw her. The beadle, questioned, interrogated in his turn the man following the bier. He replied that he was the concierge of a house, Rue Louis-le-Grand, and that one of his tenants dying, — a Madame Guillot, who had no friends nor relations, only a daughter, — he, the concierge, out of pure kindness of heart, was going to the funeral of a person who was nothing whatever to him. Immediately Madame de Piennes imagined that her unknown one had died in misery, leaving a little girl without help; and she promised herself to make inquiries, by means of an ecclesiastic whom she ordinarily employed for her good deeds.

Two days following, a cart athwart the street stopped her carriage for a few seconds, as she was leaving her door. Looking out of the window absent-mindedly, she saw standing against a wall the young girl whom she believed dead. She recognized her without difficulty, although paler and thinner than ever, dressed in mourning, but shabbily, without gloves or a hat. Her expression was strange. Instead of her habitual smile, her features were all contracted; her great black eyes were haggard; she turned them towards Madame de Piennes, but without recognizing her, for she saw nothing. In her whole countenance was to be read, not grief, but furious determination. The image of the young girl and her desperate expression pursued Madame de Piennes for several hours.

On her return she saw a great crowd in the street. All the porters' wives were at their doors, telling their neighbors some tale that was being listened to with vivid interest. The groups were particularly crowded before a house near to the one in which Madame de Piennes lived. All eyes were turned towards

an open window in the third story, and in eaeh little eirele one or two arms were raised to point it out to the attention of the publie; then all of a sudden the arms would fall towards the ground, and all eyes would follow the movement. Some extraordinary event had happened.

"Ah, madame!" said Mademoiselle Josephine, as she unfastened the shawl of Madame de Piennes, "My blood is all frozen! Never have I seen anything so terrible — that is, I did not see, though I ran to the spot the moment after. But all the same —"

"What has happened? Speak quiekly, Mademoiselle."

"Well, madame — three doors from here, a poor young girl threw herself out of the window, not three minutes ago; if madame had arrived a moment earlier, she could have heard the thud."

"Ah, heaven! And the unfortunate thing has killed herself!"

"Madame, it gave one the horrors to look at it. Baptiste, who has been in the wars, said he had never seen anything like it. From the third story, madame!"

"Did the blow kill her?"

"Oh, madame! she was still moving, she talked even. 'I want them to finish me!' she was saying. But her bones were in a jelly. Madame may imagine what a terrible fall it was."

"But the unhappy ereature! Did some one go to her relief; was a physieian sent for — a priest?"

"A priest, madame knows that as well as I. But if I were a priest — A wretehed ereature, so abandoned as to kill herself! And besides, she had no behavior, — that is easily seen. She belonged to the Opera, so they told me: all those girls end badly. She put herself in the window; she tied her skirts with a pink ribbon, and — flop!"

"It is the poor young girl in mourning!" eried Madame de Piennes, speaking to herself.

"Yes, madame: her mother died three or four days ago. It must have turned her head. And with that, her lover perhaps had left her in the lureh. And then rent day eame — and no money. And that kind doesn't know how to work."

"Do you know if the unhappy girl has what she needs in her eondition, — linen, a mattress? Find out immediately."

"I shall go for madame, if madame wishes," cried the maid, enehanted to think of seeing, elose by, a woman who had tried to kill herself. "But," she added, "I don't know if I should have

the strength to look at her, — a woman fallen from the third story! When they bled Baptiste I felt sick: it was stronger than I."

"Well then, send Baptiste," cried Madame de Piennes; "but let me know immediatcly how the poor thing is getting along."

Luckily her physician, Dr. K ——, arrived as she was giving the order. He came to dine with her, according to his custom, every Tuesday, the day for Italian opera.

"Run quick, doctor!" — without giving him time to put down his cane or take off his muffler. "Baptiste will take you. A poor girl has just thrown herself from a third-story window, and she is without attention."

"Out of the window!" said the doctor. "If it was high, I shall probably have nothing to do."

At the end of an hour the doctor reappeared, slightly unpowdered, and his handsome jabot of batiste in disorder.

"These people who set out to kill themselves," he said, "are born with a caul. The other day they brought to my hospital a woman who had sent a pistol shot into her mouth. A poor way! she broke three teeth and made an ugly hole in her left cheek. She will be a little uglier, that is all. This one throws herself from a third-story window. A poor devil of an honest man, falling by accident from a first-story, would brcak his skull. This girl breaks her leg, has two ribs driven in, and gets the inevitable bruises — and that is all. But the worst of it is, the ratin on this turbot is completely dried up, I fear for the roast, and we shall miss the first act of Othello."

"And the unfortunate creature — did she tell you what drove her to it?"

"Oh, madame, I never listen to thosc stories. I ask them, 'Had you eaten before?' and so forth, and so forth, — because that is necessary for the treatment. Parbleu! When one kills one's self, it is because one has some bad reason for it. You lose a sweetheart, a landlord puts you out of doors, — and you jump from the window to get even with him. And one is no sooner in the air than one begins to repent."

"I hope she repents, poor child."

"No doubt, no doubt. She cried and made fuss enough to distract me. What makes it the more interesting in her case is, that if she had killed herself she would have been the gainer, in not dying of consumption — for she is consumptive. To be in such a hurry, when all she had to do was to let it come!"

The girl lay on a good bed sent by Madame de Piennes, in a little chamber furnished with three straw-seated chairs and a small table. Horribly pale, with flaming eyes. She had one arm outside of the covering, and the portion of that arm uncovered by the sleeve of her gown was livid and bruised, giving an idea of the state of the rest of her body. When she saw Madame de Piennes, she lifted her head, and said with a sad, faint smile: —

"I knew that it was you, madame, who had had pity upon me. They told me your name, and I was sure that it was the lady whom I met near St. Roch."

"You seem to be in a poor way here, my poor child," said Madame de Piennes, her eyes travelling over the sad furnishment of the room. "Why did they not send you some curtains? You must ask Baptiste for any little thing you need."

"You are very good, madame. What do I lack? Nothing. It is all over. A little more or a little less, what difference does it make?"

And turning her head, she began to cry.

"Do you suffer much, my poor child?" said Madame de Piennes, sitting by the bed.

"No, not much. Only I feel all the time in my ears the wind when I was falling, and then the noise — crack! when I fell on the pavement."

"You were out of your mind then, my dear friend: you repent now, do you not?"

"Yes; but when one is unhappy, one cannot keep one's head."

"I regret not having known your position sooner. But, my child, in no circumstances of life should we abandon ourselves to despair."

"Ah! I do not know," cried the sick girl, "what got into me; there were a hundred reasons if one. First, when mamma died, that was a blow. Then I felt myself abandoned — no one interested in me. And at last, some one of whom I thought more than of all the rest of the world put together — madame, to forget even my name! Yes, I am named Arsène Guillot, — G, u, i, double l: he writes it with a y!"

"And so you have been deceived, poor child?" resumed Madame de Piennes after a moment of silence.

"I? No. How can a miserable girl like myself be deceived? Only he did not care for me any longer. He was right: I am not the kind for him. He was always good and generous. I

wrote to him, telling him how it was with me, and if he wished — Then he wrote to me — what hurt me very much. — The other day, when I came back to my room, I let fall a looking-glass that he had given me; a Venetian mirror, he called it. It broke. I said to myself, 'That is the last stroke! That is a sign that all is at an end.' I had nothing more from him. All the jewelry I had pawned. And then I said to myself, that if I destroyed myself that would hurt him, and I would be revenged. The window was open, and I threw myself out of it."

"But, unfortunate creature that you are! the motive was as frivolous as the action was criminal."

"Well, — what then? When one is in trouble, one does not reflect. It is very easy for happy people to say, 'Be reasonable.'"

"I know it, — misfortune is a poor counsellor; nevertheless, even in the midst of the most painful trials there are things one should not forget. I saw you a short while ago perform an act of piety at St. Roch. You have the happiness to believe. Your religion, my dear, should have restrained you, at the very moment you were abandoning yourself to despair. You received your life from God. It does not belong to you. But I am wrong to scold you now, poor little one. You repent, you suffer; God will have mercy upon you."

Arsène bent her head, and tears moistened her eyelids.

"Ah, madame!" she said with a great sigh, "you believe me to be better than I am. You believe me to be pious. — I am not very much so. — I was not taught — and if you saw me at church burning a candle, it was because I — did not know what else to put my wits at."

"Well, my dear, it was a good thought. In misfortune, it is always to God that one must turn."

"They told me — that if I burned a candle to St. Roch — But no, madame, I cannot tell you that. A lady like you does not know what one can do when one has not a sou."

"One must ask God for courage above all."

"Anyway, madame, I do not wish to make myself out better than I am; and it would be stealing to profit by the charity you show me, without knowing what I am. I am an unfortunate girl — But in this world one lives as one can. — To come to an end, madame, I burned a candle because my mother said that when one burned a candle to St. Roch, eight days never passed without finding some one — "

Madame de Piennes with downcast eyes murmured faintly: "Your mother! Poor thing! how can you dare to say it?"

"Oh, my mother was like all mothers — all the mothers of such as we. She supported her mother; I supported her; — fortunately I have no child — I see, madame, that it frightens you — but what would you have? You have been well reared; you have never lacked. When one is rich, it is easy to be honest. As for me, I would have been honest had I had the means. I never loved but one man, and he left me. — See, madame, I am talking to you this way, so frankly, although I see what you think of me; and you are right. But you are the only honest woman I ever talked to in my life — and you look so good — that a while ago I said to myself, 'Even when she knows what I am, she will take pity on me.' I am going to die, and I ask of you only one favor: to have a mass said for me in the church where I first saw you. One single prayer, that is all, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"No, you will not die," cried Madame de Piennes, greatly moved. "God will have pity upon you, poor sinful one. You will repent of your faults and he will pardon you. Those who have reared you are more guilty than you are. Only have courage and hope. Try above all to be calmer, my poor child. The body must be cured; the soul is ill too; but I will answer for its cure."

She had risen while speaking, rolling in her fingers a piece of paper that contained a few louis.

"Take this," she said, "if you have any little fancy —" slipping it under the pillow.

"No, madame!" cried Arsène impetuously, thrusting back the paper: "I do not wish anything from you but what you have promised. Good-by. We shall see one another no more. Have me taken to a hospital, so that I can die without bothering any one. You would never be able to make anything out of me. A great lady like you will have prayed for me; I am content. Adieu."

And turning around as much as the apparatus that held her to the bed would permit, she hid her head in the pillow, so as to keep from seeing anything further.

"Listen, Arsène," said Madame de Piennes in a grave tone. "I have plans for you: I want to make an honest woman of you. I have confidence in your repentance. I shall see you often, I shall take care of you. One day you will owe me your self-esteem," — taking her hand, which she pressed lightly

"You have touehed me," eried the poor girl, "you have pressed my hand."

And before Madame de Piennes eould withdraw her hand, she seized it and covered it with tears and kisses.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear," said Madame dc Piennes. "You must not talk any more. Now I know all, and I understand you better than you understand yourself. It is I who am to be the doctor of your head — your poor weak head. And you must obey me — I insist upon that — just like any other doetor. I shall send you a priest, one of my friends. You must listen to him. I shall choose good books for you; you must read them. We will talk together sometimes. And whcn you get better, we will busy ourselves about your future."

The nurse entered, fetehing a vial from the druggist. Arsène continued to weep.

Repentanee was not diffieult for poor Arsène, who, with the exeeption of a few hours of gross pleasure, had known only the miseries of life.

The poor girl was in a pitiable condition. It was evident that her last hour was near. Hcr respiration was nothing more than a painful rattle; and Madame dc Piennes was told that several times during the morning she had been delirious, and that the physieian did not think she eould last until the next day. Arsène, however, reeognized her protectress and thanked her for eoming.

"You will not tire yourself any more by mounting my stairs," she said in a faint voiee.

Every word seemed to cost her a painful effort, and exhaust the little strength she had left. They had to bend over her to hear her. Madame de Piennes took her hand; it was already cold and inanimate.

Max arrived shortly after, and silently approaehcd the bed of the dying girl. She made him a slight sign of the head, and noticing that he had a book in his hand, — "You will not read to-day," she murmured faintly.

Abbé Dubignon, who had been all the morning with Arsène, observing with what rapidity her strength was bcing exhausted, wished to use for her salvation the few moments that yet remained to her. He motioncd Madame de Piennes and Max aside; and beuding over the bed of suffering, he spoke to the poor girl those solemn and consoling words that religion reserves for sueh moments. In a corner of the room, madame was on hcr

knees praying; Max, standing at a window, seemed transformed into a statue.

"You pardon all those who have offended you, my daughter?" said the priest in a moved voice.

"Yes. May they be happy," said the dying girl, making an effort to be heard.

"Trust in the mercy of God, my daughter," resumed the Abbé: "repentance opens the gates of heaven."

For several minutes longer the Abbé continued his exhortations; then he ceased to speak, in doubt whether he had not a corpse before him. Madame de Piennes softly arose to her feet, and each one remained for awhile motionless, anxiously looking at the livid face of Arsène. Each one was holding breath, for fear of disturbing the terrible slumber that perhaps had commenced for her; the ticking of a watch on the stand by the bed was distinctly heard in the room.

"She has passed away, the poor young lady," at last said the nurse, after holding her snuff-box before the lips of Arsène: "see, the glass is not dimmed. She is dead."

"Poor child," cried Max, coming out of the stupor in which he seemed sunk, "what happiness has she known in this world!"

Of a sudden, as if recalled by his voice, Arsène opened her eyes: "I have loved," she said in a lifeless voice. "I have loved," she repeated with a sad smile. They were her last words.

A Suspicious Companion.

(From "Carmen.")

The last morsels of bread and ham had been eaten; we had each smoked a second cigar; I ordered the guide to bridle the horses, and I was about to take leave of my new acquaintance, when he asked me where I intended to pass the night. Before I could attend to a sign from my guide, I had replied that I was making for the Venta De Cuervo.

"A bad lodging for such a person as you, sir. I am going thither, and if you will permit me to accompany you we will go together."

"Very willingly," I replied as I mounted my horse. My guide, who was holding the stirrup, made me another sign. I replied to it by shrugging my shoulders, as if to assure him that I was quite easy in my mind; and then we started.

The mysterious signs of Antonio, his uneasiness, the few

words that escaped the unknown, particularly the account of the thirty-league ride, and the by no means plausible explanation which he had offered, had already formed my opinion concerning my travelling companion. I had no doubt whatever that I had to do with a *contrabandista*, perhaps with a brigand. What matter? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be certain that I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His very presence was a protection against all untoward adventures. Moreover, I was rather glad to know what a brigand was like. One does not meet them every day, and there is a certain charm in finding one's self in company with a dangerous person, particularly when one finds him gentle and subdued.

I hoped to lead the unknown to confide in me by degrees, and, notwithstanding the winks of my guide, I led the conversation to the bandits.

Of course I spoke of them with all respect. There was at that time a famous bandit in Andalusia named José-Maria, whose exploits were in every one's mouth. "Suppose I am in the company of José-Maria!" I said to myself. I told all the anecdotes of this hero that I knew — all those in his praise, of course, and I loudly expressed my admiration of his bravery and generosity.

"José-Maria is only a scamp," replied the stranger, coldly.

"Is he doing himself justice, or is it only modesty on his part?" I asked myself; for, after considering my companion carefully, I began to apply to him the description of José Maria which I had read posted up on the gates of many towns of Andalusia. Yes, it is he, certainly. Fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet vest with silver buttons, gaiters of white skin, a bay horse. No doubt about it. But let us respect his *incognito*.

We arrived at the Venta. It was just what he had described it — that is to say, one of the most miserable inns that I had ever seen. One large room served for kitchen, parlor, and bedroom. A fire was burning on a flat stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out through a hole in the roof, or rather it stopped there and hung in a cloud some feet above the ground. Beside the wall, on the floor, were extended five or six horse-cloths, which were the beds for travellers. About twenty paces from the house — or rather from the single room which I have described — was a kind of shed, which did duty for a stable.

In this delightful retreat there was for the time being no other individual besides an old woman and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both as black as soot, and in rags.

"Here," thought I, "are all that remain of the population of the ancient Munda Bætica. O Cæsar, O Sextus Pompey, how astonished you would be if you were to return to this mundane sphere!"

When she perceived my companion the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Ah! Señor Don José!" she cried. Don José frowned and raised his hand with a gesture of command which made the old woman pause. I turned to my guide, and with a sign imperceptible to José made Antonio understand that I needed no information respecting the man with whom I had to pass the night. The supper was better than I had anticipated. They served up upon a small table about a foot high an old cock fricasseed with rice and pimentoes, then pimentoes in oil, and lastly, *gaspacho*, a kind of pimento salad. Three such highly seasoned dishes obliged us often to have recourse to the flask of Montilla, which we found delicious. Having supped, and perceiving a mandolin hanging against the wall — there are mandolins everywhere in Spain — I asked the little girl who waited on us if she knew how to play it.

"No," she replied, "but Don José plays it very well."

"Will you be so good as to sing something?" I said to him. "I passionately love your national music."

"I can refuse nothing to so polite a gentleman who gives me such excellent cigars," replied Don José good-humoredly, and being handed the mandolin, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice was harsh, but rather agreeable; the air was sad and wild; as for the words, I did not understand one of them.

"If I am not mistaken," I said, "that is not a Spanish air which you have just sung. It strikes me as resembling the *zorzicos* which I have heard in the provinces, and the words seem to be in the Basque tongue."

"Yes," replied José, with a sombre air. He placed the mandolin on the ground, and sat contemplating the dying embers with a singularly sad expression. Illumined by the lamp placed on the little table, his face, at once noble and ferocious, recalled Milton's Satan. Like him, perhaps he was thinking of a heaven he had quitted — of the exile to which his sin had condemned him. I endeavored to engage him in conversation, but he did not reply, so absorbed was he in his sad reflections.

CHARLES MERIVALE.

MERIVALE, CHARLES, an English clergyman and historian; born at Barton Place, Devonshire, in 1808; died at Ely, December 27, 1893. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was Preacher before the University, 1838–40; Halesean Lecturer, 1851; Boyle Lecturer, 1854. In 1848 he became Rector of Lanford, and Dean of Ely in 1869. His principal historical works are: "History of the Romans Under the Empire" (1850–52); "General History of Rome from 753 B. C. to 476 A. D." (1875); and "Lectures on Early Church History" (1879).

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

(From "History of the Romans Under the Empire.")

IN stature he hardly exceeded the middle height; but his person was lightly and delicately formed; and its proportions were such as to convey a favorable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows, meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose, gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, his eyes were blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness.

It is said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he labored. The weakness of the forefinger of his right hand, and the lameness in the left hip, were the results of wounds he incurred in battle with the Lapydæ in early life. He suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi, and that against the Cantabrians; and again, two years after, at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of.

From that time, although constantly liable to be affeeted by cold and heat, and obliged to uurse himself with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and, dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumor obtained popular curreney that he was prematurely eut off by poison administered by the empress.

As the natural eonsequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Oetavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertion or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his unele, the dietator, and of Antoninus, his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and a hero. He had not the vivacity and natural spirits neeessary to earry him through such exploits as theirs; and, though he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted betwcen himself and rivals whom he eould not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resourees, he trusted to caution and circumspeetion, first to preserve his own life, and afterward to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure and the good fortune which is so often its attendant.

His eontest, therefore, with Antoninus and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery. But from his youth up he was aceustomed to overreach not the bold and reckless only, but the most eonsiderate and wily of his eontemporaries, sueh as Cicero and Cleopatra. He sueeeeded in the end in deluding the Senate and the people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deeeived the expeetations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his sueeessors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in publie and private life, were those of a simple eitizen. On the most solemn oeeasion he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offiees whieh he exercised. He was attended by no other guards than those whieh his eonsular dignity rendered eustomary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarehies to be reeognized; and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it eame to prevail in that of his successors.

JAMES MERRICK.

Merrick, James, an English poet; born at Reading in 1720; died there in 1769. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1744. The one thing which gives him a claim to remembrance is the pretty fable, "The Chameleon."

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post.
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times better than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop: —
"Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow —
I 've seen, and sure I ought to know."
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature:
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue —
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold there!" the other quick replies:

"'T is green — I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the summer ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I 've seen it, sir, as well as you
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye!" —
"Green!" cries the other in a fury;
"Why, sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?" —
"'T were no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You 'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose.
From words they came almost to blows;
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your bother;
The creature 's neither one nor t' other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
I marked it well: 't was black as jet.
You stare: but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
And can produce it." — "Pray, sir, do;
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I 'll be sworn that when you 've seen
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I 'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I 've set him,
If you don't think him black I 'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast: and lo! 't was white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

PRAYER IN THE DESERT

From a painting by G. Guillaumet

JULES MICHELET.

MICHELET, JULES, a famous French historian and miscellaneous writer; born in Paris, August 21, 1798; died at Hyères, February 9, 1874. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of History in the Collége de France. His works in the historical department were very numerous, the most important of which is the "Histoire de France," the first volume of which was published in 1833, the sixteenth and last in 1867. He finally retired from official life after the *coup d'état* of 1851, when he refused to take the oath for the new government of Napoleon III. He, however, was thereafter busy with his pen. Among his later works are "L'Oiseau" (1856); "L'Insecte" (1857); "L'Amour" (1858); "La Femme" (1859); "La Sorcière" (1862); "La Bible de l'Humanite" (1864); "La Montagne" (1868); "Nos Fils" (1869); "Histoire du XIX.e Siècle" (1872).

THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC.

(From the "History of France.")

THE end of the sad journey was the Vieux-Marché, the fish-market. Three scaffolds had been erected. Upon one were the episcopal and royal chairs, and the throne of the cardinal of England amid the seats of his prelates. On the other were to figure the personages of the dismal drama: the preacher, the judges, the bailiff, and lastly the condemned one. Apart was seen a large scaffold of masonry, loaded and overloaded with wood. As to the pyre, there was nothing to complain of: it frightened by its height. This was not merely to make the execution more solemn: there was an intention in it; it was that the pile being built so high, the executioner could only reach the bottom portion to light it, and thus he could not abridge the martyrdom nor expedite the end, as he sometimes did to others, sparing them the flame. Here there was no idea of defrauding justice, or giving a dead body to the fire; they wished her to be well burned, alive, and so that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and dominating the circle of

lances and swords around her, she could be seen from all parts of the place. Slowly burned under the eyes of a curious crowd, there was reason to believe that at the end she would be surprised into some weakness, that something would escape her that might pass as a disavowal; at the least, confused words to be interpreted, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, as from a distracted woman.

The ghastly ceremony began by a sermon. Master Nicolay Midy, one of the lights of the University of Paris, preached on this edifying text: "When a member of the Church is ill, the whole Church is ill." This poor Church could only cure itself by cutting off a member. He concluded by the formula, "Jeanne, go in peace: the Church cannot defend you."

Then the judge of the Church, the bishop of Beauvais, benignly exhorted her to think of her soul, and to recall all her misdeeds in order to excite herself to contrition. The Assertors had judged that it was according to law to read to her her abjuration: the bishop did not do anything of the kind, — he feared her denials, her reclamations. But the poor girl did not dream of thus quibbling for her life: she had far other thoughts. Before they could even exhort her to contrition, she was on her knees invoking God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine; forgiving everybody, and asking forgiveness; saying to the assistants, "Pray for me." She requested each of the priests, particularly, to say a mass for her soul. All this in such a devout fashion, so humble, so touching, that emotion spreading, no one could control himself: the bishop of Beauvais began to weep, he of Boulogne sobbed; and behold the English themselves crying and weeping also — Winchester with the others.

But the judges, who had for a moment lost countenance, recovered and hardened themselves. The bishop of Beauvais, wiping his eyes, began to read the condemnation. He reminded the culprit of her crimes, — schism, idolatry, invocation of demons; how she had been admitted to penitence; and how, seduced by the Prince of Lies, she had fallen again — oh sorrow! — like the dog which returns to his vomit. "Therefore we pronounce you a rotten member, and as such, cut off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it nevertheless to moderate its judgment, by sparing you death and the mutilation of your members."

Thus forsaken by the Church, she committed herself in all

BURNING OF JOAN OF ARC

From a Painting by Gabriel Max

confidence to God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman passed to her a eross, whieh he made of sticks: she received it none the less devoutly; she kissed it, and plaeed it, this rough cross, beneath her clothes and on her flesh. But she wished to hold the Chureh's eross before her eyes till death; and the good bailiff Massieu and brother Isambart were so moved by her insistenee that they brought her that of the parish ehurch of Saint-Sauveur. As she was embracing this cross and being eneouraged by Isambart, the English began to find all this very long: it must be at least midday; the soldiers grumbled, the captains said, "How, priest, will you make us dine here?" Then losing patience, and not awaiting the order of the bailiff, who nevertheless alone had authority to send her to death, they made two soldiers elimb up to remove her out of the priest's hands. At the foot of the tribunal she was seized by armed men, who dragged her to the executioner and said to him, "Do your work." This fury of the soldiers caused horror; several of the assistants, even the judges, fled in order not to see more. When she found herself below in the open square amid these Englishmen, who laid hands on her, nature suffered and the flesh was troubled; she eried anew, "O Rouen! you will then be my last dwelling-plaee." She said no more, and sinned not by her lips even in this moment of terror and trouble; she accused neither her king nor his saints. But, the top of the pile reached, seeing that great city, that immovable and silent erowd, she eould not keep from saying, "O Rouen! Rouen! I have a great fear that you will have to suffer for my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom the people abandoned, expressed in dying only admirable sweetness of soul, only eompassion for them. She was tied beneath the infamous writing, erowned with a mitre, on whieh was to be read, "Heretic, pervert, apostate, idolater" — and then the exeeutioner lighted the fire. She saw it from above, and uttered a ery. Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the flames, she feared for him; forgetting herself, she made him go down.

Which well proves that up to then she had retracted nothing expressedly; and that the unfortunate Cauchon was obliged, no doubt by the high Satanie will whieh presided, to eome to the foot of the pyre, to front the faee of his vietim, to try to draw out some word. He only obtained one despairing one. She said to him with sweetness what she had already

said: "Bishop, I die by your hand. If you had put me in the Chureh's prisons this would not have happened." They had doubtless hoped that, believing herself abandoned by her king, she would at the last aeeuse him, say something against him. She still defended him. "Whether I did well or ill, my king had nothing to do with it; it was not he who counselled me."

But the flame rose. At the moment it touehed her, the unfortunate one shuddered, and asked for holy water; for water — it was apparently the ery of fright. But recovering herself instantly, she no longer named any but God, his angels, and his saints. She testified, "Yes, my voices were from God; my voiees did not deceive me!" This vanishing of all doubt, in the flames, should make us believe that she aecepted death as the deliveranee promised; that she no longer understood salvation in a Judaistie and material sense, as she had done till then; that she saw elear at last, and that, coming out of the shadows, she obtained that whieh she still laeked of light and holiness.

Ten thousand men wept. A secretary of the King of England said aloud, on returning from the exeeution, "We are lost: we have burned a saint!" This word escaped from an enemy is none the less graven. It will remain. The future will not eontradict it. Yes, aceording to Religion, aceording to Patriotism, Jeanne d'Arc was a saint.

What legend more beautiful than this ineontestable history! But we should take eare not to make a legend of it: every feature, even the most human, should be piously preserved; the touching and terrible reality of it should be respeetcd. Let the spirit of romance toueh it if it dare: poetry never will do it. And what could it add? The idea whieh all during the Middle Ages it had followed from legend to legend — this idea was found at last to be a person; this dream was tangible. The helping Virgin of battles, upon whom the soldiers called, whom they awaited from on high — she was here below. In whom! This is the marvel. In that which was despised, in that whieh was of the humblest, — in a child, in a simple girl of the fields, of the poor people of France. For there was a people, there was a France. This last figure of their Past was also the first of the time that was beginning. In her appeared at the same time the Virgin and already the eountry.

Such is the poetry of this great faèt; sueh is the philosophy,

the high truth of it. But the historieal reality is not the less eertain; it was only too positively and too eruelly established. This living enigma, this mysterious creature whom all judged to be supernatural, this angel or demon who aecording to some would fly away some morning, was found to be a young woman, a young girl: she had no wings, but, attaehed like us to a mortal body, she was to suffer, die; and what a hidcous death! But it is just in this reality, which seems degrading, in this sad trial of nature, that the ideal is found again and shines out. The eontemporaries themselves recognized in it Christ among the Pharisees. Yet we should see in it still another thing: the passion of the Virgin, the martyrdom of purity.

There have been many martyrs; history cites innumerable ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its own, and hatred, and the spirit of dispute. No century has lacked fighting martyrs, who no doubt dicd with good grace when they eould not kill. These fanatics have nothing to see here. The holy maid is not of them; she had a different sign, — goodness, charity, sweetness of soul. She had the gentleness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The early Christians only remaincd sweet and pure by fleeing from aetion, by sparing themselves the struggle and trial of the world. This one remained sweet in the bitterest struggle of good amid the bad; peaeeful even in war, — that triumph of the Devil, — she earried into it the spirit of God. She took arms when she knew "the pity there was in the kindgom of Franee." She could not see Freneh blood flow. This tenderness of heart she had for all men; she wept after vietories, and nursed the wounded English. Purity, swectness, heroic goodness — that these supreme beauties of soul should be met in a girl of Franee may astonish strangers, who only like to judge our nation by the lightness of its manners. Let us say to them (and without self-partiality, sincc to-day all this is so far from us) that beneath this lightness of manner, amid her follies and her vices, old Franee was none the less the people of love and of graee.

The savior of France was to be a woman. Franee was a woman herself. She had the nobility of one; but also the amiable sweetness, the facile and charming pity, the exeellenee at least of impulse. Even when she delighted in vain eleganees and exterior refinements, she still remained at the bottom nearer to nature. The Frenchman, even when vieious,

kept more than any one else his good sense and good heart. May new France not forget the word of old France: "Only great hearts know how much glory there is in being good." To be and remain such, amid the injustices of men and the severities of Providence, is not only the gift of a fortunate nature, but it is strength and heroism. To keep sweetness and benevolence amid so many bitter disputes, to traverse experience without permitting it to touch this interior treasure, — this is divine. Those who persist and go thus to the end are the true elect. And even if they have sometimes stumbled in the difficult pathways of the world, amid their falls, their weakness, and their childishnesses, they will remain none the less children of God.

Michel Angelo.

(From "The Renaissance.")

Where was the soul of Italy in the sixteenth century? In the placid facility of the charming Raphael? In the sublime ataraxy of the great Leonardo da Vinci, the centralizer of arts, the prophet of sciences? He who wished for insensibility, he who said to himself, "Fly from storms," he nevertheless, whether he wished it or not, left in his "St. John," in the "Bacchus," and even in the "Jocunda," in the nervous and sickly memory that all those strange heads express on their lips — he has left a painful trace of the convulsing pains of the Italian mind; of the kind of Maremma fever, which was covered by a false hilarity; of the jesting, rather light than gay, of Pulci and Ariosto. There was a man in these times, a heart, a true hero. Have you seen in the "Last Judgment," towards the middle of the immense canvas, him who is disputing with demons and angels, — have you seen in that face and in others those swimming eyes struggling to look above; mortal anxiety of a soul in which two opposing infinities are struggling? True image of the sixteenth century, between old and new beliefs; image of Italy among nations; image of the man of the time, and of Michel Angelo himself.

It has been marvellously well said, "Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. From birth to death, his work was the Judgment." One must not pay attention to the first pagan sculptures of Michel Angelo, or to the Christian velleities that crossed his life. In St. Peter he had no thought of the tri-

umph of Catholicism; his only dream was the triumph of the new art, the completion of the great victory of his master Brunelleschi, before whose work he had his tomb placed, in order, as he said, to contemplate it throughout eternity. He proceeded from two men, Savonarola and Brunelleschi. He belongs to the religion of the Sibyls, of that of the prophet Elias, of the savage locust-eaters of the Old Testament. His one glory and his crown — nothing like it before, nothing afterwards — is his having put into art that eminently novel thing, the thirst for and aspiration towards the good. Ah, how well he deserves to be called the defender of Italy! Not for having fortified the walls of Florence in his last days; but for having, in the infinite number of days that followed and will follow, showed in the Italian soul, martyred like a soul without right, the triumphant idea of a right that the world did not yet see.

To recall his origin is to tell why he alone could do these things. Born in the city of judges, Arezzo, to which all others came to get podestàs, he had a judge for a father. He descended from the counts of Canossa, relatives of the Emperor who founded at Bologna, against the popes, the school of Roman law. We must not be astonished that his family at his birth gave him the name of the angel of justice, Michael, just as the father of Raphael gave him the name of the angel of grace. It was a choleric race. Arezzo, an old Etruscan city, petty fallen republic, was despised by the great banking city; Dante gave it a knock in passing. One of the most ordinary subjects of Italian farces was the podestà, representing the powerlessness of the law in stranger cities that called him, paid him, and drove him out. Again everybody in Italy made mockery of his justice. There was needed a heroic effort, like that of Brancaleone's, to make the sword of justice respected. It needed a lion-hearted man, stranger and isolated as he was, to execute his own judgments disputed by all. Michel Angelo would have been one of these warrior judges of the thirteenth century. By heart and stature he belonged to the great Ghibellines of that time; to the one whom Dante honored on his couch of fire; to the other with the tragic face: "Lombard soul, why the slow moving of thine eyes? one would say a lion in his repose." Not wearing the sword, under the reign of men of money, in its place he took the chisel. He was the Brancaleone, the judge and podestà, of Italian art. He exercised in marble and stone the high censure of

his time. For nearly a century his life was a combat, a continual contradiction. Noble and poor, he was reared in the house of the Medici, where we have seen him sculpturing statues of snow. Republican, all his life he served princes and popes. Envy disfigures him, a rival has deformed him forever. Made to love and be loved, always he will remain alone.

What was of great assistance to Michel Angelo was the fact that the Sixtine Chapel, the work of Sixtus IV., uncle of Julius IV., was only a second thought of the latter, who attached the glory of his pontificate to the construction of St. Peter's. He obtained the favor of alone having the key of the chapel, and of not having any visitors. The visits of the Pope, which he dared not refuse, he rendered difficult by leaving no access to his scaffolding save by a steep step-ladder, upon which the old Pope had to risk himself. This obscure and solitary vault, in which he passed five years, was for him the cave of Mount Carmel; and he lived in it like Elias. He had a bed suspended from the arch, upon which he painted with his head stretched back. No company but the prophets and the sermons of Savonarola. It was thus, in the absolute solitude of the years 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, — it was during the war of the League of Cambray, when the Pope gave a last blow to Italy in killing Venice, — that the great Italian made his prophets and his sibyls, realized that work of sorrow, of sublime liberty, of obscure presentments, of interpenetrating lights.

He put four years into it. And I — I have put thirty years into interrogating it. Not a year at longest has passed without my taking up again this Bible, this Testament, which is never old nor new, but of an age still unknown. Born out of the Jewish Bible, it passes and goes far beyond it. One must take care not to go into the chapel, as is done, during the solemnities of Holy Week and with the crowd. One must go there alone, slip in as the Pope sometimes did (only Michel Angelo would frighten him by throwing down a plank); one must confront it, tête-à-tête, alone. Reassure yourself: that painting, extinguished and obscured by the smoke of incense and of candles, has no longer its old trait of inspiring terror; it has lost something of its frightening power, gained in harmony and sweetness; it partakes of the long patience and equanimity of time. It appears blackened from the depths of ages; but all the more victorious, not surpassed, not contradicted. Dante did not see these things in his last circle. But Michel Angelo saw them, foresaw them,

dared to paint them in the Vatican, writing the three words of Belshazzar's feast upon the walls, soiled by the Borgias, the murderers of Robera. Happily he was not understood. They would have had it all effaced. We know how for years he defended the door of the Sixtine Chapel, and how Julius II. told him: "If you are slow, I will throw you down from the top of your scaffold." On the perilous day when the door was at last opened, and when the Pope entered in processional pomp, Michel Angelo could see that his work remained a dead letter; that in looking at it they saw nothing. Stunned by the enormous enigma, malicious but not daring to malign those giants whose eyes shot thunderbolts, they all kept silence. The Pope, to put a good countenance upon it, and not let himself be subdued by the terrifying vision, grumbled out these words: "There is no gold in it at all." Michel Angelo, reassured now and certain of not being understood, replied to this futile censure, his bitter tragic mouth laughing: "Holy Father, the people up there, they were not rich, but holy personages, who did not wear gold, and made little of the goods of this world."

The Mediæval Poetry of Chivalry.

The poetry of chivalry had to resign itself to death. What had it done for humanity during all these ages? Man — whom it had been pleased, in its confidence, to take, still simple, still ignorant, mute as Perceval, brutal as Roland or Renaud, and had promised to conduct through the different steps of chivalrous imitation up to the dignity of Christian hero — it left weak, discouraged, miserable. From the cycle of Roland to that of the Grail his sadness had gone on increasing. He had been led wandering through forests in pursuit of giants and monsters, with woman ever in view. His have been the labors of the ancient Hercules, and his weaknesses as well. The poetry of chivalry has scarcely developed its hero, and has retained him in a state of infancy, like the thoughtless mother of Perceval, who prolongs the imbecility of her son's early age. And therefore he quits this mother of his, just as Gérard of Roussillon throws up chivalry, and turns charcoal-burner; and Renaud of Montauban turns mason, and carries stones on his back to help to build Cologne Cathedral.

The Mediæval Man and the Church.

The Knight turns Man — turns one of the people; devotes himself to the Church; for in the Church alone resides at this time manly intellect, his true life, his repose. Whilst this Foolish Virgin of the chivalrous epopée hastes over mountains and valleys, mounted on the crupper behind Lancelot and Tristan, the Wise Virgin of the Church keeps her lamp lighted, waiting for the great awakening. Seated near the mysterious manger, she watches over the infant People who grow up between the ox and the ass during her Christmas Night. Presently kings will come to worship her.

The Church is herself People. Together they play the great drama of the world — the combat of Soul and Matter, of Man and of Nature: the Sacrifice, the Incarnation, the Passion. The chivalrous and aristocratic epopée was the poetry of Love, of the Human Passion, of the pretended happy of this world. The ecclesiastical drama — otherwise called Worship — is the poetry of the People, the poetry of those who suffer, of the suffering — the Divine Passion.

The Church was at this time the real domicile of the people. A man's house — the wretched masonry to which he returns in the evening — was only a temporary shelter. To say truth, there was but one *house* — the House of God. Not in vain had the Church her right of asylum. She was now the universal asylum. Social life altogether sought refuge with her. Men prayed there; there the Commune held its deliberations. The bell was the voice of the city; she summoned to the labors of the field, to civil affairs, sometimes to the battle of liberty. In Italy it was in the churches that the Sovereign People assembled. It was at St. Mark's that the deputies of Europe sought from the Venetians a fleet for the fourth Crusade. Trade was carried on around the Church; the places of pilgrimage were fairs; the articles of merchandise received the priestly blessing; even cattle were brought to receive benediction.

There are No Old Women.

(From "L'Amour.")

Vasari made a singular remark about the old master Giotto, the creator of Italian art. "He was the first to put goodness into the expression of heads."

The lustre of goodness is the soul of modern art. Its works affect our hearts precisely in the proportion that they are expressive of goodness.

The noble Madonnas of Raphael are admired as pictures; but who was ever in love with them? On the other hand, the Magdalen of Titian (a simple head, of Venice), a fisherman's girl, good, pretty, and strong, though not very young, is so touching in her tears, that you at once exclain, "Who could have the heart to afflict such a good creature? Speak, say what you will! I should so like to console you!"

Titian preferred to paint beautiful women at thirty. Rubens goes without difficulty as far as forty, and beyond. Van Dyck does not recognize age at all; with him, art is free. He entertained a sovereign contempt for time. That powerful magician, Rembrandt, does more: by a gesture, a look, a smile, he banishes all age. The life, the goodness, and the intelligence suffice to charm us: "What was the model?" Adorable! "And beautiful?" I do not remember; I have forgotten entirely.

The ignorant art of the Middle Ages held that youth and beauty were synonymous. For the mother of Christ, it gives us stiff and insipid little girls. The great painters of modern times, being very intelligent observers, soon saw that beauty, like everything else, needs time to become perfect and complete. They were the first to discover the mystery, unknown to antiquity, that face and form do not reach the fulness of their beauty at the same time. The first is faded when the second is in full bloom.

The habit we have of judging woman by that which fades the soonest (the face) is a serious cruelty. But with us, in France especially, where the mobile physiognomy, the quick eye, the graceful, smiling, and eloquent mouth are in constant agitation, the muscles, quickly trained to every movement, have a flexibility and suppleness opposed to the fixed and tense firmness of Northern beauty. A French woman has a thousand tricks and changes of feature to every ten of the German woman. Then the face soon grows *weary*. Is that as much as to say that our flesh is less firm? On the contrary, a wound for which the German woman would require surgical aid, in the French woman cures itself.

It is not a rare thing for the body of the latter to be twenty-five and her face forty — wrinkles form around her eyes, and in her cheeks; while on the other hand her knees and elbows,

which were formerly angular, have now pretty little dimples. The same contrast is visible in the skin: in the face, where it has been stretched by the constant play of the muscles, it has already grown rougher; while everywhere else, delicately filled out, it is still young, and combines the lovely hues of the lily and the rose.

This fulness of form does not produce a sensual affect, as much as might be believed. It has also its moral influences. It is singularly favorable to the augmentation and display of that expression of goodness which the woman often wears when, untroubled by rivalries and feminine crosses, she follows the kindly instincts of a sympathetic heart. Her beautiful white arms, her exquisitely rounded and delicate chin, an inexpressible tenderness everywhere visible in her, present the most charming idea of maternity. Not the exclusive maternity of a young wife, wholly concentrated on her child, and often indifferent to everything else; but an extreme kindliness towards everybody. This is manifested in her looks and caresses; and, if there be any work of charity to do, any unfortunate to help, in the moist eye, and the agitation of a bosom rich with pity and love.

It is a very bad sign of the times when the men do not appreciate this beauty of goodness — a hateful time, indeed, in which, having no longer the need of reciprocity, and really seeking only solitary pleasure, they demand it of the youngest of the young; and, by an accursed climax, of childhood itself.

These barbarians are punished in more ways than one. They become more and more barbarous, gross in manners and in language. A generation which does not spring from women of standing is a generation of boors.

Selfish, cruel, and brutal love eats out everything, like aquafortis. Where it has once passed, nothing is left; that place is barren for ever after.

And after all, to come to what their depraved tastes, their vile and impotent fancies, look for and require even at the price of crime, the poor young victim has nothing in reality to satisfy these fierce exactions. Badly nourished and of meagre form, what, alas! can she give but pain?

As for the gay and splendid daughters of luxury and notoriety, of the theatre and the promenade, who pick your very bones, are you sure that those beauties, with their bacchanalian revels, their infernal lives, their sleepless nights, could bear comparison, in another Judgment of Paris, with the lady who,

discreet and pure, has always led a sober life? If such insolent *lionnes* were even twenty years younger, they would still be humiliated.

Besides, a lady is always a lady. Her natural elegance, the harmony which is in her, suffices to enchain the heart more powerfully than the "*half* lady" can ever hope to do, whose harmony is easily disturbed by any trifling vexation.

In the Middle Ages, the grand lady, whom the little page always waited upon on his knees, or whose train he bore, was infallibly both young and beautiful. For her were his imagination, his emotions first aroused. It is the same in all times. The fine lady of to-day, who, at her morning toilet, among laces and perfumes, thinks it of little consequence to give an order or a note to her young attendant, even though she be quite mature and almost old, often sets his heart throbbing; she is young for him in that elegance and perfume, from which he departs like one intoxicated.

Who is deceived then — the child or his mistress? Perhaps it is not he. His instinct tells him that in his lady, who has lost somewhat of her external splendor and visible charm, there yet resides a great power which she can still exercise. *There are no old women;* every one of them, at no matter what age, if she is good and loving, treats man to a glimpse of the infinite. And not alone the infinite of the moment — often that of the future. She breathes upon him, and it is a gift. All who see him afterwards say, without being able to explain it, "What! is he possessed? He is a born genius."

There were numberless Rousseaus before Rousseau, all cunning and eloquent reasoners; and yet not one of them attracted the world's attention. A woman breathes upon *this one*, with love, maternal love, and Jean Jacques is the result.

Autumnal Aspirations.

At the close of September (while I am writing this), the year is ripe. It reaches its completion not only in the harvest, but in all its other harmonies, in the perfect temperature, and the perfect balance of night and day. The sky and the earth correspond; veiled by the morning mist, the sun rises late, as if it had not much to do; and every one seems also to have finished his work. It is as though it were Sunday, or the repose of even-

ing. And what is autumn, after all, but the evening of the year?

Beautiful season! — at once pleasant and pensive. A few flowers yet remain, but they drop off one by one. The aster resists the season's advance. The cold, splendid dahlia still struggles on, through all October, despite the morning frost. The swallows sail around and around in the air, calling to each other. In the north, the stork, having on one foot gravely planned his journey, prepares to desert his favorite haunts.

All this is much more impressive in places by the sea, which is near them, without being seen from them, so that you cannot behold its sublime scenes, but can hear its sublime voice. The earth, already in repose and silence, hearkens to the lamentations and the wrath of old Ocean, who strikes upon the beach, recoils and strikes again, in solemn iteration — that deep bass which one hears, less with the ear than with the breast, which strikes the shore more lightly than it does the heart of man. Melancholy warning, with the measured appeal of the pendulum of Time!

I see yonder a lady (the one whom this book found in her youth, and has accompanied to her declining age), walking pensively in a small garden; it is already stripped of its blossoms, but sheltered, like those we see behind our cliffs in France, or in the lowlands of Holland. The exotics have already been placed in the green-house. The fallen leaves have unveiled the statues near them, which afford increased pleasure now that the flowers are gone. These are luxuries of art, which somewhat contrast with the very simple yet modest and dignified toilet of the lady — a blond or gray silk, relieved only by a lilac ribbon.

Though without ornament, she is none the less elegant; elegant for her husband, and simple to the profit of the poor.

She reaches the end of the walk and turns round. We have now an opportunity to observe her. But have I not seen her already in the museums of Amsterdam or the Hague? She recalls to me one of Philip de Champagne's ladies — one who took possession of my heart at first sight, so frank yet so chaste, intelligent but simple-minded, having no subtilty with which to keep clear of the snares of the world. This woman has clung to me for thirty years, persistently returning, making me concerned for her, and forcing me to ask myself what was her name? What became of her? Was she happy here in this world? And how did she get through life?

She reminds me of another portrait, a Van Dyck, a poor pale and sickly lady. The white-satinness of her incomparably delicate skin adorns a body which is wasting away. In her beautiful eyes is a deep melancholy — that of age, of the heart's sorrows, or perhaps of the climate. Hers is the vague and far-reaching look of a person who has always had before her eyes the vast Northern Ocean, the great grayish sea, utterly deserted save by the sea-gull in his flight.

Immortal Love.

(Translation of Wordsworth.)

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid
Who such divinities to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Mickle, William Julius, a Scottish poet; born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, September 28, 1735; died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788. His first volume of poems, "Providence, or Arandus and Emilie," was published in 1762. In 1765 he put forth "The Concubine," afterward changed to "Syr Martyn." Between 1771 and 1775 he completed the translation of Camöens's poem "The Lusiad." He wrote a poem, "Almada Hill," published in 1781. "The Prophecy of Queen Emma" appeared in 1782. His most popular poems are "Cumnor Hall," and "The Mariner's Wife," better known as "There 's nae Luck about the House."

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon — sweet regent of the sky —
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies —
The sounds of busy Life were still —
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grave,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

"But, Leicester — or I much am wrong —
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead —
The injured surely may repine —
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay;
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy is their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
'Countess, prepare — thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
'Countess, prepare — thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

JOHN STUART MILL.

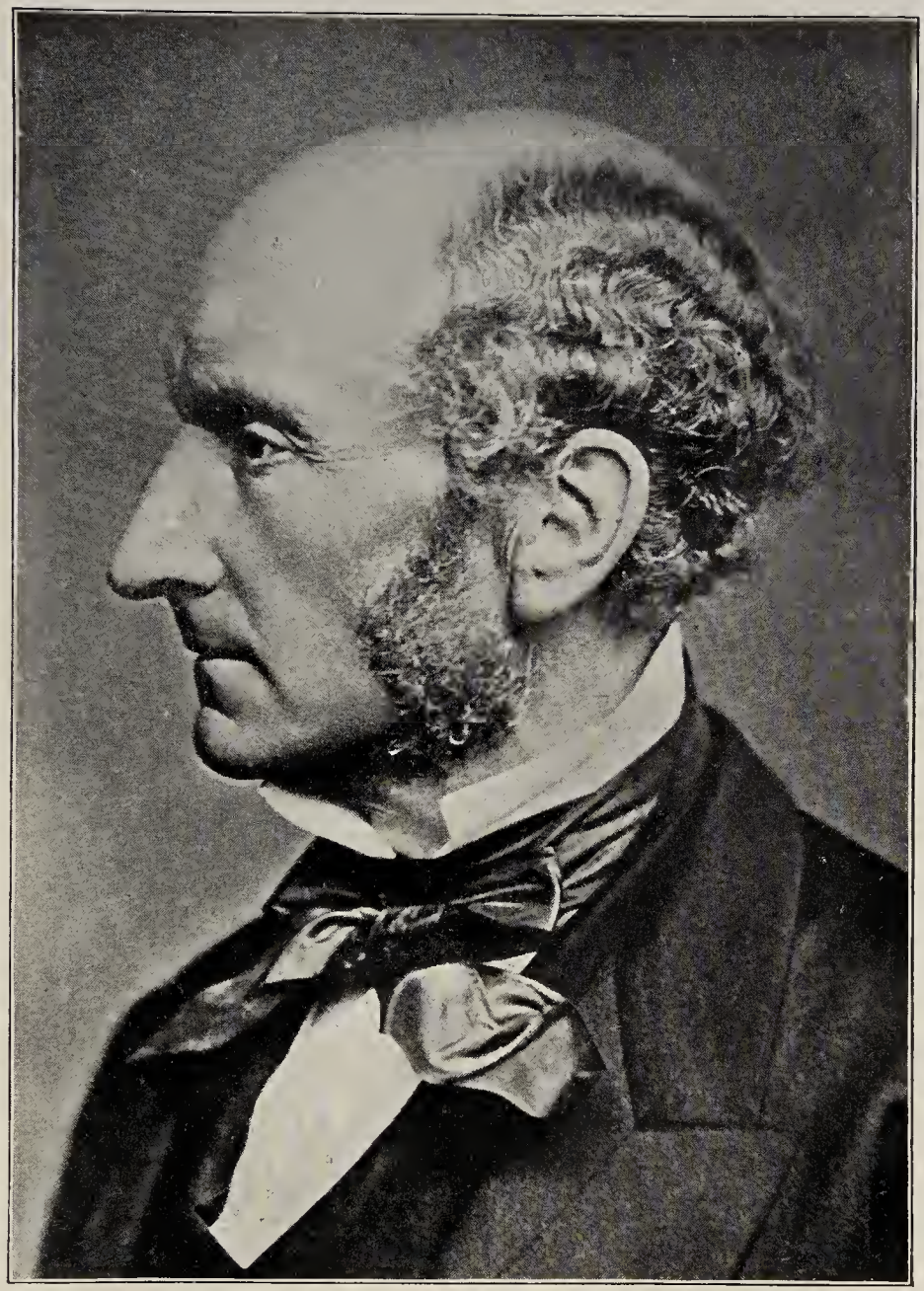
Mill, John Stuart, a celebrated English philosopher, political economist, and logician; born at London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, France, May 8, 1873. Until his fourteenth year he was educated solely by his father. He was then sent to France, where he spent the most of his fifteenth year. On his return, in 1821, he began the study of law, which he relinquished, in 1823, to enter the examiner's office in the India House. He contributed to the "Traveller," "The Chronicle," and, later, to the "Westminster Review" and other periodical publications. In 1827 he edited Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence." In 1835 he became the editor of the "London Review," which was finally merged into the "Westminster." His "System of Logic" appeared in 1843; "Essays on Some Unsettled Questions in Political Economy," in 1844; "Principles of Political Economy," in 1848. His contributions to the "Edinburgh" and "Westminster Reviews" were published collectively in 1859, 1867, and 1876, under the title, "Dissertations and Discussions Political, Philosophical, and Historical." "Liberty" and "The Subjection of Women" were published in 1859 and 1869, respectively. In 1865 Mill was elected to Parliament. In 1867 he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews. Among his works not previously mentioned are "Considerations on Representative Government" (1861), "Utilitarianism" (1862), and "An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (1865).

Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual.

(From "On Liberty.")

What, then, is the rightful limit to the sovereignty of the individual over himself? Where does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality, and how much to society?

Each will receive its proper share, if each has that which more particularly concerns it. To individuality should belong



JOHN STUART MILL

the part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct consists, first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labors and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing, at all costs, to those who endeavor to withhold fulfilment. Nor is this all that society may do. The acts of an individual may be hurtful to others, or wanting in due consideration for their welfare, without going the length of violating any of their constituted rights. The offender may then be justly punished by opinion, though not by law. As soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it, and the question whether the general welfare will or will not be promoted by interfering with it, becomes open to discussion. But there is no room for entertaining any such question when a person's conduct affects the interests of no persons besides himself, or needs not affect them unless they like (all the persons concerned being of full age, and the ordinary amount of understanding). In all such cases there should be perfect freedom, legal and social, to do the action and stand the consequences.

It would be a great misunderstanding of this doctrine, to suppose that it is one of selfish indifference, which pretends that human beings have no business with each other's conduct in life, and that they should not concern themselves about the well-doing or well-being of one another, unless their own interest is involved. Instead of any diminution, there is need of a great increase of disinterested exertion to promote the good of others. But disinterested benevolence can find other instruments to persuade people to their good, than whips and scourges, either of the literal or the metaphorical sort. I am the last person to undervalue the self-regarding virtues; they

are only second in importanee, if even second, to the social. It is equally the business of edueation to eultivate both. But even edueation works by eonviction and persuasion as well as by eompulsion, and it is by the former only that, when the period of edueation is past, the self-regarding virtues should be inculeated. Human beings owe to eaeh other help to distinguish the better from the worse, and encouragement to choose the former and avoid the latter. They should be forever stimulating eaeh other to inereased exercise of their higher faculties, and inercased direction of their feelings and aims towards wise instead of foolish, elevating instead of degrading, objeets and eontemplations. But neither one person, nor any number of persons, is warranted in saying to another human ereature of ripe ycars, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it. He is the person most interested in his own well-being, the interest which any other person, except in cases of strong personal attaehment, ean have in it, is trifling, eompared with that whieh he himself has; the interest which soeiety has in him individually (exeept as to his eonduet to others) is fraetional, and altogether indirect: while, with respect to his own feelings and eireumstances, the most ordinary man or woman has means of knowledge immeasurably surpassing those that can be possessed by any one else. The interference of soeiety to overrule his judgment and purposes in what only regards himself, must be grounded on general presumptions; which may be altogether wrong, and even if right, arc as likely as not to be misapplied to individual cases, by persons no better aequainted with the eireumstanees of sueh eases than those are who look at them merely from without. In this department, therefore, of human affairs, Individuality has its proper field of action. In the conduct of human beings towards one another, it is necessary that general rules should for the most part be observed, in order that people may know what they havc to expect; but in eaeh person's own eoneerns, his individual spontaneity is entitled to free exereisc. Considerations to aid his judgment, exhortations to strengthen his will, may bc offered to him, even obtruded on him, by others; but he himself is the final judge. All errors which he is likely to eommit against adviee and warning, are far outweighed by the evil of allowing others to constrain him to what they deem his good.

I do not mean that the feelings with whieh a person is regarded by others, ought not to be in any way affected by his

self-regarding qualities or deficiencies. This is neither possible nor desirable. If he is eminent in any of the qualities which conduce to his own good, he is, so far, a proper object of admiration. He is so much the nearer to the ideal perfection of human nature. If he is grossly deficient in those qualities, a sentiment the opposite of admiration will follow. There is a degree of folly, and a degree of what may be called (though the phrase is not unobjectionable) lowness or depravation of taste, which, though it cannot justify doing harm to the person who manifests it, renders him necessarily and properly a subject of distaste, or, in extreme cases, even of contempt: a person could not have the opposite qualities in due strength without entertaining these feelings. Though doing no wrong to any one, a person may so act as to compel us to judge him, and feel to him, as a fool, or as a being of an inferior order: and since this judgment and feeling are a fact which he would prefer to avoid, it is doing him a service to warn him of it beforehand, as of any other disagreeable consequence to which he exposes himself. It would be well, indeed, if this good office were much more freely rendered than the common notions of politeness at present permit, and if one person could honestly point out to another that he thinks him in fault, without being considered unmannerly or presuming. We have a right, also, in various ways, to act upon our unfavorable opinion of any one, not to the oppression of his individuality, but in the exercise of ours. We are not bound, for example, to seek his society; we have a right to avoid it (though not to parade the avoidance), for we have a right to choose the society most acceptable to us. We have a right, and it may be our duty, to caution others against him, if we think his example of conversation likely to have a pernicious effect on those with whom he associates. We may give others a preference over him in optional good offices, except those which tend to his improvement. In these various modes a person may suffer very severe penalties at the hands of others, for faults which directly concern only himself; but he suffers these penalties only in so far as they are the natural, and, as it were, the spontaneous, consequences of the faults themselves, not because they are purposely inflicted on him for the sake of punishment. A person who shows rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit — who cannot live within moderate means — who cannot restrain himself from hurtful indulgences — who pursues animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect — must

expect to be lowered in the opinion of others, and to have a less share of their favorable sentiments; but of this he has no right to complain, unless he has merited their favor by special excellence in his social relations, and has thus established a little to their good offices, which is not affected by his demerits towards himself.

What I contend for is, that the inconveniences which are strictly inseparable from the unfavorable judgment of others, are the only ones to which a person should ever be subjected for that portion of his conduct and character which concerns his own good, but which does not affect the interests of others in their relations with him. Acts injurious to others require a totally different treatment. Encroachment on their rights; infliction on them of any loss or damage not justified by his own rights; falsehood or duplicity in dealing with them; unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them; even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury, — these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment. And not only these acts, but the dispositions which lead to them, are properly immoral, and fit subjects of disapprobation which may rise to abhorrence. Cruelty of disposition; malice and ill-nature, that most anti-social and odious of all passions, envy; dissimulation and insincerity; irascibility on insufficient cause, and resentment disproportioned to the provocation; the love of domineering over others; the desire to engross more than one's share of advantages (the πλεονεξία of the Greeks); the pride which derives gratification from the abasement of others; the egotism which thinks self and its concerns more important than everything else, and decides all doubtful questions in his own favor; — these are moral vices, and constitute a bad and odious moral character: unlike the self-regarding faults previously mentioned, which are not properly immoralities, and to whatever pitch they may be carried, do not constitute wickedness. They may be proofs of any amount of folly, or want of personal dignity and self-respect; but they are only a subject of moral reprobation when they involve a breach of duty to others, for whose sake the individual is bound to have care for himself. What are called duties to ourselves are not socially obligatory, unless circumstances render them at the same time duties to others. The term duty to one's self, when it means anything more than prudence, means self-respect or self-development; and for none of

these is any one accountable to his fellow-creatures, because for none of them is it for the good of mankind that he be held accountable to them.

The distinction between the loss of consideration which a person may rightly incur by defect of prudence or of personal dignity, and the reprobation which is due to him for an offence against the rights of others, is not a merely nominal distinction. It makes a vast difference both in our feelings and in our conduct towards him, whether he displeases us in things in which we think we have a right to control him, or in things in which we know that we have not. If he displeases us, we may express our distaste, and we may stand aloof from a person as well as from a thing that displeases us; but we shall not therefore feel called on to make his life uncomfortable. We shall reflect that he already bears, or will bear, the whole penalty of his error; if he spoils his life by mismanagement, we shall not, for that reason, desire to spoil it still further: instead of wishing to punish him, we shall rather endeavor to alleviate his punishment, by showing him how he may avoid or cure the evils his conduct tends to bring upon him. He may be to us an object of pity, perhaps of dislike, but not of anger or resentment; we shall not treat him like an enemy of society: the worst we shall think ourselves justified in doing is leaving him to himself, if we do not interfere benevolently by showing interest or concern for him. It is far otherwise if he has infringed the rules necessary for the protection of his fellow-creatures, individually or collectively. The evil consequences of his acts do not then fall on himself, but on others; and society, as the protector of all its members, must retaliate on him; must inflict pain on him for the express purpose of punishment, and must take care that it be sufficiently severe. In the one case he is an offender at our bar, and we are called on not only to sit in judgment on him, but, in one shape or another, to execute our own sentence: in the other case, it is not our part to inflict any suffering on him, except what may incidentally follow from our using the same liberty in the regulation of our own affairs, which we allow to him in his.

The distinction here pointed out between the part of a person's life which concerns only himself, and that which concerns others, many persons will refuse to admit. How (it may be asked) can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members? No person is an

entirely isolated being; it is impossible for a person to do anything seriously or permanently hurtful to himself, without mischief reaching at least to his near connections, and often far beyond them. If he injures his property, he does harm to those who directly or indirectly derived support from it, and usually diminishes, by a greater or less amount, the general resources of the community. If he deteriorates his bodily or mental faculties, he not only brings evil upon all who depended on him for any portion of their happiness, but disqualifies himself for rendering the services which he owes to his fellow-creatures generally; perhaps becomes a burden on their affection or benevolence; and if such conduct were very frequent, hardly any offence that is committed would detract more from the general sum of good. Finally, if by his vices or follies a person does no direct harm to others, he is nevertheless (it may be said) injurious by his example; and ought to be compelled to control himself, for the sake of those whom the sight of knowledge of his conduct might corrupt or mislead.

And even (it will be added) if the consequences of misconduct could be confined to the vicious or thoughtless individual, ought society to abandon to their own guidance those who are manifestly unfit for it? If protection against themselves is confessedly due to children and persons under age, is not society equally bound to afford it to persons of mature years who are equally incapable of self-government? If gambling, or drunkenness, or incontinence, or idleness, or uncleanliness, are as injurious to happiness, and as great a hindrance to improvement, as many or most of the acts prohibited by law, why (it may be asked) should not law, so far as is consistent with practicability and social convenience, endeavor to repress these also? And as a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, ought not opinion at least to organize a powerful police against these vices, and visit rigidly with social penalties those who are known to practise them? There is no question here (it may be said) about restricting individuality, or impeding the trial of new and original experiments in living. The only things it is sought to prevent are things which have been tried and condemned from the beginning of the world until now; things which experience has shown not to be useful or suitable to any person's individuality. There must be some length of time and amount of experience, after which a moral or prudential truth may be regarded as established, and it is merely desired to prevent

generation after generation from falling over the same precipice which has been fatal to their predecessors.

I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with him, and in a minor degree, society at large. When, by conduct of this sort, a person is led to violate a distinct and assignable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man, through intemperance or extravagance, becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes from the same cause incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for the extravagance. If the resources which ought to have been devoted to them, had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress, but if he had done it to set himself up in business he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent on him for their comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty incumbent on him to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk; but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.

But with regard to the merely contingent or, as it may be

called, constructive injury which a person causes to society, by conduct which neither violates any specific duty to the public, nor occasions perceptible hurt to any assignable individual except himself; the inconvenience is one which society can afford to bear, for the sake of the greater good of human freedom. If grown persons are to be punished for not taking proper care of themselves, I would rather it were for their own sake, than under pretence of preventing them from impairing their capacity of rendering to society benefits which society does not pretend it has a right to exact. But I cannot consent to argue the point as if society had no means of bringing its weaker members up to its ordinary standard of rational conduct, except waiting till they do something irrational, and then punishing them, legally or morally, for it. Society has had absolute power over them during all the early portion of their existence: it has had the whole period of childhood and nonage in which to try whether it could make them capable of rational conduct in life. The existing generation is master both of the training and the entire circumstances of the generation to come; it cannot indeed make them perfectly wise and good, because it is itself so lamentably deficient in goodness and wisdom; and its best efforts are not always, in individual cases, its most successful ones; but it is perfectly well able to make the rising generation, as a whole, as good as, and a little better than, itself. If society lets any considerable number of its members grow up mere children, incapable of being acted on by rational consideration of distant motives, society has itself to blame for the consequences. Armed not only with all the powers of education, but with the ascendency which the authority of a received opinion always exercises over the minds who are least fitted to judge for themselves; and aided by the *natural* penalties which cannot be prevented from falling on those who incur the distaste or the contempt of those who know them; let not society pretend that it needs, besides all this, the power to issue commands and enforce obedience in the personal concerns of individuals, in which, on all principles of justice and policy, the decision ought to rest with those who are to abide the consequences. Nor is there anything which tends more to discredit and frustrate the better means of influencing conduct, than a resort to the worse. If there be among those whom it is attempted to coerce into prudence or temperance, any of the material of which vigorous and independent characters are made, they will infallibly rebel against the

yoke. No such person will ever feel that others have a right to control him in his concerns, such as they have to prevent him from injuring them in theirs; and it easily comes to be considered a mark of spirit and courage to fly in the face of such usurped authority, and do with ostentation the exact opposite of what it enjoins; as in the fashion of grossness which succeeded, in the time of Charles II., to the fanatical moral intolerance of the Puritans. With respect to what is said of the necessity of protecting society from the bad example set to others by the vicious or the self-indulgent; it is true that bad example may have a pernicious effect, especially the example of doing wrong to others with impunity to the wrongdoer. But we are now speaking of conduct which, while it does no wrong to others, is supposed to do great harm to the agent himself: and I do not see how those who believe this, can think otherwise than that the example, on the whole, must be more salutary than hurtful, since, if it displays the misconduct, it displays also the painful or degrading consequences which, if the conduct is justly censured, must be supposed to be in all or most cases attendant on it.

But the strongest of all the arguments against the interference of the public with purely personal conduct, is that when it does interfere, the odds are that it interferes wrongly, and in the wrong place. On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an overruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right; because on such questions they are only required to judge of their own interests; of the manner in which some mode of conduct, if allowed to be practised, would affect themselves. But the opinion of a similar majority, imposed as a law on the minority, on questions of self-regarding conduct, is quite as likely to be wrong as right; for in these cases public opinion means, at the best, some people's opinion of what is good or bad for other people; while very often it does not even mean that; the public, with the most perfect indifference, passing over the pleasure or convenience of those whose conduct they censure, and considering only their own preference. There are many who consider as an injury to themselves any conduct which they have a distaste for, and resent it as an outrage to their feelings; as a religious bigot, when charged with disregarding the religious feelings of others, has been known to retort that they disregard his feelings, by persisting in their abominable worship or creed. But there is no parity between the feeling of a person for his

own opinion, and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse, and the desire of the right owner to keep it. And a person's taste is as much his own peculiar concern as his opinion or his purse. It is easy for any one to imagine an ideal public, which leaves the freedom and choice of individuals in all uncertain matters undisturbed, and only requires them to abstain from modes of conduct which universal experience has condemned. But where has there been seen a public which set any such limit to its censorship? or when does the public trouble itself about universal experience? In its interferences with personal conduct it is seldom thinking of anything but the enormity of acting or feeling differently from itself; and this standard of judgment, thinly disguised, is held up to mankind as the dictate of religion and philosophy, by nine tenths of all moralists and speculative writers. These teach that things are right because they are right; because we feel them to be so. They tell us to search in our own minds and hearts for laws of conduct binding on ourselves and on all others. What can the poor public do but apply these instructions, and make their own personal feelings of good and evil, if they are tolerably unanimous in them, obligatory on all the world?

Another important example of illegitimate interference with the rightful liberty of the individual, not simply threatened, but long since carried into triumphant effect, is Sabbatarian legislation. Without doubt, abstinence on one day in the week, so far as the exigencies of life permit, from the usual daily occupation, though in no respect religiously binding on any except Jews, is a highly beneficial custom. And inasmuch as this custom cannot be observed without a general consent to that effect among the industrious classes, therefore, in so far as some persons by working may impose the same necessity on others, it may be allowable and right that the law should guarantee to each, the observance by others of the custom, by suspending the greater operations of industry on a particular day. But this justification, grounded on the direct interest which others have in each individual's observance of the practice, does not apply to the self-chosen occupations in which a person may think fit to employ his leisure; nor does it hold good, in the smallest degree, for legal restrictions on amusements. It is true that the amusement of some is the day's work of others; but the pleasure, not to say the useful recreation, of many, is worth the labor

of a few, provided the occupation is freely chosen, and can be freely resigned. The operatives are perfectly right in thinking that if all worked on Sunday seven days' work would have to be given for six days' wages: but so long as the great mass of employments are suspended, the small number who for the enjoyment of others must still work, obtain a proportional increase of earnings; and they are not obliged to follow those occupations, if they prefer leisure to emolument. If a further remedy is sought, it might be found in the establishment by custom of a holiday on some other day of the week for those particular classes of persons. The only ground, therefore, on which restrictions on Sunday amusements can be defended, must be that they are religiously wrong; a motive of legislation which never can be too earnestly protested against. "Deorum injuriæ Diis curæ." It remains to be proved that society or any of its officers holds a commission from on high to avenge any supposed offence to Omnipotence, which is not also a wrong to our fellow-creatures. The notion that it is one man's duty that another should be religious, was the foundation of all the religious persecutions ever perpetrated, and if admitted, would fully justify them. Though the feeling which breaks out in the repeated attempts to stop railway travelling on Sunday, in the resistance to the opening of Museums, and the like, has not the cruelty of the old persecutors, the state of mind indicated by it is fundamentally the same. It is a determination not to tolerate others in doing what is permitted by their religion, because it is not permitted by the persecutor's religion. It is a belief that God not only abominates the act of the misbeliever, but will not hold us guiltless if we leave him unmolested.

I cannot refrain from adding to these examples of the little account commonly made of human liberty, the language of downright persecution which breaks out from the press of this country, whenever it feels called on to notice the remarkable phenomenon of Mormonism. Much might be said on the unexpected and instructive fact, that an alleged new revelation, and a religion founded on it, the product of palpable imposture, not even supported by the *prestige* of extraordinary qualities in its founder, is believed by hundreds of thousands, and has been made the foundation of a society, in the age of newspapers, railways, and the electric telegraph. What here concerns us is, that this religion, like other and better religions, has its martyrs; that its prophet and founder was, for his teaching, put to death by a

mob; that others of its adherents lost their lives by the same lawless violence; that they were forcibly expelled, in a body, from the country in which they first grew up; while, now that they have been chased into a solitary recess in the midst of a desert, many in this country openly declare that it would be right (only that it is not convenient) to send an expedition against them, and compel them by force to conform to the opinions of other people. The article of the Mormonite doctrine which is the chief provocative to the antipathy which thus breaks through the ordinary restraints of religious tolerance, is its sanction of polygamy; which, though permitted to Mahomedans, and Hindoos, and Chinese, seems to excite unquenchable animosity when practised by persons who speak English, and profess to be a kind of Christians. No one has a deeper disapprobation than I have of this Mormon institution; both for other reasons, and because, far from being in any way countenanced by the principle of liberty, it is a direct infraction of that principle, being a mere riveting of the chains of one half of the community, and an emancipation of the other from reciprocity of obligation towards them. Still, it must be remembered that this relation is as much voluntary on the part of the women concerned in it, and who may be deemed the sufferers by it, as is the case with any other form of the marriage institution; and however surprising this fact may appear, it has its explanation in the common ideas and customs of the world, which, teaching women to think marriage the one thing needful, make it intelligible that many a woman should prefer being one of several wives, to not being a wife at all. Other countries are not asked to recognize such unions, or release any portion of their inhabitants from their own laws on the score of Mormonite opinions. But when the dissentients have conceded to the hostile sentiments of others far more than could justly be demanded; when they have left the countries to which their doctrines were unacceptable, and established themselves in a remote corner of the earth, which they have been the first to render habitable to human beings; it is difficult to see on what principles but those of tyranny they can be prevented from living there under what laws they please, provided they commit no aggression on other nations, and allow perfect freedom of departure to those who are dissatisfied with their ways. A recent writer, in some respects of considerable merit, proposes (to use his own words), not a crusade, but a *civilizade*, against this polygamous community, to

put an end to what seems to him a retrograde step in civilization. It also appears so to me, but I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized. So long as the sufferers by the bad law do not invoke assistance from other communities, I cannot admit that persons entirely unconnected with them ought to step in and require that a condition of things with which all who are directly interested appear to be satisfied, should be put an end to because it is a scandal to persons some thousands of miles distant, who have no part or concern in it. Let them send missionaries, if they please, to preach against it; and let them, by any fair means (of which silencing the teachers is not one), oppose the progress of similar doctrines among their own people. If civilization has got the better of barbarism when barbarism had the world to itself, it is too much to profess to be afraid lest barbarism, after having been fairly got under, should revive and conquer civilization. A civilization that can thus succumb to its vanquished enemy, must first have become so degenerate, that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capacity, or will take the trouble, to stand up for it. If this be so, the sooner such a civilization receives notice to quit, the better. It can only go on from bad to worse, until destroyed and regenerated (like the Western Empire) by energetic barbarians.

HUGH MILLER.

Miller, Hugh, a noted Scottish geologist and scientific writer; born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802; died by his own hand at Portobello, near Edinburgh, December 2, 1856. He was, in his seventeenth year, apprenticed to a relative, who was a stone-mason and quarryman. He worked at this occupation until his thirty-fourth year. During these years he read largely and wrote for periodicals; and as early as 1829 put forth a volume of "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason." Even before he entered upon his apprenticeship as a stone-mason his attention had been turned toward geology, especially toward fossilography; and before he had reached his thirtieth year he had come to be widely known as a profound geologist. The trade of a stone-cutter is among the most unhealthy known, and he gave up the occupation for the position of accountant in a bank in his native town. In 1840 he became editor of a newspaper called "The Witness." About 1850 he began to write his book, "The Testimony of the Rocks," upon which he labored incessantly, taking little sleep or exercise. The work was just finished when he became aware that his mind was giving way. He retired to his study and wrote a brief note to his wife, in which he said: "A fearful dream rises upon me: I cannot bear the horrible thought." The next morning he was found dead, with a bullet in his breast. The principal works of Hugh Miller are "Poems of a Journeyman Mason" (1829); "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" (1835); "The Old Red Sandstone" (1841); "The Geology of the Bass Rock" (1848); "The Footprints of the Creator," a reply to Robert Chambers's "Vestiges of Creation" (1849); "My Schools and Schoolmasters" (1854); "The Testimony of the Rocks" (1857).

First Studies in Geology.

(From "The Old Red Sandstone.")

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than

on that morning. I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books, when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditionary stories. And now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay — or frith, rather — with a little, clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel blistered my hands; but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some degree of danger, as a boat or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay down their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood beside us, and the long,

dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

This was no formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. . . .

All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced upon canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards; and then on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross-hollow and counter-ridge of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half-resemblance. It was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock; or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at a loss as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder.

We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunken and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And, if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labor.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay — the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth.

I soon found that I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labors of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discovered the still little-known, but highly interesting, fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rocks, — basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists.

In short, the young geologist — had he all Europe before him — could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself.

In the course of the first day's employment, I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture — one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within it, could have surprised me more. Was there such another curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance — for they lay pretty thickly on the shore — and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all of nature's riddles these seemed to me at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore, about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunder-bolts had fallen so thickly, and found a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black, slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar

to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of an herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and gryphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralyzed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aërolites I had come in quest of firmly embedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture; and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half-molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins, like white threads, ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Milnes, Richard Monckton (created Baron Houghton in 1863), an English poet; born at London, June 19, 1809; died at Vichy, August 11, 1885. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree in 1831, and then travelled on the European continent and in the East. In 1837 he entered the House of Commons, of which he remained a member until his elevation to the peerage in 1863. He put forth several volumes of poems, among which are "Memorials of a Tour in Greece" (1834); "Memorials of a Residence on the Continent" and "Historical Poems" (1838); "Poetry for the People" (1840); "Memorials of Many Scenes" (1843); "Palm Leaves," "Poems Legendary and Historical," and "Poems of Many Years" (1844); "Good-Night and Good-Morning" (1849); "Monographs, Personal and Social" (1873); and "Poetical Works" (1876). In 1848 he published "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats," and in 1862 edited the "Poems of David Gray," with a prefatory memoir. He was also the author of several political pamphlets.

The Worth of Hours.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bound and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content;

And, more — though free from seeing harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm —

If then a painful sense come on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done —

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain —

Upon your heart this truth may rise —
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies;

So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower —
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

The Long-Ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
  Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
  Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
  Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing 's altogether ill
  In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
  Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
  Through the golden mist of years:
Death to those who trust in good
  Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
  Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
  Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
  Lingers sad and overlong —
Still the weight will find a leaven,
  Still the spoiler's hand is slow
While the future has its heaven,
  And the past its Long-ago.

Good-Night and Good-Morning.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see:
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! Good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying "Caw, caw," on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed:
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the Sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head —
The violets curtsied and went to bed:
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay
She knew nothing more till again it was day:
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun."

Naples and Venice.

Overlooking, overhearing, Naples and her subject bay,
Stands Camaldoli, the convent, shaded from the inclement ray.

Thou, who to that lofty terrace, lov'st on summer-eve to go,
Tell me, Poet! what Thou seest, — what Thou hearest, there below!

NAPLES — ITALY

Beauty, beauty, perfect beauty! Sea and City, Hills and Air,
Rather blest imaginations than realities of fair.

Forms of grace alike contenting casual glance and steadfast gaze,
Tender lights of pearl and opal mingling with the diamond blaze.

Sea is but as deepen'd æther: white as snow-wreaths sunbeshone
Lean the Palaces and Temples green and purple heights upon.

Streets and paths mine eye is tracing, all replete with clamorous throng,
Where I see and where I see not, waves of uproar roll along.

As the sense of bees unnumber'd, burning through the walk of limes, —
As the thought of armies gathering round a chief in ancient times, —

So from Corso, Port, and Garden, rises Life's tumultuous strain,
Not secure from wildest utterance rests the perfect-crystal main.

Still the all-enclosing Beauty keeps my spirit free from harm,
Distance blends the veriest discords into some melodious charm.

— Overlooking, overhearing, Venice and her sister isles,
Stands the giant Campanile massive 'mid a thousand piles.

Thou who to this open summit lov'st at every hour to go,
Tell me, Poet! what Thou seest, what Thou hearest, there below.

Wonder, wonder, perfect wonder! Ocean is the City's moat;
On the bosom of broad Ocean seems the mighty weight to float:

Seems — yet stands as strong and stable as on land e'er city shall, —
Only moves that Ocean-serpent, tide-impelled, the Great Canal.

Rich arcades and statued pillars, gleaming banners, burnished domes, —
Ships approaching, — ships departing, — countless ships in harbour-homes.

Yet so silent! scarce a murmur winged to reach this airy seat,
Hardly from the close Piazza rises sound of voice or feet.

Plash of oar or single laughter, — cry or song of Gondolier, —
Signals far between to tell me that the work of life is here.

Like a glorious maiden dreaming music in the drowsy heat,
Lies the City, unbetokening where its myriad pulses beat.

And I think myself in cloudland, — almost try my power of will,
Whether I can change the picture, or it must be Venice still.

When the question wakes within me, which hath won the crown of deed,
Venice with her moveless silence, Naples with her noisy speed?

Which hath writ the goodlier tablet for the past to hoard and show,
Venice in her student stillness, Naples in her living glow?

Here are Chronicles with virtues studded as the night with stars, —
Records there of passions raging through a wilderness of wars:

There a tumult of Ambitions, Power afloat on blood and tears, —
Here one simple reign of Wisdom stretching thirteen hundred years:

Self-subsisting, self-devoted, there the moment's Hero ruled, —
Here the State, each one subduing, pride enchained and passion schooled:

Here was Art the nation's mistress, Art of color, Art of stone —
There before the leman Pleasure bowed the people's soul alone.

Venice! vocal is thy silence, can our soul but rightly hear;
Naples! dumb as death thy voices, listen we however near.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne:

The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind, —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer — nearer —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

November Roses.

Ye roses of November,
Ye are no joy to me;
The roses I remember
Are other than ye be!
Your cordial kindred Summer
Has gone by long before,
And Winter the newcomer
Is a Lover fierce and frore.

At sight of ye I tremble,
As ye in this bleak air;
I read a fearful symbol
In what ye are and were;
How all that 's best and fairest,
When past a petty reign,
To those who hold them dearest,
Are Pain and only Pain.

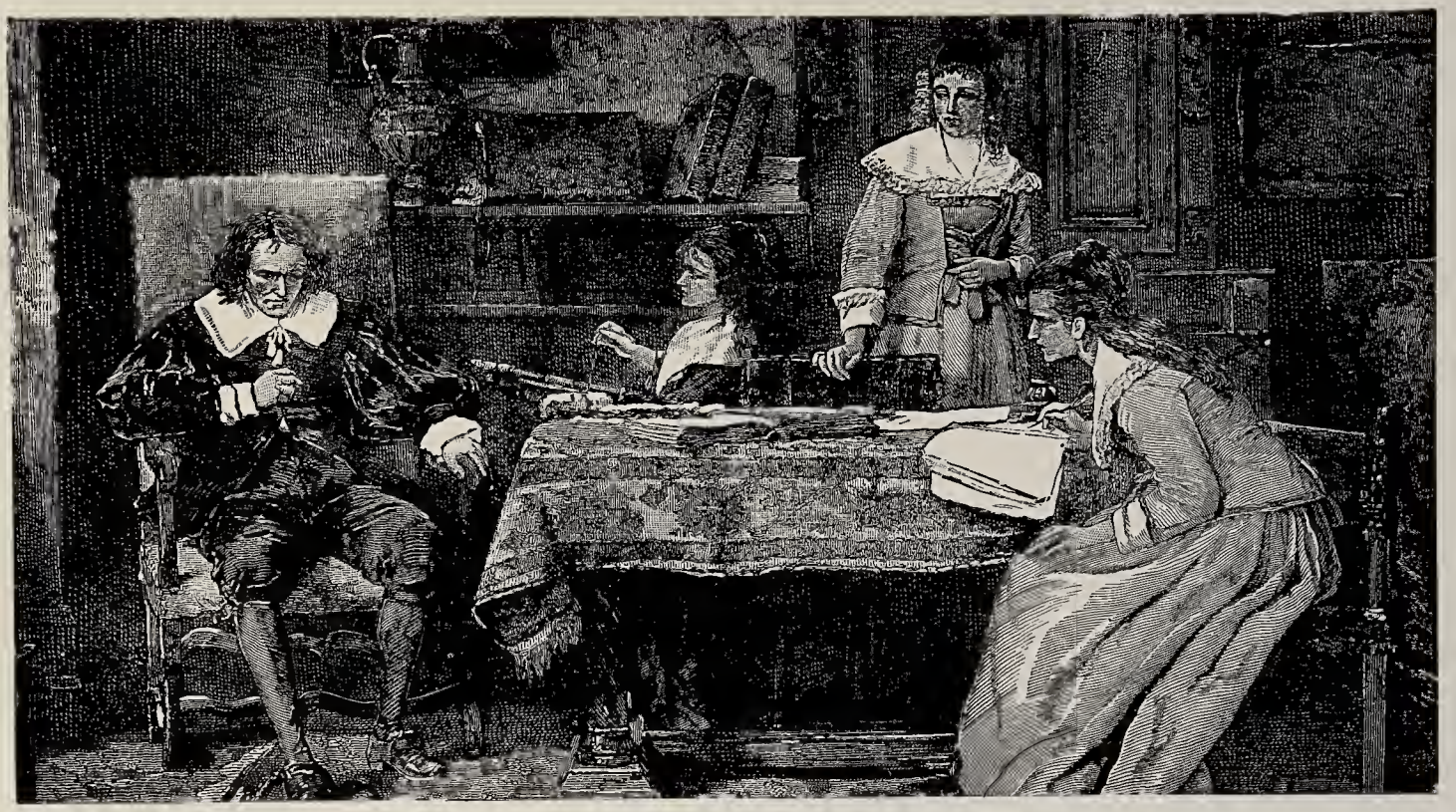
Beauty is always Beauty,
Her essences divine
The Poet, in his duty,
May labor to combine;
But Beauty wed to Sorrow
Is sad, whate'er we say, —
Sad thinking for to-morrow,
Sad presence for to-day!

JOHN MILTON.

Milton, John, one of the greatest of English poets; born at London, December 9, 1608; died there November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge in 1629. He travelled in Italy in 1638, and upon his return settled in London. Espousing the Parliament side against Charles I., he became Secretary of the Commonwealth from 1649 to 1660. At the Restoration he was threatened with proscription, and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but he was finally exempted and left unmolested thereafter, and spent the remainder of his life in literary labor. Milton's eyesight began to fail perceptibly as early as 1641 — first in one eye and then in the other — and in 1655, shortly after the completion of his "Defence of the English People," he became totally blind. He died somewhat suddenly, just short of his sixty-sixth year. He was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His greatest works were the famous epics "Paradise Lost" (1666) and "Paradise Regained" (1671); the tragedy "Samson Agonistes" (1671); the poems "Comus" (1634), "Lycidas" (1637), "L'Allegro" (1645), "Il Penseroso" (1645); and his various sonnets. Of his prose writings the most renowned were "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating freedom of the press; "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" (1649), justifying the execution of Charles I.; and the "Defence of the English People" (1654).

From Paradise Lost.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion Hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed



THE BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS

From a Painting by Michael Munkacsy

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant; what in me is dark
Illumine! what is low raise and support!
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first (for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell), say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent! he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal! But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,

That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate;
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed!
Such place eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God, and light of Heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
(And thence in Heaven called Satan) with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
"If thou beest he — But oh how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of lights
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder! and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those.
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
(Though changed in outward lustre) that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,

That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost, —
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome; —
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall! since by fate the strength of gods,
And the empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event
(In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced),
We may, with more successful hope, resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:
"O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state,
Here swallowed up in endless misery!
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains;
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undimished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend replied:
"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him (if I fail not), and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.—
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep;
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
Their rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briarëos, or Typhon whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream;
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays;
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved

With stench and smoke; such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat,
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more,
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
So Satan spake. . . .

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptised or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride

Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but east
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers; attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:
"O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter; but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes

By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired,
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."
He spake; and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest; and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither winged with speed
A numerous brigade hastened; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate and in an hour,
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Sèrapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height, and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
And some the architect; his hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored

Their summons called from every band and squared regiment"

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout,
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in hell.
  Meanwhile the wingèd heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended; all access was thronged, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair,
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank
(The suburb of their straw-built citadel),
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmëan race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,

Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

On Shakespeare.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took, —
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepùlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

To Cyriack Skinner.

Cyriack, this three-years' day these eyes, — though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot, —
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, — my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

The Hymn on the Nativity.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies:

Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw:
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,

And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
A new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook, —
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;

The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Lycidas.

[In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height. — Note in Original.]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lyeidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
And as she passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone!
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
. . . . . .
Return, Alpheus, — the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the Swart-Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, the pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold, —
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

From "Comus."

SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys's grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus's wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus's spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis's tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by* WATER-NYMPHS, *and sings:*

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

SPIRIT. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

SABRINA. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnarèd chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble-venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

. . . . .

SPIRIT. Come, Lady, while heaven lends us grace
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;

I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence.

L'Allegro.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the staek, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,

Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faery Mab the junkets eat, —
She was pinched and pulled, she said:
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings. —
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

From a Painting by Robt. Beyschlag

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus's self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet;
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among

I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that has been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
  Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
  With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud.
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,

Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give:
And I with thee will choose to live.

For the Liberty of Printing.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

For, as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rationall faeulties, and those in the aeutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and eonstitution the body is, so when the eherfulnesse of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversie and new invention, it betok'ns us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatall deeay, but easting off the old and wrinel'd skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entring the glorious waies of Truth and prosperous vertue destin'd to beeome great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazl'd eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight

at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticat a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye doe then, should ye suppresse all this flowry crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up and yet springing daily in this City, should ye set an *Oligarchy* of twenty ingrossers over it, to bring a famin upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measur'd to us by their bushel? Beleeve it, Lords and Commons, they who counsell ye to such a suppressing doe as good as bid ye supprcsse yourselves; and I will soon shew how. If it be desir'd to know the immediat cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assign'd a truer than your own mild and free and human government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchast us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarify'd and enlightn'd our spirits like the influence of heav'n; this is that which hath enfranchis'd, enlarg'd, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now lesse capable, lesse knowing, lesse eagarly pursuing of the truth, unlesse ye first make your selves, that made us so, lesse the lovers, lesse the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formall, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have frec'd us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your owne vertu propagated in us; ye cannot suppresse that unlesse ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then sticke closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up armes for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

On Errors in Teaching.

(From the "Treatise on Education.")

The end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that

knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfecton. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive soe clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; soe that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing soe much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally soe unpleasing and soe unsuccessful: first, we doe amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together soe much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both toe schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters toe be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious toe be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led toe the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly toe them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rationall and most profitable way of learning languages,

and whereby we may best hope toe give account toe God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it toe be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming, with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; soe that they, having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, toe learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, toe be tosst and turmoil'd with their unballast'd wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, doe for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and delud'd all this while with ragged notions and battlements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge: till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several waies, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either toe an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allur'd toe the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding that flattery and court-shifts and tyrannous aphorisms appear toe them the highest points of wisdom, instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery — if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we doe, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearn'd.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not doe, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I

doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles, which is commonly sett before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

A Book not a Dead Thing.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do not contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature — God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself — kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed — sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself — slays an immortality rather than a life.

GABRIEL HONORÉ DE RIQUETTI, COUNT OF MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau, Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count of, a famous French orator and revolutionist; born at Bignon, March 9, 1749; died at Paris, April 2, 1791. He rose to the rank of captain in the army; in 1789 was delegate of the Third Estate to the convention of the States-General, where his eloquence made him a power. Then followed in quick succession his orations, unparalleled in French annals, rarely equalled and still more seldom surpassed in those of any other country. To Demosthenic eloquence, Mirabeau gave the full force of a masterful genius for practical politics. Because he was a practical statesman he stood alone, and was an enigma to his colleagues and to the people whom he loved and served. His reputation does not rest merely on a series of dazzling utterances, but on the sound ideas he scattered so lavishly before the Assembly. He was president of the Jacobin Club in 1790, of the National Assembly in 1791. Among his writings were "The Friend of Men" (1755); "Rural Philosophy" (1763); "The Prussian Monarchy" (1788), his chief work; "Secret History of the Court of Berlin" (1789); etc. He was the one great statesman of the French Revolution. The best biography of him is that by Alfred Stern, "Das Leben Mirabeaus" (1889), and the most recent life in English is that by Willert, in 1898.

A Letter to the King of Prussia.

You have reached the throne at a fortunate period. The age is becoming daily more enlightened. It has labored for your benefit, in collecting sound notions for you. It extends its influence over your nation, which so many circumstances have kept behind others. Everything is now tested by a severe logic. The men who see only a fellow-creature under the royal mantle, and require that he should possess some virtue, are more numerous than ever. Their suffrages cannot be dispensed with. In their opinion, one kind of glory alone remains; every other is exhausted. Military success, political talents, won-

ders in art, improvements in science, have all appeared in turn, and their light has blazed forth from one extremity of Europe to the other. That enlightened benevolence which gives form and life to empires has not yet appeared, pure and unmixed, upon a throne. To you it belongs to place it there; this sublime glory is reserved for you. Your predecessor gained battles enough, perhaps too many; he has too much fatigued Fame's hundred tongues, and exhausted military glory, for several reigns, — nay, for several centuries. . . . With much greater facility you may create a glory more pure and not less brilliant, which shall be wholly your own. Frederick conquered the admiration of mankind, but he never won their love. . . . This love you may entirely possess. . . .

Do not, ah! do not neglect the treasure which Providence has spread in your path. Deserve the blessings of the poor, the love of your people, the respect of Europe, and the good wishes of wise men. Be just, be good, and you will be great and happy!

You wish to obtain, dread sir, the title of Great; but you wish to receive it from the mouth of history, and from the suffrage of ages to come, — you would despise it from the mouths of your courtiers. If you do that which the son of your slave could do, ten times a day, better than yourself, they will tell you that you have performed an extraordinary action! If you suffer your passions to mislead you, they will say that you are right! If you are as lavish of the blood of your subjects as of the waters of your rivers, again will they tell you that you are right! If you barter for gold the air that preserves life, they will say that you are right! If you revenge yourself — you who are so powerful — they will continue to tell you that you are right! . . . They said the same thing when Alexander, in a drunken fit, plunged his dagger into the bosom of his friend; they said the same thing when Nero murdered his mother. . . .

If you indefatigably perform your duties, without ever putting off till the following day the burthen of the present day; if by great and fruitful principles you can simplify these duties, and reduce them within the capacity of a single man; if you give your subjects all the freedom they can bear; if you can protect every kind of property, and facilitate useful labor; if you terrify petty oppressors who in your name would prevent men from doing, for their own advantage, that which injures

not their fellows, — a unanimous shout will bless your authority, and render it more sacred and more powerful. Everything will then be easy for you, because the will and the strength of all will be united to your own strength and your own will, and your labor will become every day less severe. Nature has made labor necessary to man. It gives him also this precious advantage, that change of labor is to him not only a relaxation but a source of pleasure. Who, more easily than a king, can live in strict accordance with this order of nature? A philosopher has said that "no man feels such lassitude of spirit as a king;" he should have said, "a slothful king." How could lassitude of mind fall upon a sovereign who did his duty? Could he ever keep up his vigor of intellect and preserve his health so well as by shielding himself, under the pursuit of labor, from the disgust which every man of sense must feel among those idle talkers, those inventors of fulsome praises, who study their prince for no other purpose than to corrupt, blind, and rob him? Their sole art is to render him indifferent and feeble, or else impatient, rude, and idle. . . . Your subjects will enjoy your virtues, which alone can preserve and improve their patrimony. Your courtiers will cultivate your defects, by which alone they can support their influence and their expectations. . . . It is worthy of you not to govern too much. . . .

[I recommend the immediate] abolition of military slavery; that is to say, the obligation imposed upon every Prussian to serve as a soldier, from the age of eighteen years to sixty and more: that dreadful law arising from the necessities of an iron age and a semi-barbarous country; that law dishonoring a nation without whom your ancestors would have been nothing but slaves, more or less decorated with empty honors. This law does not produce you a single soldier more than you would obtain by a wiser system, which may enable you to recruit the Prussian army in a manner that shall elevate men's hearts, add to the public spirit, and possess the forms of freedom, instead of those of brutishness and slavery. Throughout Europe, and more especially in your Majesty's dominions, one of the most useful instincts upon which patriotism could be founded is stupidly lost. Men are forced to go to the battle-field like cattle to the slaughter-house; whilst nothing is easier than to make the public service an object of emulation and glory. . . .

Be also the first sovereign in whose dominions every man

willing to work shall find employment. Everything that breathes must obtain its nourishment by labor. This is the first law of nature, anterior to all human convention: it is the connecting bond of all society; for every man who finds nothing but a refusal to his offer to work in exchange for his subsistence becomes the natural and lawful enemy of other men, and has a right of private war against society. In the country, as in cities, let workshops be everywhere opened at your Majesty's cost; let all men, of what nation soever, find their maintenance in the price of their labor; let your subjects there learn the value of time and activity. Instruction, you are aware, is one of the most important of a sovereign's duties, and likewise one of his richest treasures. Entire liberty of the press ought to be one of your first acts: not only because any restraint upon this liberty is a hindrance to the enjoyment of natural rights, but because every obstacle to the advancement of knowledge is an evil, a great evil; especially for you, who are debarred thereby from obtaining, through the medium of printing, a knowledge of the truth, and of public opinion, — that prime minister of good kings. . . .

Let information be circulated through your dominions. Read, and let others read. If light were rising on all sides toward the throne, would you invoke darkness? Oh, no! for it would be in vain. You would lose too much, without even obtaining the fatal success of extinguishing it. You will read, you will begin a noble association with books. They have destroyed cruel and disgraceful prejudices, they have smoothed the road before you, they have served you even before you were born. You will not be ungrateful toward the accumulated works of beneficent genius.

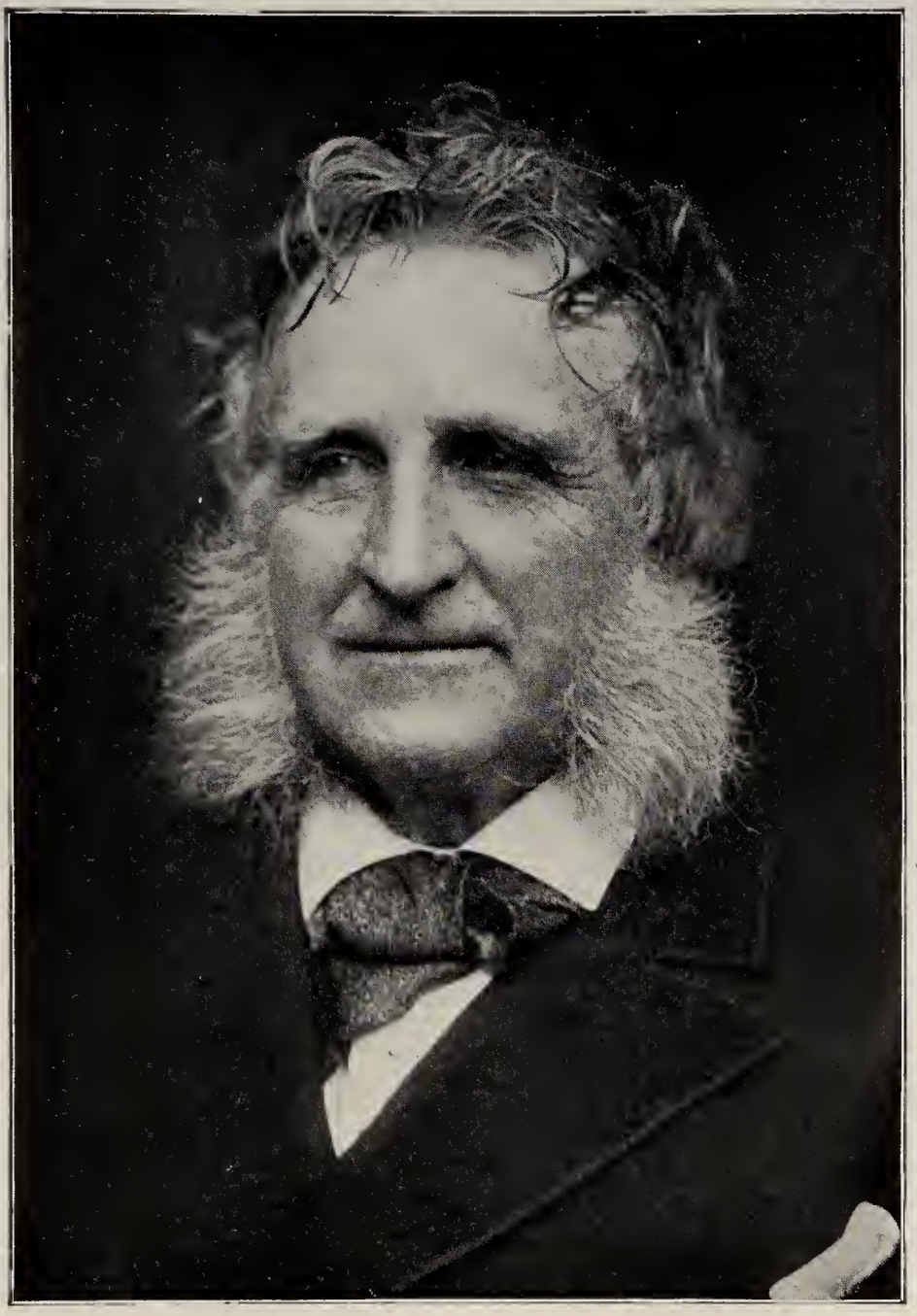
You will read, and you will protect those who write; for without them what would become of the human species, and what would it be? They will instruct, they will assist, they will talk to you without seeing you. Without approaching your throne, they will introduce there the august truth. This truth will enter your palace alone, without escort, and without affected dignity; it will bear neither title nor ribands, but will be invisible and disinterested.

You will read, but you will be desirous that your subjects should also read. You will not think you have done all by recruiting your academies from foreign countries: you will found schools, you will multiply them, especially in country

places, and you will endow them. You would not reign in darkness; and you will say, "Let there be light!" The light will burst forth at your voice; and its halo, playing round your brow, will form a more glorious ornament than all the laurels won by conquerors. . . .

I trust, dread sir, that my candor will not displease you. Meditate on these respectful lines, and say:—

"This is what will never be admitted to me as true, and is the very reverse of what I shall be told every day. The boldest offer to kings nothing but veiled truths, whilst here I see truth quite naked. . . . This is far preferable to that venal incense with which I am suffocated by versifiers, and panegyrists of the Academy, who seized upon me in my cradle, and will scarcely leave me when I am in my coffin. I am a man before I am a king. Why should I be offended at being treated as a man? Why should I be offended with a foreigner, who wants nothing of me, and will soon quit my court never more to see me, for speaking to me without disguise? He points out to me that which his eyes, his experience, his studies, and his understanding have collected; he gives me, without expectation of reward, those true and free counsels of which no condition of man is so much in want as kings. He has no interest in deceiving me, and can have none but good intentions. . . . Let me examine attentively what he proposes; for the mere common-sense and the simple candor of a man who has no other pursuit than the cultivation of his reason and his intellect, may perhaps be as good as the old routine, and trickery, and forms, and diplomatic illusions, and the ridiculous dogmas, of statesmen by profession."



DONALD G. MITCHELL

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

Mitchell, Donald Grant, an eminent American writer; born at Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He was graduated at Yale in 1841. In 1844 he went to Europe, where he collected materials for his first book, "Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe" (1847). This and several of his later works appeared under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel." In 1848 he again went to Europe, and was at Paris at the time of the outbreak in June of that year; scenes of which are narrated in his "Battle Summer" (1849). In 1853 he was appointed United States Consul at Venice. In 1855 he bought a farm near New Haven, Conn., which has since been his residence. Besides the books already mentioned, he has published "The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town," which first appeared in weekly numbers (1849); "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850); "Dream-Life" (1851); "My Farm of Edgewood" (1863); "Seven Stories, with a Basement and an Attic" (1864); "Wet Days at Edgewood" (1865); "Dr. Johns," a novel (1866); "Pictures of Edgewood" (1869); "About Old Story-Tellers" (1877); "Daniel Tyler; a Memorial Volume" (1883); "English Lands and Letters" (1889–90); "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" and "American Lands and Letters" (1897).

Smoke — Signifying Doubt.

(From "Reveries of a Bachelor.")

A wife? — thought I — yes, a wife!

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not — why? Why not doubt? why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery — a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket — without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence, and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to mar-

riageship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, and his thought, thenceforward for evermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business — moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful — shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach, without doubtings, that matrimony where, if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour, turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant-working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy; all, alas, will be gone, reduced to the dull standard of actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination — no more gorgeous realm-making — all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little rosy-cheeked ones who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of after reading such pleasant books as Munchhausen or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be — duty, or what not, making provocation — what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say: And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the

lord chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no lord chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man, then, scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Mme. St. Mare, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low and the sky so hot that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture — irremediable, unchangeable — and yet a capture which, by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter — all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again, there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, of fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as friend, to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time "if she is n't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel, and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays and eat up your East Indian sweetmeats, and who are forever tramping over your head or raising the Old Harry below while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised

his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then she will be forever talking of *her* fortune, and pleasantly reminding you on occasion of a favorite purchase — how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy, and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast-time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in such or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill; in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all our income; you will be pestered for pin-money and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one she will stickle about taste — "Sir Visto's" — and want to make this so pretty and that so charming, if she only had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that her children shan't go a-begging for clothes — and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly — not noticeable at first — but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you did n't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip — it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then, to come to breakfast with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say — "Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot, too — not very bad when decently *chausseé;* but now since she 's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet, for all this, to be prigging up for an hour when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts, my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris — "not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough, only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops to eat with your roll!

She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

She has no other, and hopes you 'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins that my wife thinks are "delicious," slipping in dried mouthfuls of burned ham off the side of my fork tines, slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy.

"Ha! ha! not yet!" said I, and in so earnest a tone that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she does n't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she did n't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she did n't positively hate you, and thought you were a respected enough young person; she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book; and insists up on you making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance' sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night; she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale, she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages, she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town. She hates to be mewed up in a cottage or between brick walls; she does *so* love the springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you — at least, she swears it, with her hand on the "Sorrows of Werther." She has pin-money which she spends for the "Literary World" and the "Friends in Council." She is not bad looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *négligé* till three o'clock

and an inkstain on the forefinger be sluttish; but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dogs-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca — an Elzevir — is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist-scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology in lieu of the camphor bottle, or chant the *aἰaî*, *aἰaî*, of tragic chorus.

The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby and Bruyére.

Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke, caught at a twig below, rolled round the mossy oak-stick, twined among the crackling tree-limbs, mounted, lighted up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with smoke, and hope began with flame.

Blaze — Signifying Cheer.

(From "Reveries of a Bachelor.")

I pushed my chair back, drew up another, stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair-arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

Love is a flame, ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation!

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo!" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, turned to looked again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough, after all, to like a dog."

If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you — closer yet — were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams; and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach, and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image — dream, call it rather — would it not be far pleasanter than this cold, single night-sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour you could whisper into listening because loving ears; ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper; ears ever indulgent, because eager to praise; and if your darkest fancies were lighted up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke, how far better than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors, alone, your very dog asleep?

And if, when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes, how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you, coming, you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress or endearing word upon that fondest and most cherished one than in patting your glossy-coated dog or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

Would not benevolence ripen with such a monitor to task it? Would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one? Would not guile shiver and grow weak before that girl-brow and eye of innocence? Would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life renew itself in such a prescnce.

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of

the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God-speed!

Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend, poor fellow, dies. Never mind; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to mourn, it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead, buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

It is more: *she*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes. God has sent His angel, surely!

Your mother, alas for it! she is gone. Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless like this?

But you are not homeless, you are not alone: she is there; her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then, those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now; they are yours. Toss away there on the greensward! Never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world! No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish: flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of

bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down, no lonely moanings and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. The step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn or withdrawn by the magic of that other presence, and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word, away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts, but ever the sad, shaded brow of her whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief — if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat.

So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself, striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness; earth's cares would fly; joys would double; susceptibilities be quickened; love master self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward and upward toward infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower, Great Follower, which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart and the hand of love ever near are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumps, which circleth all, and centereth in all — love infinite and divine!

Kind hands — none but hers — will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it, and her fingers — none but her — will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. Her tears — you could feel no others, if oceans fell — will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then —

The fire fell upon the hearth, the blaze gave a last leap, a flicker, then another, caught a little remaining twig, flashed up, wavered, went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

Ashes — Signifying Desolation.

(From "Reveries of a Bachelor.")

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze as inevitably as death follows life; misery treads on the heels of joy; anguish rides swift after pleasure.

"Come to me, again, Carlo," said I to my dog; and I patted him fondly once more, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasure that, when it passes, leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundance in your solitary heart-life, which, if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart, not solitary, not quieting its humors with mere love of chase or dog, not repressing year after year its earnest yearnings after something better and more spiritual, has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life to another heart, is the casting off easy then?

Is it then only a little heart-redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the blaze, so now it began, under the faint light of the smoldering embers, to picture heart-desolation.

What kind, congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year or two years old!

"Beautiful."

Aye, to be sure, beautiful!

"Rich."

Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart-treasure who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife as a wife only should be loved!

"Young."

Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting: they bring to mind, with new and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step, if it lose not its buoyancy! How you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter! How you tremble at the lustre in those eyes, if it be not the

lustre of death. How you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve, a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home-heights, to look off on the sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep after she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath, soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow, bid you bear it bravely?

Perhaps — the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes — she triumphs over disease.

But poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you on hope, kindling each morning, dying slowly each night, this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stories to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but knowledge is in his brain; and from that brain he draws out faster as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers, and on remembrance he can live for days and weeks. The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain, if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain pelting. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs. If he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo.

He hums old sonnets and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him, and laughs at the world; for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes; the world is mine!

> I care not, Fortune, what you me deny —
> You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve;
> Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
> And I their toys to the great children leave:
> Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

But if not alone?

If she is clinging to you for support, for eonsolation, for home, for life — if she, reared in luxury, perhaps, is faint for bread ?

Then the iron enters the soul ; then the nights darken under any skylight; then the days grow long, even in the solstiee of winter.

She may not eomplain ; what then ?

Will your heart grow strong if the strength of her love ean dam up the fountains of tears and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement ? Will it solaee you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her with begging, foodless ehildren ?

But this ill, strong hands and Heaven's help will put down. Wealth again ; flowers again ; patrimonial aeres again ; brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite ehild, is pining.

Would to God, you say in agony, that wealth eould bring fulness again into that blaneheđ eheek, or round those little thin lips once more ; but it ean not. Thinner and thinner they grow ; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voiee.

" Dear Bessy," and your tones tremble ; you feel that she is on the edge of the grave. Can you pluek her baek ? Can endearments stay her ? Business is heavy away from the loved ehild ; home you go to fondle while yet time is left ; but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She ean not hear you ; she ean not thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then the grassy mound, the cold shadow of the headstone !

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window-panes, and whistles dismally, and in the interval of my reverie I thank God that I am no suеh mourner.

But gayety, snail-footed, ereeps back to the household. All is bright again —

> The violet bed 's not sweeter
> Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rieh and full ; her eheek delieate as a flower ; her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she elasps, frail too, too frail — the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watehed him growing ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore him when he first lisped names — your name and hers — has doubled in strength now that he asks

innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hair-breadth escape by sea or flood that he perhaps may have had, which unstrung your soul to such grief as you pray God may be spared you again, has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousand-fold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all that love has come away from the mound where worms prey, and centres on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half parted, and listen, your ear close to them, if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes — the night, rather — when you can catch no breathing.

Ay, put your hair away; compose yourself; listen again.

No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow, damp indeed, but not with healthful night-sleep; it is not your hand; no, do not deceive yourself; it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again, never play again; he is dead!

Ah, the tears, the tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead or his lip, lest you waken him! Clasp him, clasp him harder; you can not hurt, you can not waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine the limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You philosophize. A grave-yard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh; you pat your dog; it is over. Losses? You retrench; you light your pipe; it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh; you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow, what then?

Can you take down Seneca now, and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a church-yard wall, a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and, seeing him wakeful and kind, say, "It is enough?" Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trials as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eyes your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil and suck up thence strengthening nourishment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of the home-roof; they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you, as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects, alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear, the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects, when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house. Is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail? is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner, no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come, when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile; hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk, even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients, who is to reap the reward? What matter for fame, whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches, whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture-book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines and flowers open out-of-doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her — what memories are in bird songs! You need not shudder at her tears, they are tears of thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies lightly upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home — mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down, her eyes half closed, her breathing slow and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes open; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles, hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says. "God will help you!"

She presses harder your hand. "Adieu!"

A long breath — another. You are alone again. No tears now, poor man! You cannot find them!

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat, and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin, a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it; how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edge saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on; it is your table. You are a housekeeper, a man of family!

Ay, of family! Keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept; what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out!

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into the parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one over against yours — empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand, your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick. Softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after you.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its vials and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

She is not there.

Oh, God! Thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, be kind!

The embers were dark; I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes. How they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks that such desolation had not yet come nigh me, and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In a half hour more I was sleeping soundly. My reverie was ended.

Manly Hope.

(From "Dream Life.")

You are at home again; not your own home, that is gone; but at the home of Nelly and of Frank. The city heats of summer drive you to the country. You ramble, with a little kindling of old desires and memories, over the hill-sides that once bounded your boyish vision. Here you netted the wild rabbits as they came out at dusk to feed; there, upon that tall chestnut, you cruelly maimed your first captive squirrel. The old maples are even now scarred with the rude cuts you gave them in sappy March.

You sit down upon some height overlooking the valley where you were born; you trace the faint, silvery line of river; you detect by the leaning elm your old bathing-place upon the Saturdays of summer. Your eye dwells upon some patches of pasture wood which were famous for their nuts. Your rambling and saddened vision roams over the houses; it traces the familiar chimney-stacks; it searches out the low-lying cottages; it dwells upon the gray roof, sleeping yonder under the sycamores.

Tears swell in your eye as you gaze; you cannot tell whence or why they come. Yet they are tears eloquent of feeling. They speak of brother children, of boyish glee, of the flush of young health, of a mother's devotion, of the home affections, of the vanities of life, of the wasting years, of the death that must shroud what friends remain, as it has shrouded what friends have gone, and of that GREAT HOPE beaming dimly on your seared manhood from the upper world.

Your wealth suffices for all the luxuries of life. There is no fear of coming want; health beats strong in your veins; you have learned to hold a place in the world with a man's strength and a man's confidence. And yet, in the view of those sweet scenes which belonged to early days, when neither strength, confidence, nor wealth was yours — days never to come again — a shade of melancholy broods upon your spirit and covers with its veil all that fieree pride which your worldly wisdom has wrought.

You visit again, with Frank, the country homestead of his grandfather; he is dead; but the old lady still lives; and blind Fanny, now drawing toward womanhood, wears yet through her darkened life the same air of placid content and of sweet trustfulness in Heaven. The boys whom you astounded with your stories of books are gone, building up now with steady industry the queen cities of our western land. The old clergyman is gone from the desk and from under his sounding-board; he sleeps beneath a brown stone slab in the church-yard. The stout deacon is dead; his wig and his wickedness rest together. The tall chorister sings yet, but they have now a bass-viol, handled by a new school-master, in place of his tuning-fork; and the years have sown feeble quavers in his voice.

Once more you meet, at the home of Nelly, the blue-eyed Madge. The sixpence is all forgotten; you cannot tell where your half of it is gone. Yet she is beautiful, just budding into the full ripeness of womanhood. Her eyes have a quiet, still joy, and hope beaming in them like angels' looks. Her motions have a native grace and freedom that no culture can bestow. Her words have a gentle earnestness and honesty that could never nurture guile.

You had thought, after your gay experiences of the world, to meet her with a kind condescension, as an old friend of Nelly's. But there is that in her eye which forbids all thought of condescension. There is that in her air which tells of a high womanly dignity which can only be met on equal ground. Your pride is piqued. She has known — she must know — your history, but it does not tame her. There is no marked and submissive appreciation of your gifts as a man of the world.

She meets your happiest compliments with a very easy indifference; she receives your elegant civilities with a very assured brow. She neither courts your society nor avoids it. She does not seek to provoke any special attention. And only

when your old self glows in some casual kindness to Nelly, does her look beam with a flush of sympathy.

This look touches you. It makes you ponder on the noble heart that lives in Madge. It makes you wish it were yours. But that is gone. The fervor and the honesty of a glowing youth is swallowed up in the flash and splendor of the world. A half regret chases over you at nightfall, when solitude pierces you with a swift dart of gone-by memories. But at morning the regret dies in the glitter of ambitious purposes.

The summer months linger, and still you linger with them. Madge is often with Nelly; and Madge is never less than Madge. You venture to point your attentions with a little more fervor, but she meets the fervor with no glow. She knows too well the habit of your life.

Strange feelings come over you, feelings like half-forgotten memories, musical, dreamy, doubtful. You have seen a hundred faces more brilliant than that of Madge; you have pressed a hundred jewelled hands that have returned a half pressure to yours. You do not exactly admire; to love, you have forgotten; you only — linger!

It is a soft autumn evening, and the harvest moon is red and round over the eastern skirt of woods. You are attending Madge to that little cottage home where lives that gentle and doting mother, who, in the midst of comparative poverty, cherishes that refined delicacy which never comes to a child but by inheritance.

Madge has been passing the day with Nelly. Something — it may be the soft autumn air wafting toward you the freshness of young days — moves you to speak, as you have not ventured to speak — as your vanity has not allowed you to speak before.

"You remember, Madge" (you have guarded this sole token of boyish intimacy), "our split sixpence?"

"Perfectly;" it is a short word to speak, and there is no tremor in her tone — not the slightest.

"You have it yet?"

"I dare say I have it somewhere." No tremor now; she is very composed.

"That was a happy time." Very great emphasis on the word happy.

"Very happy." No emphasis anywhere.

"I sometimes wish I might live it over again."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"There are, after all, no pleasures in the world like those."

"No?" inquiringly again.

You thought you had learned to have language at command. You never thought, after so many years' schooling of the world, that your pliant tongue would play you truant. Yet now you are silent.

The moon steals silvery into the light flakes of cloud, and the air is soft as May. The cottage is in sight. Again you risk utterance: —

"You must live very happily here."

"I have very kind friends." The very is emphasized.

"I am sure Nelly loves you very much."

"Oh, I believe it!" With great earnestness.

You are at the cottage door.

"Good-night, Maggie." Very feelingly.

"Good-night, Clarence." Very kindly; and she draws her hand coyly and half tremulously from your somewhat fevered grasp.

You stroll away dreamily, watching the moon, running over your fragmentary life, half moody, half pleased, half hopeful.

You come back stealthily, and with a heart throbbing with a certain wild sense of shame, to watch the light gleaming in the cottage. You linger in the shadows of the trees until you catch a glimpse of her figure gliding past the window. You bear the image home with you. You are silent on your return. You retire early, but you do not sleep early.

If you were only as you were! If it were not too late! If Madge could only love you as you know she will and must love one manly heart, there would be a world of joy opening before you.

You draw out Nelly to speak of Madge. Nelly is very prudent. "Madge is a dear girl," she says. Does Nelly even distrust you? It is a sad thing to be too much a man of the world.

You go back again to noisy, ambitious life. You try to drown old memories in its blaze and its vanities. Your lot seems cast beyond all change, and you task yourself with its noisy fulfilment. But, amid the silence and toil of your office hours, a strange desire broods over your spirit — a desire for more of manliness, that manliness which feels itself a protector of loving and trustful innocence.

You look around upon the faces on which you have smiled unmeaning smiles. There is nothing there to feed your dawning desires. You meet with those ready to court you by flattering your vanity, by retailing the praises of what you may do well, by odious familiarity, by brazen proffers of friendship; but you see in it only the emptiness and the vanity which you have studied to enjoy.

Sickness comes over you and binds you for weary days and nights, in which life hovers doubtfully, and the lips babble secrets that you cherish. It is astonishing how disease clips a man from the artificialities of the world. Lying lonely upon his bed, moaning, writhing, suffering, his soul joins on to the universe of souls by only natural bonds. The factitious ties of wealth, of place, of reputation, vanish from his bleared eyes, and the earnest heart deep under all craves only heartiness.

The old yearning of the office silence comes back, not with the proud wish only of being a protector, but of being protected. And whatever may be the trust in that beneficient Power who "chasteneth whom He loveth," there is yet an earnest human leaning toward some one whose love most, and whose duty least, would call her to your side; whose soft hands would cool the fever of yours, whose step would wake a throb of joy, whose voice would tie you to life, and whose presence would make the worst of death an adieu.

As you gain strength once more, you go back to Nelly's home. Her kindness does not falter; every care and attention belong to you there. Again your eye rests upon that figure of Madge, and upon her face, wearing an even gentler expression as she sees you sitting pale and feeble by the old hearthstone. She brings flowers for Nelly. You beg Nelly to place them upon the little table at your side. It is as yet the only taste of the country that you can enjoy. You love those flowers.

After a time you grow strong, and walk in the fields. You linger until nightfall. You pass by the cottage where Madge lives. It is your pleasantest walk. The trees are greenest in that direction, the shadows are softest, the flowers are thickest.

It is strange, this feeling in you. It is not the feeling you had for Laura Dalton. It does not even remind you of that. That was an impulse, but this is growth. That was strong, but this is strength. You catch sight of her little notes to

Nelly; you read them over and over; you treasure them; you learn them by heart. There is something in the very writing that touches you.

You bid her adieu with tones of kindness that tremble and that meet a half-trembling tone in reply. She is very good.

If it were not too late!

Manly Love.

(From "Dream Life.")

And shall pride yield at length?

Pride! and what has love to do with pride? Let us see how it is.

Madge is poor; she is humble. You are rich; you are a man of the world; you are met respectfully by the veterans of fashion; you have gained perhaps a kind of brilliancy of position.

Would it then be a condescension to love Madge? Dare you ask yourself such a question? Do you not know, in spite of your worldliness, that the man or the woman who *condescends* to love never loves in earnest?

But again, Madge is possessed of a purity, a delicacy, and a dignity that lift her far above you, that makes you feel your weakness and your unworthiness; and it is the deep and the mortifying sense of this unworthiness that makes you bolster yourself upon your pride. You *know* that you do yourself honor in loving such grace and goodness; you know that you would be honored tenfold more than you deserve in being loved by so much grace and goodness.

It scarce seems to you possible; it is a joy too great to be hoped for; and, in the doubt of its attainment, your old worldly vanity comes in and tells you to beware, and to live on in the splendor of your dissipation and in the lusts of your selfish habit. Yet still, underneath all, there is a deep, low heart-voice, quickened from above, which assures you that you are capable of better things; that you are not wholly lost; that a mine of unstarted tenderness still lies smouldering in your soul.

And with this sense quickening your better nature, you venture the wealth of your whole heart-life upon the hope that now blazes on your path.

You are seated at your desk, working with such zeal of labor

as your ambitious projects never could command. It is a letter to Margaret Boyne that so tasks your love and makes the veins upon your forehead swell with the earnestness of the employment.

"DEAR MADGE, — May I not call you thus, if only in memory of our childish affections, and might I dare to hope that a riper affection, which your character has awakened, may permit me to call you thus always?

"If I have not ventured to speak, dear Madge, will you not believe that the consciousness of my own ill-desert has tied my tongue; will you not, at least, give me credit for a little remaining modesty of heart? You know my life and you know my character — what a sad jumble of errors and of misfortunes have belonged to each. You know the careless and the vain purposes which have made me recreant to the better nature which belonged to that sunny childhood when we lived and grew up together. And will you not believe me when I say that your grace of character and kindness of heart have drawn me back from the follies in which I lived and quickened new desires which I thought to be wholly dead? Can I indeed hope that you will overlook all that has gained your secret reproaches, and confide in a heart which is made conscious of better things by the love you have inspired?

"Ah, Madge, it is not with a vain show of words, or with any counterfeit feeling, that I write now; you know it is not; you know that my heart is leaning toward you with the freshness of its noblest instincts; you know that — I love you!

"Can I, dare I hope that it is not spoken in vain? I had thought, in my pride, never to make such avowal, never again to sue for affection; but your gentleness, your modesty, your virtues of life and heart, have conquered me. I am sure you will treat me with the generosity of a victor.

"You know my weaknesses; I would not conceal from you a single one, even to win you. I can offer nothing to you which will bear comparison in value with what is yours to bestow. I can only offer this feeble hand of mine to guard you, and this poor heart to love you.

"Am I rash? Am I extravagant in word or in hope? Forgive it then, dear Madge, for the sake of our childish affection, and believe me when I say that what is here written is written honestly and tearfully. Adieu."

It is with no fervor of boyish passion that you fold this letter; it is with the trembling hand of eager and earnest manhood. They tell you that man is not capable of love; so the September sun is not capable of warmth. It may not indeed be so fierce as that of July, but it is steadier. It does not force great flaunting leaves into breadth and succulence, but it matures whole harvests of plenty.

There is a deep and earnest soul pervading the reply of Madge that makes it sacred; it is full of delicacy and full of hope. Yet it is not final. Her heart lies intrenched within the ramparts of duty and of devotion. It is a citadel of strength in the middle of the city of her affections. To win the way to it there must be not only earnestness of love but earnestness of life.

Weeks roll by, and other letters pass and are answered, a glow of warmth beaming on either side.

You are again at the home of Nelly; she is very joyous; she is the confidant of Madge. Nelly feels that, with all your errors, you have enough inner goodness of heart to make Madge happy; and she feels doubly that Madge has such excess of goodness as will cover your heart with joy. Yet she tells you very little. She will give you no full assurance of the love of Madge; she leaves that for yourself to win.

She will even tease you, in her pleasant way, until hope almost changes to despair, and your brow grows pale with the dread that even now your unworthiness may condemn you.

It is summer weather, and you have been walking over the hills of home with Madge and Nelly. Nelly has found some excuse to leave you, glancing at you most teasingly as she hurries away.

You are left sitting with Madge upon a bank tufted with blue violets. You have been talking of the days of childhood, and some word has called up the old chain of boyish feeling and joined it to your new hope.

What you would say crowds too fast for utterance, and you abandon it. But you take from your pocket that little broken bit of sixpence which you have found after long search, and without a word, but with a look that tells your inmost thought, you lay it in the half-opened hand of Madge.

She looks at you with a slight suffusion of color, seems to hesitate for a moment, raises her other hand and draws from her bosom, by a bit of blue ribbon, a little locket. She touches the

spring, and there falls beside your relic another that had once belonged to it. Hope glows now like the sun.

"And you have worn this, Maggie?"

"Always."

"Dear Madge!"

"Dear Clarence!"

And you pass your arm, now unchecked, around that yielding, graceful figure, and fold her to your bosom with the swift and blessed assurance that your fullest and noblest dream of love is won.

Cheer and Children.

(From "Dream Life.")

What a glow there is to the sun! What warmth, yet it does not oppress you; what coolness, yet it is not too cool. The birds sing sweetly; you catch yourself watching to see what new songsters they can be. They are only the old robins and thrushes, yet what a new melody is in their throats!

The clouds hang gorgeous shapes upon the sky, shapes they could hardly ever have fashioned before. The grass was never so green, the butter-cups were never so plenty; there was never such a life in the leaves. It seems as if the joyousness in you gave a throb to nature that made every green thing buoyant.

Faces too are changed; men look pleasantly; children are all charming children; even babies look tender and lovable. The street beggar at your door is suddenly grown into a Belisarius, and is one of the most deserving heroes of modern times. Your mind is in a continued ferment; you glide through your toil, dashing out sparkles of passion, like a ship in the sea. No difficulty daunts you. There is a kind of buoyancy in your soul that rocks over danger or doubt as sea-waves heave calmly and smoothly over sunken rocks.

You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are earnest in your search of friends; you shake hands with your office-boy as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washer-woman, and give her a shilling overchange, and insist upon her keeping it, and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your hackman on the shoulder very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow, and don't allow him to whip his horses except when driving to the post-office. You even ask him in to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening.

You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife, whereupon you think him a very miserable man, and give him a dollar by way of consolation.

You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written, whether upon your side or upon the other. You think the stock-market has a very cheerful look, even with Eric, of which you are a large holder, down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest.

You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers as your saunter along the street, and say, but not so loud as to be overheard, "She is mine! she is mine!"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one half as well as you love Madge? You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men and borne off like the Sabine women in Romish history. You chuckle over your future like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpences. You read over the marriage service, thinking of the time when you will take *her* hand and slip the ring upon *her* finger, and repeat after the clergyman, "for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse." A great deal of "worse" there will be about it, you think!

Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge, as light cleaves to day. The weeks leap with a bound, and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are tame.

And after marriage the weeks are even shorter than before. You wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them all as a travelled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage-garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers, and look upon their wives, ugly as they may be, as better than none.

You blush a little, at first telling your butcher what "your wife" would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he *knows* that you are a married man. You practise your new way of talk upon your office-boy; you tell him that "your wife" expects you home to dinner, and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it.

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married, and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for "self and wife." You wonder if anybody was ever so happy before, or ever will be so happy again.

You enter your name upon the hotel books as "Clarence —— and lady," and come back to look at it, wondering if anybody else has noticed it, and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You can not help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife, nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber door at night.

Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be: quiet, small, with everything she wishes and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way; the piano is the sweetest-toned in the world; the library is stocked to a charm; and Madge, that blessed wife, is there adorning and giving life to it all. To think even of her possible death is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the Inquisition. You grow twain of heart and of purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage, and you wonder how you ever wore them before.

So a year and more wears off of mingled home-life, visiting, and travel. A new hope and joy lightens home. There is a child there.

What a joy to be a father! What new emotions crowd the eye with tears, and make the hand tremble! What a benevolence radiates from you toward the nurse, toward the physician, toward everybody! What a holiness and sanctity of love grows upon your old devotion to that wife of your bosom, the mother of your child!

The excess of joy seems almost to blur the stories of happiness which attach to heaven. You are now joined, as you were never joined before, to the great family of man. Your name and blood will live after you; nor do you once think (what father can?) but that it will live honorably and well.

With what a new air you walk the streets! With what a triumph you speak in your letter to Nelly of "your family!" Who, that has not felt it, knows what it is to be "a man of family!"

How weak now seem all the imaginations of your single life! What bare, dry skeletons of the reality they furnished! You

pity the poor fellows who have no wives or children, from your soul. You count their smiles as empty smiles, put on to cover the lack that is in them. There is a free-masonry among fathers that they know nothing of. You compassionate them deeply. You think them worthy objects of some charitable association; you would cheerfully buy tracts for them if they would but read them — tracts on marriage and children.

And then "the boy" — *such* a boy!

There was a time when you thought all babies very much alike. Alike? Is your boy like anything except the wonderful fellow that he is? Was there ever a baby seen, or even read of, like that baby?

Look at him. Pick him up in his long white gown. He may have an excess of color; but such a pretty color! He is a little pouty about the mouth; but such a mouth! His hair *is* a little scant, and he is rather wandering in the eye; but, good heavens, what an eye!

There was a time when you thought it very absurd for fathers to talk about their children; but it does not seem at all absurd now. You think on the contrary that your old friends who used to sup with you at the club would be delighted to know how your baby is getting on, and how much he measures around the calf of the leg. If they pay you a visit you are quite sure they are in an agony to see Frank, and you hold the little squirming fellow in your arms, half conscience-smitten for provoking them to such envy as they must be suffering. You make a settlement upon the boy with a chuckle, as if you were treating yourself to a mint-julep instead of conveying away a few thousands of seven per cents.

Then the boy develops astonishingly. What a head — what a foot — what a voice! And he is so quiet withal; never known to cry except under such provocation as would draw tears from a heart of adamant; in short, for the first six months, he is never anything but gentle, patient, earnest, loving, intellectual, and magnanimous. You are half afraid that some of the physicians will be reporting the case as one of the most remarkable instances of perfect moral and physical development on record.

But the years roll on, in the which your extravagant fancies die into the earnest maturity of a father's love. You struggle gayly with the cares that life brings to your door. You feel the strength of three beings in your single arm, and feel your

heart warming toward God and man with the added warmth of two other loving and trustful beings.

How eagerly you watch the first tottering step of that boy! How you riot in the joy and pride that swell in that mother's eyes as they follow his feeble, staggering motion! Can God bless His creatures more than He has blessed that dear Madge and you? Has Heaven even richer joys than live in that home of yours?

By and by he speaks, and minds tie together by language as the hearts have long tied by looks. He wanders with you feebly, and with slow, wondering paces, upon the verge of the great universe of thought. His little eye sparkles with some vague fancy that comes upon him first by language. Madge teaches him the words of affection and of thankfulness; and she teaches him to lisp infant prayers, and by secret pains (how could she be so secret?) instructs him in some little phrase of endearment that she knows will toueh your heart; and then she watches your coming; and the little fellow runs toward you and warbles out his lesson of love in tones that forbid you any answer save only those brimming eyes turned first on her and then on him, and poorly concealed by the quick embrace and the kisses which you shower in transport.

Still slip on the years like brimming bowls of nectar. Another Madge is sister to Frank; and a little Nelly is younger sister to this other Madge.

Three of them; a charmed and mystic number, which, if it be broken in these young days, as, alas! it may be, will only yield a cherub angel to float over you, and to float over them, to wean you and to wean them from this world, where all joys do perish, to that seraph world where joys do last forever.

A Dream of Darkness.

(From "Dream Life.")

Is our life a sun that it should radiate light and heat for ever? Do not the calmest and brightest days of autumn show clouds that drift their ragged edges over the golden disk, and bear down swift with their weight of vapors until the whole sun's surface is shrouded, and you can see no shadow of tree or flower upon the land because of the greater and gulping shadow of the cloud?

Will not life bear me out; will not truth, earnest and stern

around me, make good the terrible imagination that now comes swooping heavily and darkly upon my brain?

You are living in a little village not far away from the city. It is a graceful and luxurious home that you possess. The holly and the laurel gladden its lawn in winter, and bowers of blossoms sweeten it through all the summer. You know, each day of your return from the town, where first you will catch sight of that graceful figure flitting like a shadow of love beneath the trees. You know well where you will meet the joyous and noisy welcome of stout Frank and of tottling Nelly. Day after day, and week after week, they fail not.

A friend sometimes attends you; and a friend to you is always a friend to Madge. In the city you fall in once more with your old acquaintance Dalton, the graceful, winning, yet dissolute man that his youth promised. He wishes to see your cottage home. Your heart half hesitates, yet it seems folly to cherish distrust of a boon companion in so many of your revels.

Madge receives him with that sweet smile which welcomes all your friends. He gains the heart of Frank by talking of his toys and of his pigeons, and he wins upon the tenderness of the mother by his attentions to the child. Even you repent of your passing shadow of dislike, and feel your heart warming toward him as he takes little Nelly in his arms and provokes her joyous prattle.

Madge is unbounded in her admiration of your friend. He renews, at your solicitation, his visit. He proves kinder than ever, and you grow ashamed of your distrust.

Madge is not learned in the arts of a city life; the accomplishments of a man of the world are almost new to her. She listens with eagerness to Dalton's graphic stories of foreign fêtes and luxury. She is charmed with his clear, bold voice, and with his manly execution of little operatic airs.

She is beautiful, that wife who has made your heart whole by its division — fearfully beautiful. And she is not cold or impassive; her heart, though fond and earnest, is yet human. We are all human. The accomplishments and graces of the world must needs take hold upon her fancy. And a fear creeps over you that you dare not whisper that those graces may cast into the shade your own yearning and silent tenderness.

But this is a selfish fear that you think you have no right to cherish. She takes pleasure in the society of Dalton; what

right have you to say her nay? His character indeed is not altogether such as you could wish, but will it not be selfish to tell her even this? Will it not be even worse, and show taint of a lurking suspicion which you know would wound her grievously? You struggle with your distrust by meeting him more kindly than ever. Yet, at times, there will steal over you a sadness which that dear Madge detects, and sorrowing in her turn, tries to draw away from you by the touching kindness of sympathy. Her look and manner kill all your doubt, and you show that it is gone, and piously conceal the cause by welcoming in gayer tones than ever the man who has fostered it by his presence.

Business calls you away to a great distance from home. It is the first long parting of your real manhood. And can suspicion or a fear lurk amid those tearful embraces? Not one, thank God, not one.

Your letters, frequent and earnest, bespeak your increased devotion; and the embraces you bid her give to the sweet ones of your little flock tell of the calmness and sufficiency of your love. Her letters too are running over with affection. What though she mentions the frequent visits of Dalton, and tells stories of his kindness and attachment? You feel safe in her strength; and yet — yet there is a brooding terror that rises out of your knowledge of Dalton's character.

And can you tell her this: can you stab her fondness, now that you are away, with even a hint of what would crush her delicate nature?

What you know to be love and what you fancy to be duty struggle long; but love conquers. And with sweet trust in her, and double trust in God, you await your return. That return will be speedier than you think.

You receive one day a letter. It is addressed in the hand of a friend who is often at the cottage, but who has rarely written to you. What can have tempted him now? Has any harm come near your home? No wonder your hands tremble at the opening of that sheet; no wonder your eyes run like lightning over the hurried lines. Yet there is little in them, very little. The hand is stout and fair. It is a calm letter, a friendly letter; but it is short, terribly short. It bids you come home "*at once!*"

And you go. It is a pleasant country you have to travel through; but you see very little of the country. It is a danger-

ous voyage, perhaps, you have to make; but you think very little of the danger. The creaking of the timbers and the lashing of the waves are quieting music compared with the storm of your raging fears. All the while you associate Dalton with the terror that seems to hang over you; and yet your trust in Madge is true as Heaven.

At length you approach that home; there lies your cottage lying sweetly upon its hill-side, and the autumn winds are soft, and the maple-tops sway gracefully, all clothed in the scarlet of their frost-dress. Once again, as the sun sinks behind the mountain with a trail of glory, and the violet haze tints the gray clouds like so many robes of angels, you take heart and courage, and with firm reliance on the Providence that fashions all forms of beauty, whether in heaven or in heart, your fears spread out and vanish with the waning twilight.

She is not at the cottage door to meet you; she does not expect you; and yet your bosom heaves and your breathing is quick. Your friend meets you and shakes your hand. "Clarence," he says, with the tenderness of an old friend, "be a man!"

Alas, you are a man, with a man's heart and a man's fear and a man's agony. Little Frank comes bounding towards you joyously, yet under traces of tears. "Oh, papa, mother is gone!"

"Gone!" And you turn to the face of your friend; it is well he is near by, or you would have fallen.

He can tell you very little; he has known the character of Dalton; he has seen with fears his assiduous attentions, tenfold multiplied since your leave. He has trembled for the issue. This very morning he observed a travelling carriage at the door; they drove away together. You have no strength to question him. You see that he fears the worst. He does not know Madge so well as you.

And can it be? Are you indeed widowed with that most terrible of widowhoods? Is your wife living, and yet lost? Talk not to such a man of the woes of sickness, of poverty, of death; he will laugh at your mimicry of grief.

All is blackness; whichever way you turn, it is the same, there is no light; your eye is put out; your soul is desolate forever. The heart, by which you had grown up into the full stature of joy and blessing, is rooted out of you and thrown like something loathsome at which the carrion dogs of the world scent and snuffle.

They will point at you as the man who has lost all that he prized; and she has stolen it whom he prized more than what was stolen. And he, the accursed miscreant — But no, it can never be. Madge is as true as Heaven!

Yet she is not there. Whence comes the light that is to cheer you?

Your children?

Ay, your children — your little Nelly, your noble Frank, they are yours, doubly, trebly, tenfold yours now that she, their mother, is a mother no more to them forever!

Ay, close your doors; shut out the world; draw close your curtains; fold them to your heart, your crushed, bleeding, desolate heart. Lay your forehead to the soft cheek of your noble boy; beware, beware how you dampen that damask cheek with your scalding tears! Yet you cannot help it; they fall, great drops, a river of tears, as you gather him convulsively to your bosom.

"Father, why do you cry so?" says Frank, with the tears of dreadful sympathy starting from those eyes of childhood.

"Why, papa?" mimes little Nelly.

Answer them if you dare. Try it; what words, blundering, weak words, choked with agony, leading nowhere, ending in new and convulsive clasps of your weeping, motherless children!

Had she gone to her grave, there would have been a holy joy, a great and swelling grief indeed; but your poor heart would have found rest in the quiet church-yard, and your feelings, rooted in that cherished grave, would have stretched up toward Heaven their delicate leaves and caught the dews of His grace who watcheth the lilies. But now, with your heart cast under foot, or buffeted on the lips of a lying world, finding no shelter and no abiding-place — alas, we do guess at infinitude only by suffering!

Madge, Madge! can this be so? Are you not still the same sweet, guileless child of Heaven?

Peace.

(From "Dream Life.")

It is a dream, fearful, to be sure, but only a dream. Madge *is* true. That soul is honest; it could not be otherwise. God never made it to be false; He never made the sun for darkness.

And before the evening has waned to midnight, sweet day has broken on your gloom, Madge is folded to your bosom, sobbing fearfully — not for guilt, or any shadow of guilt, but for the agony she reads upon your brow and in your low sighs.

The mystery is all cleared by a few lightning words from her indignant lips, and her whole figure trembles as she shrinks within your embrace with the thought of that great evil that seemed to shadow you. The villain has sought by every art to beguile her into appearance which should compromise her character and so wound her delicacy as to take away the courage for return. He has even wrought upon her affection for you as his master-weapon: a skilfully contrived story of some accident that had befallen you had wrought upon her to the sudden and silent leaving of home. But he has failed. At the first suspicion of his falsity, her dignity and virtue shivered all his malice. She shudders at the bare thought of that fiendish scheme which has so lately broken on her view.

"Oh, Clarence, Clarence! could you for one moment believe this of me?"

"Dear Madge, forgive me if a dreamy horror did for an instant palsy my better thought; it is gone utterly, it will never, never come again!"

And there she leans with her head pillowed on your shoulder, the same sweet angel that has led you in the way of light, and who is still your blessing and your pride.

He — and you forbear to name his name — is gone; flying vainly from the consciousness of guilt, with the curse of Cain upon him hastening toward the day when Satan shall eluteh his own.

A heavenly peace descends upon you that night all the more sacred and calm for the fearful agony that has come before. A Heaven that seemed lost is yours. A love that you had almost doubted is beyond all suspicion. A heart that, in the madness of your frenzy, you had dared to question, you worship now with blushes of shame. You thank God for this great goodness as you never thanked Him for any earthly blessing before; and with this twin gratitude lying on your hearts and clearing your faces to smiles, you live on together the old life of joy and of affection.

Again with brimming nectar the years fill up their vases. Your children grow into the same earnest joyousness and

with the same home faith which lightened upon your young dreams, and toward which you seem to go back as you riot with them in their Christmas joys or upon the velvety lawn of June.

Anxieties indeed overtake you, but they are those anxieties which only the selfish would avoid — anxieties that better the heart with a great weight of tenderness. It may be that your mischievous Frank runs wild with the swift blood of boyhood, and that the hours are long which wait his coming. It may be that your heart echoes in silence the mother's sobs as she watches his fits of waywardness and showers upon his very neglect excess of love.

Danger, perhaps, creeps upon little joyous Nelly, which makes you tremble for her life; the mother's tears are checked that she may not deepen your grief, and her care guards the little sufferer like a Providence. The nights hang long and heavy; dull, stifled breathing wakes the chamber with ominous sound; the mother's eye scarce closes, but rests with fond sadness upon the little struggling victim of sickness; her hand rests like an angel touch upon the brow all beaded with the heats of fever; the straggling gray light of morning breaks through the crevices of the closed blinds, bringing stir and bustle to the world, but in your home lighting only the darkness.

Hope, sinking in the mother's heart, takes hold on faith in God, and her prayer and her placid look of submission, more than all your philosophy, add strength to your faltering courage.

But little Nelly brightens; her faded features take on bloom again; she knows you; she presses your hand; she draws down your cheek to her parched lips; she kisses you and smiles. The mother's brow loses its shadow; day dawns within as well as without, and on bended knees God is thanked.

Perhaps poverty faces you; your darling schemes break down. One by one, with failing heart, you strip the luxuries from life. But the sorrow which oppresses you is not the selfish sorrow which the lone man feels; it is far nobler; its chiefest mourning is over the despoiled home. Frank must give up his promised travel; Madge must lose her favorite pony; Nelly must be denied her fête upon the lawn. The home itself, endeared by so many scenes of happiness, and by so many of suffering, must be given up. It is hard, very hard to tear away your wife from the flowers, the birds, the luxuries that she has made so dear.

Now she is far stronger than you. She contrives new joys; she wears a holy calm; she cheers by a new hopefulness; she buries even the memory of luxury in the riches of the humble home that her wealth of heart endows. Her soul, catching radiance from that heavenly world where her hope lives, kindles amid the glowing shadows and sheds balm upon the little griefs, like the serene moon slanting the dead sun's life upon the night.

Courage wakes in the presence of those dependent on your toil. Love arms your hand and quickens your brain. Resolutions break large from the swelling soul. Energy leaps into your action like light. Gradually you bring back into your humble home a few traces of the luxury that once adorned it. That wife, whom it is your greatest pleasure to win to smiles, wears a half-sad look as she meets these proofs of love; she fears that you are perilling too much for her pleasure.

For the first time in life you deceive her. You have won wealth again; you now step firmly upon your new-gained sandals of gold. But you conceal it from her. You contrive a little scheme of surprise with Frank alone in secret.

You purchase again the old home; you stock it, as far as may be, with the old luxuries; a new harp is in the place of that one which beguiled so many hours of joy; new and cherished flowers bloom again upon the window; her birds hang and warble their melody where they warbled it before. A pony, like as possible to the old, is there for Madge; a fête is secretly contrived upon the lawn. You even place the old familiar books upon the parlor table.

The birthday of your own Madge is approaching, a fête you never pass by without home rejoicings. You drive over with her upon that morning for another look at the old place; a cloud touches her brow, but she yields to your wish. An old servant whom you had known in better days throws open the gates.

"It is too, too sad," says Madge. "Let us go back, Clarence, to our own home; we are happy there."

"A little further, Madge."

The wife steps slowly over what seems the sepulchre of so many pleasures; the children gambol as of old, and pick flowers. But the mother checks them.

"They are not ours now, my children."

You stroll to the very door; the goldfinches are hanging

upon the wall; the mignonette is in the window. You feel the hand of Madge trembling upon your arm; she is struggling with her weakness.

A tidy waiting-woman shows you into the old parlor. There is a harp; and there, too, such books as we loved to read.

Madge is overcome; now she entreats: "Let us go away, Clarence." And she hides her face.

"Never, dear Madge! never! It is yours — all yours!"

She looks up in your face; she sees your look of triumph; she catches sight of Frank bursting in at the old hall door, all radiant with joy.

"Frank! Clarence!" The tears forbid any more.

"God bless you, Madge! God bless you!"

And thus, in peace and in joy, MANHOOD passes on into the third season of our life, even as golden AUTUMN sinks slowly into the tomb of WINTER.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

Mitchell, Silas Weir, an American physician, novelist, and writer on medical subjects; born in Philadelphia, February 15, 1829. He was graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1850. He first gained distinction by his investigations of the venom of serpents. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and numerous other scientific institutions. He has published several valuable professional works, among them "Wear and Tear," "Rest in the Treatment of Nervous Disease," and "Doctor and Patient," the last of which appeared in 1888. A volume containing three stories, "Hephzibah Guinness," "Thee and You," and "A Draft on the Bank of Spain," was published in 1880. Dr. Mitchell has since put forth three novels, "In War Time" (1884); "Roland Blake" (1886), and "Far in the Forest" (1889); a volume of fairy-tales, entitled "Prince Little Boy" (1887), and the volumes of poems, "The Hill of Stones" (1882), "The Masque, and Other Poems" (1888), and "The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems" (1889). His most recent works include "A Psalm of Deaths, and Other Poems" (1890); "Francis Drake, a Tragedy of the Sea" (1892); "The Mother, and Other Poems" (1892); "Characteristics" (1893); "When all the Woods are Green" (1894); "Philip Vernon" (1895); "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" (1897); and "The Adventures of François" (1898).

The Duel.[1]

(From "Thee and You.")

One morning Schmidt proposed to me that we should walk up the Schuylkill to the Falls; and as I was always glad of his company, we set out after our one-o'clock dinner. Where we walked by ponds and green fields and gardens the great city has come and left no spot unfilled; but now, as then, above Fairmount the river rolled broad between grassy hills and bold rocky points. We hailed a boatman just below Callowhill Street, and being set on the far side went away northward along the

[1] Copyright, 1880, by the J. B. Lippincott Co. Used by permission.

THE RIVER ROAD

(*Schuylkill River, Philadelphia*)

river-marge. It was lovely then: it is so to-day. We walked on, leaving above us on the bank the sloping lawns of Solitude, Sweetbrier's, Eaglesfield, and at last Belmont, and, now by the water-side and now under the overhanging catalpas of the "River Road," came at last to the "Falls." In those days a vast rock extended two-thirds of the way across from the west side, and so dammed up the waters that they broke in foam through the narrow gap on the east, and fell noisily about six feet in a hundred and fifty yards. The rock, I recall well, was full of potholes, and there was one known from its shape as Devil Foot. Of all this there is to-day nothing left, the dam at Fairmount having hidden it under water, but in those times the view from the rock took in a lovely sweep of river down to Peter's Island and far beyond it.

That was a day to remember, and it brought out all that was most curious and quaint and sincere in my German friend. It was mid-October, and a haze which was gray or gold as shade or sun prevailed lay moveless everywhere.

Said Sehmidt to me, basking on the rock, "Have you learned yet to look with curiousness at this pretty Nature which for us dresses with nice changes all the days?"

His speech often puzzled me, and I said as much this time.

"It is my bad English which I have when I try not to talk my Spenser or my Shakespeare, to which I went to school. It was not a mystery I meant. I would but this say, that it is gainful of what is most sweet in living to have got that wise nearness of love to Nature. Well! and I am not yet understood? So let it be. When a music which pleases you is heard, is it that it fills up full your throat some way and overflows your eyes?"

I was ever sensitive to harmony, and could follow him now. I said, "Yes, there are songs which are most sweet to me,—which so move me that I scarce hear them willingly."

"Thus," he said, "I am stirred by the great orchestra of color which is here, but music I know not. How strange is that! And if," he said, "you were to shut your eyes, what is it in this loveliness would stay with you?"

"Oh, but," said I, "no one thing makes it lovely. It is not only color, but sounds, like this rush of water at our feet."

"It is as you say," replied Sehmidt. "And what a sweet-tempered day, with a gray haziness and a not unkindly coolness to the air where the sun is not!"

"A day like Priscilla," I said, demurely.

"Yes," he replied, "that was well said, — like Priscilla. How lovely sad that is," he went on, "to see the leaves shiver in the wind and rain all reds and golds through the air! And do you see this picture behind us, where is that great green fir, and around it to the top, like a flame, the scarlet of your Virginia creeper? And below these firs on the ground is a carpet, — a carpet all colors near, and gray pinks to us far away; and under the maples what you call, — ach! the wild words which fail me, — fine broken-up gold and red bits. It is what you call stippled, I mean."

"And the curled leaves afloat," I said, "how pretty they are."

"And the brown sedges," he added, "and the crumpled brown ferns, and over them the great splendid masses of color, which do laugh at a painter!"

Then we were silent a while, and the blue smoke went up in spirals from Schmidt's meerschaum. At last he said, in his odd, abrupt way, "To talk helps to think. This is a strange coil we have about our good Priscilla. I have been going it over in my own mind."

"I understand it so little," said I, "that I am unable to help you. Can you tell me more of it than I know already?"

"And why not?" said Schmidt, frankly. "This is it — "

"But stop!" said I. "If it involves other folks' secrets, I do not want to know it."

"That is my business," returned Schmidt, deliberately filling his pipe. "What I do I settle with my own conscience if I have any; which I know not clearly. How amazing some day to be called to an account for it, and then to put hands in the moral pockets and say, 'Where is it?' Let me talk my dark thoughts out to daylight."

"Well, then," I said, laughing, "go on."

"And first of Oldmixon. There is, I have come to know, a black history of this man in the war. Our good Wholesome was in the way to help him with money, so much that to pay he could not. Then is there a not nice story of a shipwreck, and boats too full, and women which he would throw overboard or not take in from a sinking ship, and sharp words and a quarrel with Wholesome, and these followed by a stab in the darkness, and a good man over in a raging sea and no more seen of men."

"Good Heavens!" said I: "do you mean he stabbed Wholesome?"

"It is so," he replied.

"And then?" said I.

"Next," he said, "is some foul horror of women shrieking lonely on a vessel's deck over which go the wailing seas. But this Wholesome is by a miracle afloat for hours on a spar, and saved by a passing ship."

"But knowing all this," I said, "why does he not tell it and drive the wretch away?"

"Because," returned Schmidt, "there is another side, — of a little Quaker girl, the ward of Nicholas Oldmixon, who is on a time before this saved from great peril of fear more than of death by this man, John Oldmixon, and then such love between them as may be betwixt a fair woman and a foul man."

"But," said I, "this does not seem enough to make our present tangle."

"Assuredly never," he went on. "But also the man takes to worse ways, and to the woman's girl-love comes later her belief that here is a soul to save. And, come what will, she, when he has fled away, writes letters in which she makes foolish promise to marry him when he comes back."

"But will she keep such an absurd promise?" I said.

"Is she a woman?" he answered. "There is a creature mingled of angel and fool which will do this thing, and let no man stop her."

"But," I added, "you have not told me why Wholesome does not go to the recorder and tell his story, and have the scoundrel arrested."

"Ah, true!" he said. "A day more and the thing would have been; but the beast, well warned by our foolish Quaker war-man, goes swiftly to Priscilla and is penitent over again, and will she save him?"

"And then?" said I.

"This Quaker woman turns my man Wholesome her finger around, and says, 'God has set me the task to marry this man, John Oldmixon, and save his soul alive,' — whatever that may mean, — and so she has Wholesome's good promise that he will leave the wretch to her and his conscience forever."

"And so it ends," said I, "and Priscilla is a dead woman. If I were Wholesome, I would save her despite herself, even if she never married me."

"But you are not Richard Wholesome," he returned. "There is half of him Quaker and half a brave gentleman, and all of him the bond-slave of a woman's foolish will."

"Then is it a tale told?" I said.

"Hardly do I know," replied Schmidt, rising. "There are two ends to all things. Let us go: the twilight falls, and how lovely is the golden light on the yellow hickories yonder!"

And so we strolled homeward lazily, the chill October evening air growing damper and the twilight well upon us before we reached the city.

Just as we were come to our own door, Schmidt, who had been long silent, stopped me and said, "There is a thing I would say to you for lack of an elder to listen. But first make me a promise that no man's ear shall get the value of what I have said to you."

"I will tell no one," I answered.

Then he paused: "This more I want of you. I have much weighed it before I thought to put on one so young what may come to be a burden; but also there is none else. Some time if that I send or write for you to follow me, do it swiftly as I may direct. Will you?"

I said yes with a sense that it was to one of my bringing up a little too romantic, and so far absurd; yet his tone was earnest, and even sad, and I therefore took care not to smile.

"That is all," he returned; and we went in.

All that time is broken up for me into distinct scenes like a play, some of them, as I said before, having the clearness of pictures, being like these but the scenes of a moment. The days and hours between are less well defined in my memory. There is one of these brief pictures which hangs as it were in my mind, and which I could wish that some one would paint for me.

The next day was Sunday, and Wholesome, as had often chanced of late, did not go to meeting, but after breakfast walked out of the room with a sombre face and clouded brow, and went slowly up-stairs to his chambers in the third story. In one he slept; the other was a sitting-room, filled with relics of his many voyages, — skins of wild beasts, deer and moose-horns, pipes and the like, — of which I found it pleasant to hear him chat. I followed him up-stairs, and with Schmidt came to the door of his room, meaning to ask him to walk with us. He must have been much taken up with his own thoughts, for he did not hear us, and, the door being ajar, Schmidt of a sudden checked me and pointed into the room. Against the farther wall was a tall mahogany clock, such as are common in old

houses here, — a rather stately timepiece, crowned with a carven cock over its ample metal face. Below it, on the floor, lay a large tiger-skin, upon which stood Wholesome. The clock-door was open, and he seemed to have just taken from its interior a pair of rapiers. One he had set against the clock, and unsheathing the other he held the point in one hand and the haft in the other, and bent it as if to try its temper. I can see the man now in his drab clothes, his curly hair, his look of easy, ample strength, the tiger-skin and the open clock. Then I can see him throw his chest out and lunge twice or thrice at the wall with the lightsome grace of a practised hand.

Schmidt stepped back on tiptoe, whispering, "Come away," and silently we went down the staircase, I wondering, and he moody and abstracted, making no reply to my questionings and comments.

At last he said, "I walk not to-day. Will you please me to not forget what you have promised yesterday?"

The summons came soon. I was lying on the grass under the apricots, teasing the cat for the lack of better amusement, that Sunday in the early afternoon. Across me fell the shadow of Schmidt coming noiseless over the sward. I rolled over on my back, laughing and tossing the angry cat about, knowing not it was the shadow of a tragedy which had fallen across me at my careless play.

Schmidt regarded me a moment with a soft, grave look, and then, dropping on the grass beside me, said, "I have before me in the day which goes a business which will not be the play of boys; but being, as you know, a man of lonely ways, there is not one I can think to ask that they go with me."

"And why not take me," I said, "as you meant to do, I suppose?"

"I would not if I could help it," he returned.

"Now, Mr. Schmidt," said I, abruptly, "it is a fancy you and Mr. Wholesome have to make a boy of me; but if not forty, I am no more a boy than you. If you want help and I can give it, I am at your call. If you want to explain your purpose, I will listen. If you choose to hold your tongue, I am willing to go with you anywhere without question."

"That was nice-spoken," he said, quietly, "and with good trust. There will a woman love you well some day for the sweet honest ways of you. Come, then, and wait for me at the door a moment."

He presently appeared with a long plaid cloak over his shoulders, the air being shrewd and cool, and we went away down Arch Street together.

At the corner of High and Front stood a building with hipped roof and many gables, once the London Coffee-House, but at the time I speak of rather fallen in its fortunes to be a lodging-house of no great repute, but not ill kept, and in the war a great resort of privateersmen.

As we turned into the bar-room together, Schmidt said to me, "You are here only to see, and to remember what you come to see."

Then he exchanged a few words with the landlord, like himself a German, and, laughing gayly, went away up the narrow stairs to a front room on the second story, where he knocked. I heard no reply, but, at all events, Schmidt walked in, and as I passed him turned, locked the door, and, keeping the key in his hand, went a pace or two before me. At the table between the windows sat John Oldmixon. He turned his head, and with an oath too profane to repeat threw down his pen, and rising faced us. Schmidt walked to the table, and glancing at the half-written letter which lay there, said, smiling, "You write to Richard Wholesome? Then am I yet in good time."

"For what?" exclaimed Oldmixon, angrily. "To look at a private letter? Who the devil asked you to come here? Leave my room, or —"

"Hush!" said Schmidt, quietly. "You are, as I do suppose, a man of the world, and what is called a gentleman. I have a brief business with you, which I would not for the sake of myself and you should be known."

"I do not know, sir," returned Oldmixon, "of any business you can possibly have with me. Open that door and leave my room."

"Ach! well!" said Schmidt. "Will you then listen to me?"

"No!" cried the other. "No man shall play this kind of game on me. Go, or I shall have to make you."

"It will be well if you shall hear me," replied Schmidt, quite master of himself.

"Then," said the other, "I shall open the door by force and have you put out."

"But to my side there are two," said Schmidt, as Oldmixon advanced.

On this hint I stood against the door, saying, "What Mr. Schmidt wants I know no more than you, but until you hear him you do not leave this room."

"Oldmixon looked from one to the other, and then, as by a sudden resolution, said, "A deuced pretty business, indeed! I cannot fight two. What is it you want?"

"Now you are come into the land of reason," said the German. "I pray of you to hear me, and with tranquilness to think."

"Go on," said Oldmixon.

"Good!" returned Schmidt. "Mr. Wholesome,—who does well know all of you, from the one side of you to the other, what you call through and through,—he has his cause why he may not tell of you and send you away or have you put in jail."

"Nonsense! what stuff is this?" exclaimed Oldmixon.

"Yet hear," said Schmidt. "I have put on paper, which is in my pocket here, a little account of you for to be given to a magistrate. When he comes to see it there arrives straight the constable, and he touches you on the shoulder and says, 'You come with me.'"

"Pshaw!" said the other. "Is this a theatre?"

"It is a theatre," returned Schmidt, "and we are the actors, and the play is good. This paper you can have on your own terms if you are wise; and once it is yours, I swear to you I shall not ever in life speak or write of you again. But if you will not, then when I go from this, in a time but short, it shall be in the hands of the recorder."

"Do you take me for an idiot?" said the other. "What do I care for your terms? and what are you to me? Wholesome will never testify against me."

"Perhaps," said Schmidt; "and still you will be no less a man ruined; and here at least there shall be no place for you, and no woman—ay, not the lowest—will look on you with grace."

Oldmixon fell back a pace, hesitated, and said hoarsely, "What do you want?"

Schmidt leaned over and said something to him which I did not hear.

Oldmixon started. "Fight you!" he said, with a sort of bewilderment. "What for? We have no quarrel. What utter nonsense!"

"Nonsense or not," cried Schmidt, "you fight or I go; and what shall follow I have not failed to tell you."

"Do you suppose," said the other, "I am to be at the beck and call of every foreign adventurer? If you come on Wholesome's quarrel, go back and tell him I will meet him anywhere with any weapons. With him, at least, I have a score to settle."

"And what score?" returned Schmidt.

"He has struck me," said Oldmixon. "I am only waiting my time. I have no quarrel with you."

"That is a thing easy to mend," said Schmidt; and to my surprise and horror he struck Oldmixon on the face with the leather glove he held.

The other, wild with rage, hit out at him fiercely as I threw myself between them, and there was a moment's struggle, when Schmidt exclaimed, stepping back, "Will that be enough?"

"Too much!" cried the other, furiously. "You shall have your way, and your blood be on your own head, not on mine. I take *you*, sir, to witness," he added, appealing to me, "that he provoked this quarrel."

"It is so," said Schmidt; and turning to me, "let come what shall, Herr Shelburne, you will say it was my quarrel. And now," to Oldmixon, "the terms are but these;" and he talked apart with his foe a few moments. There was anger and dissent and insistence in their words, but I could not, and did not wish to, hear them.

At last Schmidt said aloud, "It is the letters against this paper, and Mr. Shelburne to hear and take notice."

I bowed, somewhat in the dark, I confess.

"Mr. Shelburne has my full confidence," said Oldmixon, saluting me, and now full master of himself. "And what time to-morrow shall it be?" he added.

"To-day," returned Schmidt.

"Ah! as you like," said the other, with a good show of indifference: "and the hour and place, if you please?"

"To-day," said Schmidt, "at six o'clock. There are certain willows of a clump which stand a mile below Passyunk Road in the meadow on the way to League Island. Four there are and one dead, — on the left. If at that hour we meet not, the word shall to the magistrate, as I have said it."

"Never fear," said Oldmixon; "I shall not fail you. The threat was little needed. Who is your second. Mine will be —"

"There will be no second or any to see," said Schmidt.

"But this is not a duel: it is murder!" exclaimed Oldmixon.

"We will call no names," replied the German. "Will you

be there? And listen: if I am not of the lucky side, you will take this paper and your letters, and so will it end. That is my bargain, and you have much to win."

"Enough!" cried the other. "I shall be there, — ay, and ready. Your weapons?"

"These," said Schmidt; and throwing back his cloak, he displayed the two rapiers we had seen Wholesome handling.

"At six?"

"At six," said the other; and with no more words we left the room.

During this singular scene I had held my peace, but as we reached the street I said, "You cannot really mean to meet this man?"

"But I shall," he replied, "and you will here leave me."

"That," said I, "I shall not do. If you go alone, it must seem to any one a murder should either of you die. I go with you, come what may."

He reasoned with me in vain, and at last, seeing that the time sped away, he yielded, and we hastily took a chaise from a livery-stable, and, I driving, we went away to the place set. Within a hundred yards of it we tied the horse and silently walked down the road. Presently Schmidt got over a fence, and crossing a meadow paused under a group of pollard willows.

The scene is with me now, to fade only when I also vanish. A nearly level sun shot golden light across the tufted marsh-grasses of the low Neck lands, already touched with autumn grays. There was no house near us, and far away I could see over the ditches and above the dikes of this bit of Holland the tops of schooners on the distant Schuylkill. To the north the broken lines of the city still took the fading sun, while around us a chill October haze began to dim the farther meadows, and to hover in the corners of the dikes and over the wider ditches.

We had waited a few moments only, I leaning thoughtfully against a tree, Schmidt quietly walking to and fro, smoking as usual, and, as far as I could see, no more moved than if he were here to shoot for a wager. The next moment I started, as behind me broke out the loud roar of some ancient bullfrog. In fact, I was getting nervous and chilly. Schmidt laughed merrily at my scare. "And listen!" he said, as all around the frogs, big and little, broke into hoarse croakings and chirrups. "Ah!" he went on, "there is to nature always a chorus ready. Do you find a sadness in their tongues to-day?"

It seemed to me horrible, indeed, as I listened, but it had never so seemed to me before.

"And now is our man here," exclaimed Schmidt, as the sound of distant horse-hoofs caused us to turn toward the road.

A moment or two later, Oldmixon, who had dismounted and tied his horse, came swiftly over the field.

"There are two!" he exclaimed, abruptly.

"It is not my fault," said Schmidt. "But Mr. Shelburne shall walk a hundred yards away and wait. If you kill me, it will be not so bad a thing to have one to say there was a fair play."

"As you will," said the other; "but we did not so agree."

"The paper," said Schmidt, "is here; and the letters?—"

"Are here," returned Oldmixon.

"Mr. Shelburne shall take them, if you please," added Schmidt. "If you have good fortune, they both shall to you; and if I am to win, Mr. Shelburne shall me kindly give them, and I pledge my honor as a man to be truthful to what I have you promised. And as you are a gentleman, is this all of them?"

"On my honor," returned Oldmixon, proudly, with more courtesy than was common to him.

"These, then, to you, my Shelburne," said Schmidt; "and, as I have said, you will amuse yourself a hundred yards away, not looking until there is no more sound of swords."

I felt there was no more to be done, and so walked slowly away, carrying the papers, while the two men took off their coats. I turned at the sharp click of the meeting blades, and looked with wild eagerness. The contrast between the German's close-set, ungainly form and the well-knit, tall figure of his foe filled me on a sudden with foreboding. I was surprised, however, in a moment, to see that Schmidt was a master of his weapon. For a minute or so — I cannot tell how long, it seemed to me an eternity — the swords flashed and met and quivered and seemed glued together, and then there were two cries of rage and joy. Schmidt's foot had slipped on the tufted sward, and Oldmixon's sword-point had entered his right breast. The German caught the blade with his left hand, and ran his foe furiously through the sword-arm, so that he dropped his weapon, staggered, slipped, and fell, while the German threw the blade far to the left. I ran forward at once.

"Back!" cried Schmidt; and, gathering himself up, said to

Oldmixon, "Your life is mine. Keep still or I will kill you: as I live, I will kill you! You had Priscilla's letters: they are to me now. And do you give her up for always?"

"No," said Oldmixon.

"Then I shall kill you," said Schmidt. "Say your prayers: you have no more to live."

The fallen man was white with fear, and turned towards me for help. The German, hurt, unsteady, feeling his minutes precious, was yet cool and stern. "The words!" he said.

"I am in your power," said Oldmixon.

This was all, as it were, a moment's work, while I was advancing over the half-meadow across which I had retreated.

"Schmidt," I said, "for Heaven's sake, remember me at least. Don't kill a defenceless man in cold blood."

"Back!" he answered: "not a step more near or he dies as by you;" and his dripping sword-point flickered perilously over Oldmixon as he lay at his feet. "Quick!" he said. "I am hurt, — I fail. To kill you were more sure. Quick! the words! the words!"

"What words?" said Oldmixon. "I am in your power. What are your terms?"

"You will say," said Schmidt, his hand on his side and speaking hard, "you will say, 'I give back her words — with her letters.'"

"I do," said Oldmixon.

"And you hear?" said Schmidt to me, coming near; "and take that other rapier, Shelburne."

Oldmixon had risen and stood facing us, silent, ghastly, an awful memory to this day as a baffled man, and around us the brown twilight, and his face black against the blue eastern sky.

"Yet a word more," said Schmidt. "You have lost, and I have won. To-night shall my charge be set before a magistrate. You have a horse: go! Let us see you not any more."

It was after dark by the time I reached home in the chaise with my companion, as to whom I felt the most bitter anxiety. At first I spoke to him of his condition, but upon his saying it hurt him to talk, I ceased to question him and hurried the horse over the broken road. When at last we were at our house-door, I helped him to get out, and saw him sway a moment as with weakness. As I opened the door I said, "Let me help you to bed."

He replied, "Yes, it were well;" and resting a hand on my shoulder, used one of the sheathed rapiers as a staff.

Candles were burning in the parlor, and an astral lamp, and voices sober or merry came through the half-closed door. On the hall-table was also a candle. Of a sudden Schmidt paused, and said in a voice broken by weakness, with a certain pitiful terror in its tones, "The power goes away from me. I grow blind, and shall — see — her — no — more."

Meanwhile he rocked to and fro, and then with a cry of "Priscilla!" he turned from my supporting shoulder, and as one dazed, pushed open the parlor door, and staggering, sword in hand, into the room, dropped it and leant both hands on the little round table for support, so that for a moment the light fell on his ghastly white face and yearning eyes. Then he swayed, tottered, and fell on the floor.

They were all around him in a moment with cries of dismay and pity.

"What is this?" said some one to me.

Priscilla was on the floor at once, and had lifted his head on to her knee.

"He is hurt," said I.

"Ah! God have pity on us!" exclaimed Wholesome, picking up his rapier. "I understand. Bring water, some one, and brandy. Quick!"

"Does thee see," cried Priscilla in sudden, "he is bleeding? Oh, cruel men!"

I stood by with fear, remorse, and sorrow in my heart. "It was —" I began.

"Hush!" broke in Wholesome, "another time. He is better. His eyes are open: he wants something. What is it, Heinrich?"

"Priscilla," he said.

"Priscilla is here, dear friend," she said quietly, bending over him.

"I thought I was a little boy and my head in my mother's lap. Where am I? Ah, but now I do remember. The letters!" and he fumbled at his pocket, and at last pulled them out. "With this on them," he said, "you cannot ever any more think of him."

They were stained with the blood from his wound

"Never! never! never!" she cried piteously: "for this last wickedness no forgiveness!"

"And he is gone," he added. "And Shelburne, — where is my Shelburne?"

"Here! here!" I said.

"Tell her — he gives her up — for always — never no more to trouble her good sweetness. Wholesome, where art thou?"

"I am with you," said the captain, in a voice husky with emotion.

"Quick! listen!" continued Schmidt, gasping. "Time goes away for me. Is it that you do love her well?"

"Oh, my God!" said Wholesome.

"But never more so well as I," said Schmidt. "Priscilla!" As he spoke his eyes looked up with yearning into the face above his own. Then suddenly he drew a long breath, his hands ceased to clutch her dress, his head rolled over. He was dead.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Mitford, Mary Russell, an English miscellaneous writer; born at Alresford, Hampshire, December 16, 1787; died at Swallowfield, January 10, 1855. She was placed at a boarding-school, where she remained until she was fifteen. Her earliest published works were a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems" (1810); "Christina," a narrative poem (1811); and "Blanche" (1812). Mary Russell Mitford, at the age of nearly forty was compelled to betake herself to authorship as a means of support. She first tried the drama, producing "Julian" (1823), "The Foscari" (1825), "Dramatic Scenes" (1827), "Rienzi" (1828), and "Charles the First" (1828). In the meanwhile she had begun that series of domestic sketches by which she is best remembered. These are "Our Village," of which several series were issued (1824–32), and "Belford Regis" (1835). In 1838 she received a pension. Her later works are "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1853), and "Atherton and Other Sketches" (1854).

Frost and Thaw.

(From "Our Village.")

January 23d. — At noon to-day I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world — a sort of silent fairy-land — a creation of that matchless magician, the hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its covers with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt, the sky, rather gray than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them, and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale, fair light, like the moon, only brighter.

There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street; a Sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work-day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low, monotonous sound, which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very wagons as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp, yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

But we shall have noise enough presently: May has stopped at Lizzy's door; and Lizzy, as she sat on the window-sill with her bright, rosy face laughing through the casement, has seen her and disappeared. She is coming. No! The key is turning in the door, and sounds of evil omen issue through the key-hole — sturdy "Let me outs," and "I will goes," mixed with shrill cries on May and on me from Lizzy, piercing through a low continuous harangue, of which the prominent parts are apologies, chilblains, sliding, broken bones, lolly-pops, rods, and gingerbread, from Lizzy's careful mother. "Don't scratch the door, May! Don't roar so, my Lizzy! We 'll call for you as we come back." — "I 'll go now! Let me out! I will go!" are the last words of Miss Lizzy. Mem. — Not to spoil that child — if I can help it. But I do think her mother might have let the poor little soul walk with us to-day. Nothing worse for children than coddling. Nothing better for chilblains than exercise. Besides, I don't believe she has any — and as to breaking her bones in sliding, I don't suppose there 's a slide on the common. These murmuring cogitations have brought us up the hill, and half-way across the light and airy common, with its bright expanse of snow and its clusters of cottages, whose turf fires send such wreaths of smoke sailing up the air, and diffuse such aromatic fragrance around. And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. Ah, Lizzy, your mother was right! They are shouting from that deep, irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long, smooth, liny slides, half-a-dozen ragged urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph. Half-a-dozen steps bring us to the bank right above them. May can hardly resist the temptation of joining her friends, for most of the varlets are of her acquaintance, especially the rogue who leads

the slide — he with the brimless hat, whose bronzed complexion and white flaxen hair, reversing the usual lights and shadows of the human countenance, give so strange and foreign a look to his flat and comic features. This hobgoblin, Jack Rapley by name, is May's great crony; and she stands on the brink of the steep, irregular descent, her black eyes fixed full upon him, as if she intended him the favor of jumping on his head. She does: she is down, and upon him: but Jack Rapley is not easily to be knocked off his feet. He saw her coming, and in the moment of her leap sprung dexterously off the slide on the rough ice, steadying himself by the shoulder of the next in file, which unlucky follower, thus unexpectedly checked in his career, fell plump backwards, knocking down the rest of the line like a nest of card-houses. There is no harm done; but there they lie, roaring, kicking, sprawling, in every attitude of comic distress, whilst Jack Rapley and Mayflower, sole authors of this calamity, stand apart from the throng, fondling, and coquetting, and complimenting each other, and very visibly laughing, May in her black eyes, Jack in his wide, close-shut mouth, and his whole monkey-face, at their comrades' mischances. I think, Miss May, you may as well come up again, and leave Master Rapley to fight your battles. He 'll get out of the scrape. He is a rustic wit — a sort of Robin Goodfellow — the sauciest, idlest, cleverest, best-natured boy in the parish; always foremost in mischief, and always ready to do a good turn. The sages of our village predict sad things of Jack Rapley, so that I am sometimes a little ashamed to confess, before wise people, that I have a lurking predilection for him (in common with other naughty ones), and that I like to hear him talk to May almost as well as she does. "Come, May!" and up she springs, as light as a bird. The road is gay now; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and, afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders — especially the frost-bitten gentleman and the shivering lady with the invisible face, sole passengers of that commodious machine! Hooded, veiled, and bonneted, as she is, one sees from her attitude how miserable she would look uncovered.

Another pond, and another noise of children. More sliding? Oh, no! This is a sort of higher pretension. Our good neighbor, the lieutenant, skating, and his own pretty little boys, and two or three other four-year-old elves, standing on

the brink in an ecstasy of joy and wonder! Oh, what happy spectators! And what a happy performer! They admiring, he admired, with an ardor and sincerity never excited by all the quadrilles and the spread-eagles of the Seine and the Serpentine. He really skates well, though, and I am glad I came this way; for, with all the father's feelings sitting gayly at his heart, it must still gratify the pride of skill to have one spectator at that solitary pond who has seen skating before.

Now we have reached the trees — the beautiful trees! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch incrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to the eye, and to the mind — above all, how melancholy! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that naked and colorless beauty which falls on the earth, like the thoughts of death — death pure, and glorious, and smiling — but still death. Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. Color is life. — We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties — a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now — the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar-frost, which fringes round the bright, prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, "blushing in its natural coral," through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, "that shadow of a bird," as White, of Selborne, calls it, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling, as it were, amongst the cold, bare boughs, seeking, poor, pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find. And there, farther on, just under the bank, by the slender runlet, which still trickles between its trans-

parent fantastic margin of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life — there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short, low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill-side — water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlor window, and cover it with bread crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, "the robin redbreast and the wren," cautiously, suspiciously, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little, keen, bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last, one saucy fellow of a blackbird — a sad glutton, he would clear the board in two minutes — used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us. I wonder the practice is not more general. "May! May! naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now in her coaxing penitence she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May! it is time to go home."

THAW.

January 28th. — We have had rain, and snow, and frost, and rain again; four days of absolute confinement. Now it is a thaw and a flood; but our light, gravelly soil, and country boots, and country hardihood, will carry us through. What a dripping, comfortless day it is! just like the last days of November: no sun, no sky, gray or blue; one low, overhanging, dark, dismal cloud, like London smoke: Mayflower is out coursing too, and Lizzy is gone to school. Never mind. Up the hill again! Walk we must. Oh, what a watery world to look back upon! Thames, Kennet, London — all overflowed; our famous town, inland once, turned into a sort of Venice; C.

park converted into an island; and the long range of meadows from B. to W. one huge, unnatural lake, with trees growing out of it. Oh, what a watery world! — I will look at it no longer. I will walk on. The road is alive again. Noise is reborn. Wagons creak, horses splash, carts rattle, and pattens paddle through the dirt with more than their usual clink. The common has its old, fine tints of green and brown, and its old variety of inhabitants, horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. The ponds are unfrozen, and cackling geese and gabbling ducks have replaced the lieutenant and Jack Rapley. The avenue is chill and dark, the hedges are dripping, the lanes knee-deep, and all nature is in a state of "dissolution and thaw."

The Hard Summer.

(From "Our Village.")

August 15th. — Cold, cloudy, windy, wet. Here we are, in the midst of the dog-days, clustering merrily round the warm hearth like so many crickets, instead of chirruping in the green fields like that other merry insect, the grasshopper; shivering under the influence of the *Jupiter Pluvius* of England, the watery St. Swithin; peering at that scarce personage, the sun, when he happens to make his appearance, as intently as astronomers look after a comet, or the common people stare at a balloon; exclaiming against the cold weather, just as we used to exclaim against the warm. "What a change from last year!" is the first sentence you hear, go where you may. Everybody remarks it, and everybody complains of it; and yet in my mind it has its advantages, or at least its compensations, as everything in nature has, if we would only take the trouble to seek for them.

Last year, in spite of the love which we are now pleased to profess towards that ardent luminary, not one of the sun's numerous admirers had courage to look him in the face: there was no bearing the world till he had said "good-night" to it. Then we might stir: then we began to wake and to live. All day long we languished under his influence in a strange dreaminess, too hot to work, too hot to read, too hot to write, too hot even to talk; sitting hour after hour in a green arbor, embowered in leafiness, letting thought and fancy float as they would. Those day-dreams were pretty things in their way; there is no

denying that. But then, if one half of the world were to dream through a whole summer, like the sleeping Beauty in the Wood, what would become of the other?

The only office requiring the slightest exertion which I performed in that warm weather was watering my flowers. Common sympathy called for that labor. The poor things withered, and faded, and pined away; they almost, so to say, panted for draught. Moreover, if I had not watered them myself, I suspect that no one else would; for water last year was nearly as precious hereabout as wine. Our landsprings were dried up; our wells were exhausted; our deep ponds were dwindling into mud; and geese, and ducks, and pigs, and laundresses used to look with a jealous and suspicious eye on the few and scanty half-buckets of that impure element, which my trusty lackey was fain to filch for my poor geraniums and campanulas and tuberoses. We were forced to smuggle them in through my faithful adherent's territories, the stable, to avoid lectures within doors; and at last even that resource failed; my garden, my blooming garden, the joy of my eyes, was forced to go waterless like its neighbors, and became shrivelled, scorched, and sunburnt, like them. It really went to my heart to look at it.

On the other side of the house matters were still worse. What a dusty world it was, when about sunset we became cool enough to creep into it! Flowers in the court looking fit for a *hortus siccus;* mummies of plants, dried as in an oven; hollyhocks, once pink, turned into Quakers; cloves smelling of dust. Oh, dusty world! May herself looked of that complexion; so did Lizzy; so did all the houses, windows, chickens, children, trees, and pigs in the village; so above all did the shoes. No foot could make three plunges into that abyss of pulverized gravel, which had the impudence to call itself a hard road, without being clothed with a coat a quarter of an inch thick. Woe to white gowns! woe to black! Drab was your only wear.

Then, when we were out of the street, what a toil it was to mount the hill, climbing with weary steps and slow upon the brown turf by the wayside, slippery, hot, and hard as a rock! And then if we happened to meet a carriage coming along the middle of the road — the bottomless middle — what a sandy whirlwind it was! What choking! what suffocation! No state could be more pitiable, except, indeed, that of the travellers who carry this misery about with them. I shall never forget the

plight in which we met the coach one evening in last August, full an hour after its time, steeds and driver, carriage and passengers, all in dust. The outsiders, and the horses, and the coachman, seemed reduced to a torpid quietness, the resignation of despair. They had left off trying to better their condition, and taken refuge in a wise and patient hopelessness, bent to endure in silence the extremity of ill. The six insides, on the contrary, were still fighting against their fate, vainly struggling to ameliorate their hapless destiny. They were visibly grumbling at the weather, scolding at the dust, and heating themselves like a furnace, by striving against the heat. How well I remember the fat gentleman without his coat, who was wiping his forehead, heaving up his wig, and certainly uttering that English ejaculation, which, to our national reproach, is the phrase of our language best known on the Continent. And that poor boy, red-hot, all in a flame, whose mamma, having divested her own person of all superfluous apparel, was trying to relieve his sufferings by the removal of his neckerchief — an operation which he resisted with all his might. How perfeetly I remember him, as well as the pale girl who sat opposite, fanning herself with her bonnet into an absolute fever! They vanished after a while into their own dust; but I have them all before my eyes at this moment, a companion picture to Hogarth's "Afternoon," a standing lesson to the grumblers at cold summers.

For my part, I really like this wet season. It keeps us within, to be sure, rather more than is quite agreeable; but then we are at least awake and alive there, and the world out of doors is so much the pleasanter when we can get abroad. Everything does well, except those fastidious bipeds, men and women; corn ripens, grass grows, fruit is plentiful; there is no lack of birds to eat it, and there has not been such a wasp-season these dozen years. My garden wants no watering, and is more beautiful than ever, beating my old rival in that primitive art, the pretty wife of the little mason, out and out. Measured with mine, her flowers are naught. Look at those hollyhocks, like pyramids of roses; those garlands of the convolvulus major of all colors, hanging around that tall pole, like the wreathy hop-bine; those magnificent dusky cloves, breathing of the Spice Islands; those flaunting double dahlias; those splendid scarlet geraniums, and those fierce and warlike flowers, the tiger-lilies. Oh, how beautiful they are! Besides, the weather clears sometimes — it has cleared this evening; and here are we, after a

merry walk up the hill, almost as quick as in the winter, bounding lightly along the bright green turf of the pleasant common, enticed by the gay shouts of a dozen clear, young voices, to linger awhile, and see the boys play at cricket.

I plead guilty to a strong partiality towards that unpopular class of beings, country boys; I have a large acquaintance amongst them, and I can almost say, that I know good of many and harm of none. In general, they are an open, spirited, good-humored race, with a proneness to embrace the pleasures and eschew the evils of their condition, a capacity for happiness, quite unmatched in man, or woman, or a girl. They are patient, too, and bear their fate as scape-goats (for all sins whatsoever are laid, as matters of course, to their door), whether at home or abroad, with amazing resignation; and, considering the many lies of which they are the objects, they tell wonderfully few in return. The worst that can be said of them is, that they seldom, when grown to man's estate, keep the promise of their boyhood; but that is a fault to come — a fault that may not come, and ought not to be anticipated. It is astonishing how sensible they are to notice from their betters, or those whom they think such. I do not speak of money, or gifts, or praise, or the more coarse and common briberies — they are more delicate courtiers; a word, a nod, a smile, or the mere calling of them by their names, is enough to insure their hearts and their services. Half-a-dozen of them, poor urchins, have run away now to bring us chairs from their several homes. "Thank you, Joe Kirby! — you are always first — yes, that is just the place — I shall see everything there. Have you been in yet, Joe?" — "No, ma'am! I go in next." — "Ah, I am glad of that — and now's the time. Really, that was a pretty ball of Jem Eusden's! — I was sure it would go to the wicket. Run, Joe! They are waiting for you." There was small need to bid Joe Kirby make haste; I think he is, next to a race-horse, or a greyhound, or a deer, the fastest creature that runs — the most completely alert and active. Joe is mine especial friend, and leader of the "tender juveniles," as Joel Brent is of the adults. In both instances this post of honor was gained by merit, even more remarkably so in Joe's case than in Joel's; for Joe is a less boy than many of his companions (some of whom are fifteeners and sixteeners, quite as tall and nearly as old as Tom Coper), and a poorer than all, as may be conjectured from the lamentable state of that patched, round frock, and the ragged

condition of those unpatched shoes, which would encumber, if anything could, the light feet that wear them. But why should I lament the poverty that never troubles him? Joe is the merriest and happiest creature that ever lived twelve years in this wicked world. Care cannot come near him. He hath a perpetual smile on his round, ruddy face, and a laugh in his hazel eye that drives the witch away. He works at yonder farm on the top of the hill, where he is in such repute for intelligence and good-humor, that he has the honor of performing all the errands of the house, of helping the maid, the mistress, and the master, in addition to his own stated office of carter's boy. There he works hard from five till seven, and then he comes here to work still harder, under the name of play — batting, bowling, and fielding, as if for life, filling the place of four boys; being, at a pinch, a whole eleven. The late Mr. Knyvett, the king's organist, who used in his own person to sing twenty parts at once of the hallelujah chorus, so that you would have thought he had a nest of nightingales in his throat, was but a type of Joe Kirby. There is a sort of ubiquity about him; he thinks nothing of being in two places at once, and for pitching a ball, William Grey himself is nothing to him. It goes straight to the mark like a bullet. He is king of the cricketers from eight to sixteen, both inclusive, and an excellent ruler he makes. Nevertheless, in the best-ordered states there will be grumblers, and we have an opposition here in the shape of Jem Eusden.

Jem Eusden is a stunted lad of thirteen, or thereabout, lean, small, and short, yet strong and active. His face is of an extraordinary ugliness, colorless, withered, haggard, with a look of extreme age, much increased by hair so light that it might rather pass for white than flaxen. He is constantly arrayed in the blue cap and old-fashioned coat, the costume of an endowed school to which he belongs; where he sits still all day, and rushes into the field at night, fresh, untired, and ripe for action, to scold, and brawl, and storm, and bluster. He hates Joe Kirby, whose immovable good-humor, broad smiles, and knowing nods, must certainly be very provoking to so fierce and turbulent a spirit; and he has himself (being, except by rare accident, no great player) the preposterous ambition of wishing to be manager of the sports. In short, he is a demagogue in embryo, with every quality necessary to a splendid success in that vocation — a strong voice, a fluent utterance, an incessant iteration, and a frontless impudence. He is a great "scholar" too, to use the

country phrase; his "pieee," as our village schoolmaster terms a fine sheet of flourishing writing, something between a valentine and a sampler, enclosed within a border of litttle colored prints — his last, I remember, was encireled by an engraved history of Moses, beginning at the finding in the bulrushes, with Pharaoh's daughter dressed in a rose-colored gown and blue feathers — his pieee is not only the admiration of the school, but of the parish, and is sent triumphantly round from house to house at Christmas, to extort halfpence and sixpences from all encouragers of learning — *Montem* in miniature. The Mosaic history was so successful, that the produce enabled Jem to purchase a bat and ball, which, besides adding to his natural arrogance (for the little pedant actually began to mutter against being eclipsed by a dunce, and went so far as to challenge Joe Kirby to a trial in Practice, or the Rule of Three), gave him, when compared with the general poverty, a most unnatural preponderance in the cricket state. He had the ways and means in his hands — (for, alas! the hard winter had made sad havoc among the bats, and the best ball was a bad one) — he had the ways and means, could withhold the supplies, and his party was beginning to wax strong, when Joe received a present of two bats and a ball for the youngsters in general and himself in particular — and Jem's adherents left him on the spot — they ratted, to a man, that very evening. Notwithstanding this desertion, their forsaken leader has in nothing relaxed from his pretensions or his ill-humor. He still quarrels and brawls as if he had a faction to back him, and thinks nothing of contending with both sides, the ins and the outs, secure of out-talking the whole field. He has been squabbling these ten minutes, and is just marching off now with his own bat (he has never deigned to use one of Joe's) in his hand. What an ill-conditioned hobgoblin it is! And yet there is something bold and sturdy about him, too. I should miss Jem Eusden.

Ah, there is another deserter from the party! my friend the little hussar — I do not know his name, and call him after his cap and jacket. He is a very remarkable person, about the age of eight years, the youngest piece of gravity and dignity I ever encountered; short, and square, and upright, and slow, with a fine, bronzed, flat visage, resembling those convertible signs, the Broad-Face and the Saracen's-Head (which, happening to be next-door neighbors in the town of B., I never knew apart), resembling, indeed, any face that is open-eyed and immovable, the very

sign of a boy! he stalks about with his hands in his breeches pocket, like a piece of machinery; sits leisurely down when he ought to field, and never gets farther in batting than to stop the ball. His is the only voice never heard in the *mêlée;* I doubt, indeed, if he have one, which may be partly the reason of a circumstance that I record to his honor, his fidelity to Jem Eusden, to whom he has adhered through every change of fortune, with a tenacity proceeding, perhaps, from an instinctive consciousness that the loquacious leader talks enough for two. He is the only thing resembling a follower that our demagogue possesses, and is cherished by him accordingly. Jem quarrels for him, scolds for him, pushes for him; and but for Joe Kirby's invincible good-humor, and a just discrimination of the innocent from the guilty, the activity of Jem's friendship would get the poor hussar ten drubbings a day.

But it is growing late. The sun has set a long time. Only see what a gorgeous coloring has spread itself over those parting masses of clouds in the west — what a train of rosy light! We shall have a fine sunshiny day to-morrow — a blessing not to be undervalued, in spite of my vituperation of heat. Shall we go home now? And shall we take the longest but prettiest road, that by the green lanes? This way, to the left, round the corner of the common, past Mr. Welles's cottage, and our path lies straight before us. How snug and comfortable that cottage looks! Its little yard all alive with the cow and the mare, and the colt almost as large as the mare, and the young foal, and the great yard-dog, all so fat! Fenced in with hay-rick, and wheat-rick, and bean-stack, and backed by the long garden, the spacious drying-ground, the fine orchard, and that large field quartered into four different crops. How comfortable this cottage looks, and how well the owners earn their comforts! They are the most prosperous pair in the parish — she a laundress, with twenty times more work than she can do, unrivalled in flounces and shirt-frills, and such delicacies of the craft; he, partly a farmer, partly a farmer's man, tilling his own ground, and then tilling other people's — affording a proof, even in this declining age, when the circumstances of so many worthy members of the community seem to have "an alacrity in sinking," that it is possible to amend them by sheer industry. He, who was born in the workhouse, and bred up as a parish boy, has now, by mere manual labor, risen to the rank of a land-owner, pays rates and taxes, grumbles at the times, and is called Master Welles — the title

next to Mister — that by which Shakespeare was called — what would man have more? His wife, besides being the best laundress in the county, is a comely woman still. There she stands at the spring dipping up water for to-morrow — the clear, deep, silent spring, which sleeps so peacefully under its high flowery bank, red with the tall spiral stalks of the foxglove and their rich pendent bells, blue with the beautiful forget-me-not, that gem-like blossom, which looks like a living jewel of turquoise and topaz. It is almost too late to see its beauty; and here is the pleasant shady lane, where the high elms will shut out the little twilight that remains. Ah, but we shall have the fairies' lamps to guide us, the stars of the earth, the glow-worms! Here they are, three almost together. Do you see them? One seems tremulous, vibrating, as if on the extremity of a leaf of grass; the others are deeper in the hedge, in some green cell, on which their light falls with an emerald lustre. I hope my friends the ericketers will not come this way home. I would not have the pretty creatures removed for more than I care to say, and in this matter I would hardly trust Joe Kirby — boys so love to stick them in their hats. But this lane is quite deserted. It is only a road from field to field. No one comes here at this hour. They are quite safe; and I shall walk here to-morrow and visit them again. And now, good-night! beautiful insects, lamp of the fairies, good-night!

Lost and Found.

(From "Our Village.")

Anybody may be lost in a wood. It is well for me to have so good an excuse for my wanderings! for I am rather famous for such misadventures, and have sometimes been accused by my kindest friends of committing intentional blunders, and going astray out of *malice prepense*. To be sure, when in two successive rambles I contrived to get mazed on Burghfield Common, and bewildered in Kibe's Lane, those exploits did seem to overpass the common limits of stupidity. But in a wood, and a strange wood, a new place, a fresh country, untrodden ground beneath the feet, unknown land-marks before the eyes, wiser folks than I might require the silken clue of Rosamond, or the bag of ashes given to Finette Cendron (*Anglice*, Cinderella) by the good fairy her godmother, to help them home again. Now, my luck exceeded even hers of the Glass

Slipper, for I found something not unlike the good fairy herself, in the pleasant earthly guise of an old friend. But I may as well begin my story.

About two years ago we had the misfortune to lose one of the most useful and popular inhabitants of our village, Mrs. Bond, the butterwoman. She — for although there was a very honest and hard-working Farmer Bond, who had the honor to be Mrs. Bond's husband, she was so completely the personage of the family that nobody ever thought of him — she lived on a small dairy-farm at the other side of the parish, where she had reared ten children in comfort and respectability, contriving in all years and in all seasons to look and to be flourishing, happy, and contented, and to drive her tilted cart twice a week into B., laden with the richest butter, the freshest eggs, and the finest poultry of the county. Never was market-woman so reliable as Mrs. Bond, so safe to deal with, or so pleasant to look at. She was a neat, comely woman of five-and-forty, or thereabout, with dark hair, laughing eyes, a bright smile, and a brighter complexion — red and white like a daisy. People used to say how pretty she must have been; but I think she was then in the prime of her good looks; just as a full-blown damask rose is more beautiful than the same flower in the bud.

Very pleasant she was to look at, and still pleasanter to talk to; she was so gentle, so cheerful, so respectful, and so kind. Everybody in the village loved Mrs. Bond. Even Lizzy and May, the two most aristocratical of its inhabitants, and the most tenacious of the distinctions of rank, would run to meet the butter-cart as if it were a carriage and four; a mark of preference which the good-humored dairywoman did not fail to acknowledge and confirm by gifts suited to their respective tastes — an occasional pitcher of buttermilk to May, and a stick with cherries tied round it to poor Lizzy.

Nor was Mrs. Bond's bounty confined to largesses of so suspicious a nature as presents to the pets of a good customer. I have never known any human being more thoroughly and universally generous, more delicate in her little gifts, or with so entire an absence of design or artifice in her attentions. It was a prodigality of kindness that seemed never weary of well-doing. What posies of pinks and sweet-williams, backed by marjoram and rosemary, she used to carry to the two poor old ladies who lodged at the pastry-cook's at B.! What fagots of lilac and laburnum she would bring to deck the poor widow Hay's open

hearth! What baskets of water-cresses, the brownest, the bitterest, and the crispest of the year, for our fair neighbor, the nymph of the shoe-shop, a delicate girl, who could only be tempted into her breakfast by that pleasant herb! What pots of honey for John Brown's cough! What gooseberries and currants for the baker's little children! And as soon as her great vine ripened, what grapes for everybody! No wonder that when Mrs. Bond left the parish to occupy a larger farm in a distant county, her absence was felt as a misfortune by the whole village; that poor Lizzy inquired after her every day for a week; and that May watched for the tilted cart every Wednesday and Friday for a month or more.

I myself joined very heartily in the general lamentation. But time and habit reconcile us to most privations, and I must confess that, much as I liked her, I had nearly forgotten our good butterwoman, until an adventure which befell me last week placed me once more in the way of her ready kindness.

I was on a visit at a considerable distance from home, in one of the most retired parts of Oxfordshire. Nothing could be more beautiful than the situation, or less accessible; shut in amongst woody hills, remote from great towns, with deep chalky roads, almost impassable, and a broad bridgeless river, coming, as if to intercept your steps, whenever you did seem to have fallen into a beaten track. It was exactly the country and the season in which to wander about all day long.

One fair morning I set out on my accustomed ramble. The sun was intensely hot; the sky almost cloudless; I had climbed a long abrupt ascent, to enjoy the sight of the magnificent river, winding like a snake amidst the richly-clothed hills; the pretty village, with its tapering spire; and the universal freshness and brilliancy of the gay and smiling prospect — too gay, perhaps! I gazed till I became dazzled with the glare of the sunshine, oppressed by the very brightness, and turned into a beech wood by the side of the road, to seek relief from the overpowering radiance. These beech woods should rather be called coppices. They are cut down occasionally, and consist of long flexible stems, growing out of the old roots. But they are like no other coppices, or rather none other can be compared with them. The young beechen stems, perfectly free from underwood, go arching and intertwining overhead, forming a thousand mazy paths, covered by a natural trellis; the shining green leaves, just bursting from their golden sheaths, contrasting with the smooth

silvery bark, shedding a cool green light around, and casting a thousand dancing shadows on the mossy flowery path, pleasant to the eye and to the tread, a fit haunt for wood-nymph or fairy. There is always much of interest in the mystery of a wood; the uncertainty produced by the confined boundary; the objects which crowd together, and prevent the eye from penetrating to any distance; the strange flickering mixture of shadow and sunshine, the sudden flight of birds — oh, it was enchanting! I wandered on, quite regardless of time or distance, now admiring the beautiful wood-sorrel which sprang up amongst the old roots — now plucking the fragrant wood-roof — now trying to count the countless varieties of woodland-moss, till, at length, roused by my foot's catching in a rich trail of the white-veined ivy, which crept, wreathing and interlaced, over the ground, I became aware that I was completely lost, had entirely forsaken all track, and out-travelled all landmarks. The wood was, I knew, extensive, and the ground so tumbled about, that every hundred yards presented some flowery slope or broken dell, which added greatly to the picturesqueness of the scenery, but much diminished my chance of discovery or extrication.

In this emergency I determined to proceed straight onward, trusting in this way to reach at last one side of the wood, although I could not at all guess which; and I was greatly solaced, after having walked about a quarter of a mile, to find myself crossed by a rude cart-track; and still more delighted, on proceeding a short distance farther, to hear sounds of merriment and business; none of the softest, certainly, but which gave token of rustic habitation; and to emerge suddenly from the close wood, amongst an open grove of huge old trees, oaks with their brown-plaited leaves, cherries covered with snowy garlands, and beeches almost as gigantic as those of Windsor Park, contrasting, with their enormous trunks and majestic spread of bough, the light and flexible stems of the coppice I had left.

I had come out at one of the highest points of the wood, and now stood on a platform overlooking a scene of extraordinary beauty. A little to the right, in a very narrow valley, stood an old farmhouse, with pointed roofs and porch and pinnacles, backed by a splendid orchard, which lay bathed in the sunshine, exhaling its fresh aromatic fragrance, all one flower; just under me was a strip of rich meadow land, through which a stream ran sparkling, and directly opposite a ridge of hanging coppices, surrounding and crowning, as it were, an immense old chalk-pit,

which, overhung by bramble, ivy, and a hundred pendent weeds, irregular and weather-stained, had an air as venerable and romantic as some gray ruin. Seen in the gloom and stillness of evening, or by the pale glimpes of the moon, it would have required but little aid from the fancy to picture out the broken shafts and mouldering arches of some antique abbey. But, besides that daylight is the sworn enemy of such illusions, my attention was imperiously claimed by a reality of a very different kind. One of the gayest and noisiest operations of rural life — sheep-washing — was going on in the valley below —

> "The turmoil that unites
> Clamor of boys with innocent despites
> Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

All the inhabitants of the farm seemed assembled in the meadow. I counted a dozen, at least, of men and boys of all ages, from the stout, sunburnt, vigorous farmer of fifty, who presided over the operation, down to the eight-year old urchin, who, screaming, running, and shaking his ineffectual stick after an eloped sheep, served as a sort of aid-de-camp to the sheep-dog. What a glorious scene of confusion it was! what shouting! what scuffling! what glee! Four or five young men, and one amazon of a barefooted girl, with her petticoats tucked up to her knees, stood in the water where it was pent between two hurdles, ducking, sousing, and holding down by main force the poor, frightened, struggling sheep, who kicked, and plunged, and bleated, and butted, and, in spite of their imputed innocence, would certainly, in the ardor of self-defence, have committed half-a-dozen homicides, if their power had equalled their inclination. The rest of the party were fully occupied; some in conducting the purified sheep, who showed a strong disposition to go the wrong way, back to their quarters; others in leading the uncleansed part of the flock to their destined ablution, from which they also testified a very ardent and active desire to escape. Dogs, men, boys, and girls were engaged in marshalling these double processions, the order of which was constantly interrupted by the outbreaking of some runaway sheep, who turned the marsh into a pursuit, to the momentary increase of the din which seemed already to have reached the highest possible pitch.

The only quiet persons in the field were a delicate child of

nine years old and a blooming woman of forty-five — a comely, blooming woman, with dark hair, bright eyes, and a complexion like a daisy, who stood watching the sheep-washers with the happiest smiles, and was evidently the mother of half the lads and lasses in the *mêlée*. It would be, and it was, no other than my friend Mrs. Bond, and resolving to make myself and my difficulties known to her, I scrambled down no very smooth or convenient path, and keeping a gate between me and the scene of action, contrived, after sundry efforts, to attract her attention.

Here, of course, my difficulties ceased. But if I were to tell how glad she was to see her old neighbor, how full of kind questions and of hospitable cares — how she would cut the great cake intended for the next day's sheep-shearing, would tap her two-year-old currant wine, would gather a whole bush of early honeysuckles, and finally would see me home herself, I being, as she observed, rather given to losing my way — if I were to tell all these things, when should I have done? I will rather conclude in the words of an old French fairy tale: — "*Je crains déjà d'avoir abusé de la patience du lecteur. Je finis avant qu'il me dise finir.*"

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Moir, David Macbeth, a Scottish novelist and medical writer; born at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, January 5, 1798; died at Dumfries, July 6, 1851. He contributed to "Blackwood's" and other magazines under the pseudonym "Delta." Before the completion of his college course he had published anonymously a volume entitled "The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems." In 1824 he put forth "The Legend of Genevieve, and Other Tales and Poems;" and in 1828 a novel, "The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch," which had previously appeared in "Blackwood's." His other publications are "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine" (1829); "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera" and "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera" (1832); "Domestic Verses" (1843), and "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century" (1851).

Casa Wappy.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy —
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss, we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven!

So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Belovèd boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,—
All to the wall-flower and wild-pea,—
Are changed; we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer;
All day we miss thee — everywhere —
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below —
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return, but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be — while flowers
Revive again —
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh, can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain;
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream forever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell —
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN

(*Molière*)

MOLIÈRE.

Molière, the stage name assumed by Jean Baptiste Poquelin, the greatest French dramatist; born at Paris, January 15, 1622; died there, February 17, 1673. His father sent him to the College of Orléans, where he studied five years, and was admitted as an advocate in 1645. Young Poquelin had become attracted toward the stage; he joined a troupe of actors, assuming the name of Molière.

Molière, besides being an admirable actor, had begun to write for the stage, producing at first adaptations from Italian pastorals. His first regular comedy, "L'Etourdi," was brought out at Lyons in 1653. During the last fifteen years of his life he produced more than thirty dramatic works. Among these are "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (1659); "Sganarelle" (1660); "L'École des Maris" (1661); "L'École des Femmes" (1663); "Le Festin de Pierre (1665); "Tartuffe" (1667), considered his masterpiece; "Le Misanthrope" (1668); "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (1670); "Les Femmes Savantes" (1672); "Le Malade Imaginaire" (1673).

The dramas of Molière have been translated into English by several persons. The best of these translations is that by Henri Van Laun (6 vols., 1876). This translation is throughout in prose.

A Sincere Critic Seldom Pleases.

(From "The Misanthrope.")

[The scene is the house of Célimène (the heroine of the play) in Paris. In the apartment are Alceste, known for his too-plain speech as "the misanthrope;" and the far more politic and compliant Philinte. Oronte enters to them, eager for literary flattery from Alceste. The scene is from the first act of the play.]

Oronte [*to* Alceste]. I learnt just now that Eliante and Célimène are gone out to make some purchases: but as I was also told that you were here, I came up to say, in all sincerity of heart, that I have conceived for you an incredible esteem; and that for a long time this esteem has given me an ardent desire to be numbered among your friends. Yes, I love to render justice to true merit, and I long to be united to you in the close

bond of friendship. I think that a warm friend, and one of my standing, is assuredly not to be despised. [*During this discourse of* ORONTE, ALCESTE *is thoughtful, and does not seem aware that he is spoken to until* ORONTE *says to him:*] With your leave, it is to you that I am speaking.

ALCESTE. To me, sir?

ORONTE. To you. Does it in any way wound your feelings?

ALCESTE. Not in the least; but my surprise is great. I did not expect this homage to be paid to me.

ORONTE. The esteem I feel for you ought not to surprise you, and you can claim it from the whole world.

ALCESTE. Sir—

ORONTE. The whole kingdom contains no merit more dazzling than that which is to be found in you.

ALCESTE. Sir —

ORONTE. Yes. I consider you superior to the highest amongst us.

ALCESTE. Sir —

ORONTE. May Heaven strike me dead if I lie! And in order to convince you of my feelings, allow me in this place to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your affections. Come, your hand if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

ALCESTE. Sir —

ORONTE. What! you refuse me?

ALCESTE. Sir, it is too great an honor you wish to pay me; but friendship requires a little more caution, and we surely profane its name when we lightly make use of it. Such a compact ought to spring from judgment and choice, and before we bind ourselves we ought to be better acquainted. Our dispositions might differ so greatly as to make us both heartily repent of the bargain.

ORONTE. Upon my word, you speak like a sensible man, and I esteem you all the more for it. Let us then leave the forming of such pleasant ties to time; but meanwhile believe that I am entirely at your service. If some overture is to be made for you at court, every one knows that I am in favor with the King, that I have his private ear, and that really he behaves in all things most kindly to me. In short, believe that I am in everything and at all times at your disposal. As you are a man of great judgment, I come, by way of beginning this happy bond of friendship, to read you a sonnet which I have lately composed, and to ask you if I should do well to publish it.

ALCESTE. Sir, I am ill qualified to decide on such a matter; pray excuse me.

ORONTE. Why?

ALCESTE. I have the weakness of being a little too sincere about those things.

ORONTE. Sincerity is what I ask of you; and I should have reason to complain, if when I come to you in order to hear the plain truth, you frustrate my purpose by concealing anything from me.

ALCESTE. If it is thus you look upon it, sir, I consent.

ORONTE. *Sonnet.* It is a sonnet — on *Hope.* It is to a lady who had given some encouragement to my love. *Hope.* These are not those long, pompous verses; but soft, tender, languishing little lines. [*At every one of these interruptions he looks at* ALCESTE.]

ALCESTE. We shall see.

ORONTE. *Hope.* I do not know whether the style will seem clear and easy to you, and whether you will be satisfied with my choice of words.

ALCESTE. We shall see, sir.

ORONTE. Besides, you must know that I was only a quarter of an hour composing it.

ALCESTE. Come, sir, time has nothing to do with the matter.

ORONTE [*reads*].

Hope, it is true, can ease our pain
And rock awhile our hapless mind
But, Phyllis, what a sorry gain
When nothing pleasant walks behind.

PHILINTE. I think this beginning charming!

ALCESTE [*aside to* PHILINTE]. What! you dare to find that charming?

ORONTE.

Your complaisance was great indeed,
But better 't were to clip its scope,
And not to such expense proceed,
If you could give me — only hope.

PHILINTE. Ah! in what charming terms those things are said!

ALCESTE [*aside to* PHILINTE]. Shame on you, you vile flatterer! you praise that rubbish!

ORONTE.

If age — long expectation's pest —
The ardor of my zeal must test,

To death at last I 'll fly.
My purpose braves your every eare;
Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair
When doomed to hope for aye.

PHILINTE. The fall is pretty, lovable, admirable.

ALCESTE [*aside to* PHILINTE]. Plague take your fall, wretched syeophant! Deuee take you! I wish it had broken your neck.

PHILINTE. I have never heard verses so skilfully turned.

ALCESTE [*aside*]. Zounds!

ORONTE [*to* PHILINTE]. You are flattering me, and you think perhaps —

PHILINTE. No indeed, I am not flattering you at all.

ALCESTE [*aside*]. Ha! what else are you doing, impostor?

ORONTE [*to* ALCESTE]. But you, you remember the agreement we made, and I beg of you to speak to me in all sineerity.

ALCESTE. Sir, this is at all times a delieate matter, and we always like people to praise us for our genius. But one day I was saying to some one, whose name I will not mention, on seeing verses of his eomposition, that a gentleman should earefully guard against the hankering after authorship whieh is apt to seize us; that he should eheek the great propensity we have of making a display of such pastimes; and that by too great an eagerness to show our produetions we run the risk of making ourselves ridieulous.

ORONTE. Do you mean me to understand by this that I am wrong in wishing —

ALCESTE. I do not say that. But I said to him that a lifeless eomposition is very wearisome to those who read it; that sueh a weakness is suffieient to make a man the objeet of unkind remarks; that although in other respeets he may have the most sterling qualities, we generally judge of men by their weakest side.

ORONTE. Do you find fault with my sonnet?

ALCESTE. I do not say that. But to keep him from writing, I pointed out to him how in our days that thirst had spoilt many a worthy man.

ORONTE. Do I write badly, and do I resemble in any way —

ALCESTE. I do not say that. But in short, I said to him, What pressing neeessity is there for you to rhyme, and what the deuee urges you to put your name in print? If we ean forgive the publieation of a wretehed book, it is only to those unfortunate men who seribble for a living. Believe me; resist the

temptation, keep such effusions from public notice, and do not throw away, however you may be tempted, the name of a man of sense and a gentleman which you bear at court, to take from the hands of a grasping printer that of a ridiculous and wretched author. This is what I tried to make him understand.

ORONTE. And I think I understand you. But this is all very well. May I know what in my sonnet can —

ALCESTE. Truly, you had better shut it up in your cabinet: you have followed bad models, and your expressions are in no way natural. Pray what is — "And rock awhile our hapless mind"? and "Nothing pleasant walks behind"? also "And not to such expense proceed, If you could give me only hope"? or "Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair, When doomed to hope for aye"? This figurative style that people are so vain of falls far short of good taste and truth. It is a paltry play on words, and mere affectation. Nature never speaks thus. I hate the wretched taste of the age in these matters. Our forefathers, unpolished as they were, understood these things better; and I value less all that is now admired than an old song which I will repeat to you: —

"If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love."

The versification is not rich, and the style is old. But do you not see how much better it is than all that trumpery which good sense must abhor, and that here simple nature speaks? —

"If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love."

This is what a heart truly in love would say. — [*To Philinte, who laughs.*] Yes, you may laugh as much as you please; but

whatever you men of wit may say, I prefer this to the showy glitter of those false trinkets which every one admires.

ORONTE. And yet I maintain that my verses are good.

ALCESTE. You have your own reasons for thinking them so; but you will allow me to be of a different opinion, and my reasons to be independent of yours.

ORONTE. I think it sufficient that others prize them.

ALCESTE. No doubt they have the gift of dissimulation, which I have not.

ORONTE. Do you really think that you have such a large share of intelligence?

ALCESTE. If I praised your verses, I should have more.

ORONTE. I can easily do without your approbation.

ALCESTE. You must certainly, if you please, do without it.

ORONTE. I should like to see how you would set about composing some on the same subject.

ALCESTE. I might have the misfortune of making some as bad as yours, but I should take great care not to show them to any one.

ORONTE. You speak to me very haughtily, and this conceit —

ALCESTE. Pray find others to flatter you, and do not ask me to do so.

ORONTE. But, my little sir, lower somewhat your lofty tone if you please.

ALCESTE. I shall certainly, my big sir, do as I choose.

PHILINTE [*stepping between them*]. Nay, gentlemen, this is carrying the matter too far. I beg of you to cease.

ORONTE. Ah! I am wrong, I acknowledge it, and I leave the field to you. I am, sir, in all sincerity, your humble servant.

ALCESTE. And I, sir, your most obedient.

[ORONTE *goes out.*]

PHILINTE. There! you see that with your love of sincerity you have drawn a troublesome affair upon yourself. It was clear to me that Oronte, in order to be flattered —

ALCESTE. Do not speak to me.

PHILINTE. But —

ALCESTE. No more society for me.

PHILINTE. It is too much —

ALCESTE. Leave me alone.

PHILINTE. If I —

ALCESTE. Not another word.

PHILINTE. But how —
ALCESTE. I will hear no more.
PHILINTE. But yet —
ALCESTE. Again? what, again?
PHILINTE. You insult —
ALCESTE. 'Sdeath! this is too much. Do not follow me.
PHILINTE. You are joking; I shall not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

ORGON PROPOSES MARIANNE'S MARRIAGE WITH TARTUFFE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

Enter to ORGON, *in the drawing-room of his house, his young daughter* MARIANNE.

ORGON. Marianne!
MARIANNE. Father!
ORGON. Come here: I have something to say to you privately.
MARIANNE [*to* ORGON, *who peers into a little side-room*]. What are you looking for?
ORGON. I want to see if there is any one there who could overhear us: this is a most likely place for such a purpose. Now we are all right. Marianne, I have always found you of a sweet disposition, and you have always been very dear to me.
MARIANNE. I thank you very much for this fatherly love.
ORGON. Rightly spoken, my daughter; and to deserve it, you should think of nothing but of pleasing me.
MARIANNE. I have no dearer wish at heart.
ORGON. Very well: then tell me, what do you say of our guest, Tartuffe?
MARIANNE. Who, I?
ORGON. You. Be careful how you answer.
MARIANNE. Alas! I will say anything you please of him.

DORINE, *the maid, comes in softly and stands behind* ORGON *without being noticed by him.*

ORGON. You speak wisely. Then say, daughter, that he possesses the greatest merit; that he has touched your heart; and that it would be happiness to you to see him, with my approbation, become your husband.
MARIANNE [*drawing back with surprise*]. Eh!
ORGON. What is the matter?
MARIANNE. What did you say?

ORGON. What?

MARIANNE. Did I make a mistake?

ORGON. Make a mistake?

MARIANNE. Who is it, father, that you would have me say has touched my heart, and whom, with your approbation, it would be happiness to have for a husband?

ORGON. Tartuffe.

MARIANNE. But I feel nothing of the kind, I assure you, father. Why would you have me tell such a falsehood?

ORGON. But I wish it to be the truth; and it is sufficient for you that I have decided it should be so.

MARIANNE. What! you wish me, father —

ORGON. Yes, daughter, I intend to unite Tartuffe to my family by marrying him to you. I am resolved that he shall be your husband; and as I can — [*Seeing* DORINE.] — What are you doing here? Your curiosity must be very strong, young damsel, for you to come here and listen to us after that fashion.

DORINE. Really, sir, I don't know whether the report arose from conjecture or by chance; but I have just been told of this match, and I treated the whole story as a sorry joke.

ORGON. Why! is the thing so incredible?

DORINE. So incredible, sir, that I do not believe it, even when I hear you speak of it.

ORGON. I shall find the means of making you believe it, you may be sure.

DORINE. Pooh! pooh! you are telling us a fine story indeed!

ORGON. I am telling you what will very soon prove true.

DORINE. Nonsense!

ORGON [*to* MARIANNE]. I assure you, daughter, that I am not jesting.

DORINE [*to* MARIANNE]. Ah! ah! Don't you go and believe your father: he is only laughing.

ORGON [*to* DORINE]. I tell you —

DORINE. It 'll all be lost time: nobody will believe you.

ORGON. My anger at last —

DORINE. Very well! very well! We believe you, and so much the worse for you. What! is it possible, sir, that with your wise looks, and that large beard in the very midst of your face, you should be foolish enough to wish —

ORGON. Now listen. You have of late taken certain liberties here which do not please me at all. Do you hear.

DORINE. Let us speak calmly, sir, I beseech you. Are you

laughing at us with this scheme? Your daughter will never do for a bigot: she has something else to think about. And then, what does such an alliance bring to you? Why should you, with all your wealth, go and choose a beggar for your son-in-law?

ORGON. Hold your tongue! If he has no money, remember that that is the very reason why we should esteem him. His poverty is a noble poverty, and one which ought to place him above all greatness; for he lost his fortune through the little care he had for the things of this world, and through his anxiety for the next. However, with my help, he will have the means of settling his affairs and of recovering his own. For, poor as he is, he is a gentleman; and the estate which he has a right to is considerable.

DORINE. Yes; at least he says so. But this vanity, sir, does not agree well with piety. Whoever gives himself to the privations of a holy life should not make such a boast of title and lineage: the humble ways of piety suffer from the publicity of such ambition. Why such pride?—But what I say vexes you. Let us leave his nobility aside and speak of his person. Would you really, without sorrow, give a girl like your daughter to a man of his stamp? And ought you not to think a little of propriety, and prevent the consequences of such a union? You ought to know that you endanger a woman's virtue when you marry her against her will or taste. Her living virtuously in the bonds of matrimony depends much on the husband who is given to her; and those who are everywhere pointed at, have often made their wives what they are. It is, in fact, very difficult to remain faithful to husbands of a certain kind; and whoever gives his daughter to a man she hates is responsible to Heaven for all the sins she commits. Think to what danger you are exposed by such a scheme.

ORGON [*to no one*]. I see that I shall have to learn from her what to do!

DORINE. It would be all the better for you if you followed my advice.

ORGON [*to* MARIANNE]. Daughter, let us no longer waste our time with such nonsense: I am your father, and I know what you want. I had promised you to Valère; but from what I am told, not only is he rather given to gambling, but I also suspect him of being a free-thinker. I never see him come to church.

DORINE. Would you have him run there at your fixed hours, like those who go there only to be seen?

ORGON [*to* DORINE]. I don't ask your opinion in the matter. [*To* MARIANNE.] In short, Tartuffe is on the best terms with Heaven, and this is a treasure to which nothing else can be compared. You will find all your wishes satisfied by such a union: it will proved a continual source of delight and pleasure. You will live together in your faithful love like two young children — like two turtle-doves. Never will any unhappy discussion arise between you, and you will make anything you like of him.

DORINE. She will make naught but a fool of him, I know.

ORGON. Gracious me, what language!

DORINE. I tell you that he has the look of one, and that his destiny will overrule, sir, all the virtue your daughter may have.

ORGON. Leave off interrupting me. Mind you keep silent, and not poke your word in where you have no business.

DORINE. [*interrupting him each time he turns round to speak to his daughter*]. What I say is only for your own good, sir.

ORGON. You take too much upon you. Be quiet, if you please.

DORINE. If I did not love you —

ORGON. I don't wish to be loved.

DORINE. And I shall love you in spite of yourself, sir.

ORGON. How now?

DORINE. I have your honor at heart, and I cannot bear to see you bring a thousand ill-natured remarks upon yourself.

ORGON. Will you be silent?

DORINE. It is a shame to allow you to think of such a marriage.

ORGON. Will you hold your peace, you serpent, whose insolence —

DORINE. What! you're a pious man, and you give way to anger?

ORGON. Yes: my patience must give way before all this. I insist upon your holding your tongue.

DORINE. Very well; but although I don't speak, I think none the less.

THE FAMILY CENSOR.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[Madame Pernelle, a venerable, sharp-tongued, and easily prejudiced lady; her daughter-in-law Elmire; her granddaughter Marianne; M. Cléante, and others of the family connection, including Damis, Dorine, and the maid Flipote, are all in the drawing-room of M. Orgon as the curtain rises.]

MADAME PERNELLE [*about to quit the room in anger*]. Come along, Flipote, come along; let me get away from them all.

ELMIRE. You go so fast that one can hardly keep up with you.

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* ELMIRE]. Never mind, daughter, never mind; come no farther: I can well dispense with these ceremonies.

ELMIRE. We acquit ourselves of our duty towards you. But, mother, may I ask why you are in such a hurry to leave us?

MADAME PERNELLE. For the simple reason that I cannot bear to see what goes on in your house, and that no effort is made to comply with my wishes. Yes, I leave your house very ill edified. Things are done against all my admonitions; there is no respect paid to anything; every one speaks out as he likes, and it is exactly like the court of King Petaud.

DORINE. If —

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* DORINE]. You, a servant, are a great deal too strong in the jaw, most rude, and must have your say about everything.

DAMIS. But —

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* DAMIS]. You are, in good round English, a fool, my child! I, your grandmother, tell you so; and I always forewarned your father that you would turn out a worthless fellow, and would never bring him anything but vexation.

MARIANNE. I think —

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* MARIANNE]. And you, his sister, are all demureness, and look as if butter would not melt in your mouth! But it is truly said that still waters run deep, and on the sly you lead a life which I thoroughly dislike.

ELMIRE. But, mother —

MADAME PERNELLE. I should be sorry to vex you, my daughter, but your conduct is altogether unbecoming: you ought to set them a good example, and their late mother did much better. You spend money too freely; and I am shocked to see you go about dressed like a princess. She who wishes to please her husband only has no need of such finery.

CLÉANTE. But, madame, after all —

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* CLÉANTE]. As for you, her brother, I esteem you greatly, I love and respect you, sir; but all the same, if I were in my son's her husband's place, I would beg of you most earnestly never to enter the house! You always advocate rules of life that honest folks ought not to follow. I am a little outspoken; but such is my disposition, and I never mince matters when I have something on my mind.

DORINE. Your Tartuffe is very fortunate, no doubt, in —

MADAME PERNELLE. He is a very worthy man, to whom you would do well to listen — and I can't bear (without getting into a passion) to see him molested by a scapegrace like you!

DAMIS. What! can I allow a straight-laced bigot to assume a tyrannical authority in this house? — and that we should never think of any pleasure unless we are assured of that fine gentleman's consent?

DORINE. According to him and his maxims, we can do nothing without committing a sin; for — the zealous critic that he is — he superintends everything.

MADAME PERNELLE. And whatever he superintends is well superintended. It is the way to heaven he wants to show you, and my son Orgon should make you all love him.

DAMIS. No, mother, there is no father nor anything in the world which can induce me to wish *him* well; and I should be false to my own heart if I spoke otherwise. Everything he does excites my wrath; and I foresee that some day or other something will happen, and that I shall be forced to come to an open quarrel with the sneaking scoundrel.

DORINE. Indeed it is most scandalous to see a stranger come and make himself at home here; most scandalous that a beggar who had no shoes to his feet when he first came, and whose coat was not worth three halfpence, should so far forget himself as to interfere with everything and play the master!

MADAME PERNELLE. Ah, mercy on us! It would be much better if everything were managed according to his pious directions.

DORINE. Yes, he is a saint in your opinion; but depend upon it, he is really nothing but a downright hypocrite.

MADAME PERNELLE. What backbiting!

DORINE. I should trust neither him nor his Laurent without good security, I can tell you.

MADAME PERNELLE. I don't know what the servant may really be; but I'll answer for the master being a holy man. You hate him and reject him because he tells you of your faults. It is against sin that he is incensed, and there is nothing he has so much at heart as the interest of heaven.

DORINE. Has he? Why, then, and particularly of late, is he angry when any one comes near us? In what does a polite visit offend heaven, that he should make a disturbance enough to drive us mad? Shall I tell you here privately what I think?

[*Pointing to* ELMIRE.] I really believe that he is, in good faith, jealous of madame!

MADAME PERNELLE. Hold your tongue, and mind what you are saying. He is not the only one who blames these visits. All the confusion which accompanies the people you receive, those carriages always waiting at the gate, the noisy crowd of lackeys, disturb the whole neighborhood. I am most willing to believe that there is really no harm done; but in short, it gives people occasion to talk, and that is not right.

CLÉANTE. Ah, madame, would you hinder people from talking? It would be a sad thing if in this world we had to give up our best friends because of some stupid story in which we may play a part. But even if we could bring ourselves to do such a thing, do you think it would force people to be silent? There is no safeguard against calumny. Let us therefore not mind all that foolish gossip, but only endeavor to lead a virtuous life, and leave full license to the scandal-mongers.

THE HYPOCRITE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[The scene, from the third act of the play, is the house of M. Orgon. His wife, the virtuous and shrewd Elmire, has long doubted the rectitude of Tartuffe's attentions to her, but cannot induce her foolish husband to believe the man a cheat and a libertine at heart, so excessive is his assumption of piety and abstraction from the world. With the aid of Dorine the maid, Damis has been concealed in the next room.]

TARTUFFE [*as soon as he sees Dorine, speaks loudly and in a pious tone to his servant, who is not on the stage*]. Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge; and pray Heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If anybody comes to see me, say that I am gone to the prisons — to distribute my alms.

DORINE [*aside.*] What boasting and affectation!

TARTUFFE. What is it you want?

DORINE. To tell you —

TARTUFFE. Put more modesty into your speech, or I will leave you at once.

DORINE. You need not, for I shall soon leave you in peace; and all I have to say is, that my lady is coming into this room, and would be glad to have a moment's talk with you.

TARTUFFE. Alas! with all my heart.

DORINE [*aside*]. How sweet we are! In good troth, I still abide by what I said.

TARTUFFE. Will she soon be here ?

DORINE. Directly. I hear her, I believe; yes, here she is. I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter ELMIRE.

TARTUFFE. May Heaven, in its goodness, ever bestow on you health of body and of mind, and shower blessings on your days, according to the prayer of the lowest of its servants.

ELMIRE. I am much obliged to you for this pious wish; but let us sit down a moment to talk more comfortably.

TARTUFFE [*seated*]. Have you quite recovered from your indisposition.

ELMIRE [*seated*]. Quite. That feverishness soon left me.

TARTUFFE. My prayers have not merit sufficient to have obtained this favor from Heaven; but I have not offered up one petition in which you were not concerned.

ELMIRE. Your anxious zeal is really too great.

TARTUFFE. We cannot have too great anxiety for your dear health; and to give you back the full enjoyment of it I would have sacrificed my own.

ELMIRE. You carry Christian charity very far, and I am under much obligation to you for all this kindness.

TARTUFFE. I do only what you deserve.

ELMIRE. I wished to speak to you in private on a certain matter, and I am glad that nobody is here to hear us.

TARTUFFE. And I also am delighted. It is very sweet for me, madame, to find myself alone with you. I have often prayed Heaven to bestow this favor upon me; but till now it has been in vain.

ELMIRE. For my part, all I want is, that you should speak frankly, and hide nothing from me.

[*Damis, without being seen, half opens the door of the room to hear the conversation.*]

TARTUFFE. And my wish is also that you will allow me the cherished favor of speaking openly to you, and of giving you my word of honor, that if I have said anything against the visits which are paid here to your charms, it has never been done out of hatred to you; but rather out of an ardent zeal which carries me away, and from a sincere feeling of —

ELMIRE. I quite understand it to be so, and I feel sure that it all proceeds from your anxiety for my good.

TARTUFFE [*taking her hands and pressing them*]. It is really so, madame; and my fervor is such —

ELMIRE. Ah! you press my hand too much.

TARTUFFE. It is through an excess of zeal. I never intended to hurt you. [*Handling Elmire's collar.*] Heaven! how marvellous this point-lace is! The work done in our days is perfectly wonderful; and never has such perfection been attained in everything.

ELMIRE. It is true. But let us speak of what brings me here. I have been told that my husband intends to break his word, and to give you his daughter in marriage. It that true? Pray tell me.

TARTUFFE. He has merely alluded to it. But, madame, to tell you the truth, that is not the happiness for which my soul sighs; I find elsewhere the unspeakable attractions of the bliss which is the end of all my hopes.

ELMIRE. That is because you care not for earthly things.

TARTUFFE. My breast, madame, does not inclose a heart of flint.

ELMIRE. I know, for my part, that all the sighs tend towards Heaven, and that you have no desire for anything here below.

TARTUFFE. Our love for the beauty which is eternal stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye and which touch the heart; and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which he has reproduced himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the Evil One; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learnt, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my misery or bliss; and by

your verdict I shall be forever happy, if you wish it: unhappy, if it pleases you.

ELMIRE. Quite a gallant declaration. But you must acknowledge that it is rather surprising. It seems to me that you might have fortified your heart a little more carefully against temptation, and have paused before such a design. A devotee like you, who is everywhere spoken of as —

TARTUFFE. Ah! Although a devotee, I am no less a man. When your celestial attractions burst upon the sight, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange: but after all, madame, I am not an angel; and if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything — fasting, prayers, and tears — and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvellous beauty, a devotion never to be equalled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. Men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

ELMIRE. I have listened to you, and your rhetoric expresses itself in terms strong enough. Are you not afraid that I might be disposed to tell my husband of this passionate declaration, and that its sudden disclosure might influence the friendship which he has toward you?

TARTUFFE. I know that your tender-heartedness is too great, and that you will excuse, because of human frailty, the violent transports of a love which offends you, and will consider, when you look at yourself, that people are not blind, and that flesh is weak.

ELMIRE. Others might take all this differently; but I will endeavor to show my discretion. I will tell nothing to my husband of what has taken place; but in return I must require

one thing of you, — which is to forward honestly and sincerely the marriage which has been decided between Valère and Marianne, and to renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another.

DAMIS [*coming out of a side room where he was hidden*]. No, madame, no! All this must be made public! I was in that place and overheard everything. Heaven in its goodness seems to have directed my steps hither, to confound the pride of a wretch who wrongs me, and to guide me to a sure revenge for his hypocrisy and insolence. I will undeceive my father, and will show him in a clear, strong light the heart of the miscreant who dares to speak to you of love.

ELMIRE. No, Damis: it is sufficient if he promises to amend, and endeavors to deserve the forgiveness I have spoken of. Since I have promised it, let me abide by my word. I have no wish for scandal. A woman should despise these follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

DAMIS. You have your reasons for dealing thus with him, and I have mine for acting otherwise. It is a mockery to try to spare him. In the insolent pride of his canting bigotry he has already triumphed too much over my just wrath, and has caused too many troubles in our house. The impostor has governed my father but too long, and too long opposed my love and Valère's. It is right that my father's eyes should be opened to the perfidy of this villain. Heaven offers me an easy opportunity, and I am thankful for it. Were I not to seize it, I should deserve never to have another.

ELMIRE. Damis —

DAMIS. No, I will, with your permission, follow my own counsel. My heart is overjoyed; and it is in vain for you to try and dissuade me from tasting the pleasure of revenge. I will at once make a full disclosure of all this. But here is the very person to give me satisfaction.

[*Enter* ORGON.]

DAMIS. Come, father, we will treat your arrival with a piece of news which will somewhat surprise you. You are well rewarded for all your caresses, and this gentleman well repays your tenderness. His great zeal for you has just shown itself, and stops at nothing short of dishonoring you. I have overheard him here, making to your wife an insulting declaration. She, amiable and gentle, and in her too great discre-

tion, insisted upon keeping the matter a seeret from you; but I cannot encourage such shamelessness, and I think it would be an offense to you were I to be silent about it.

[*Exit* ELMIRE.]

ORGON. What do I hear! O Heaven! Is it possible!

TARTUFFE [*with an entire change of look, manner, and accent*]. Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, miserable sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest wretch that earth ever bore. Eaeh moment of my life is overburdened with pollution; it is but a long continuation of erimes and defilement, and I see that Heaven, to punish me for my sins, intends to mortify me on this oeeasion. However great may be the erime laid to my eharge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what is said to you, arm all your wrath, and drive me like a eriminal from your house. Whatever shame is heaped upon me, I deserve even greater.

ORGON [*to his son*]. Ah, misereant! how dare you try to sully the spotless purity of his virtue with this falsehood?

DAMIS. What! the feigned meekness of this hypoerite will make you give the lie to —

ORGON. Hold your tongue, you cursed plague!

TARTUFFE. Ah! let him speak; you blame him wrongfully, and you would do better to believe what he tells you. Why should you be so favorable to me in this instanee? Do you know, after all, what I am capable of doing? Do you, brother, trust to the outward man; and do you think me good, because of what you see? No, no: you are deceived by appearanees, and I am, alas! no better than they think. Everybody takes me for a good man, no doubt; but the truth is, that I am worthless. [*To* DAMIS.] Yes, dear ehild, speak; eall me perfidious, infamous, reprobate, thief, and murderer; load me with still more hateful names: I do not gainsay them, I have deserved them all; and on my knees I will suffer the ignominy due to the erimes of my shameful life. [*Kneels.*]

ORGON [*to* TARTUFFE.] Ah, brother, this is too much! [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, traitor?

DAMIS. What! ean his words so far deceive you as —

ORGON. Hold your tongue, you rascal! [*Raising* TARTUFFE.] Brother, pray rise. [*To his son.*] Wreteh!

DAMIS. He ean —

ORGON. Hold your tongue!

DAMIS. I am furious. What! I am taken for —

ORGON. If you say one word more, I 'll break every bone —

TARTUFFE. In heaven's name, my brother, do not forget yourself! I had rather suffer the greatest injury than that he should receive the most trifling hurt on my account.

ORGON [*to his son*]. Ungrateful wretch!

TARTUFFE. Leave him in peace. If I must on my knees ask forgiveness for him —

[*He falls on his knees;* ORGON *does the same, and embraces* TARTUFFE.]

ORGON. Alas! my brother, what are you doing? [*To his son.*] See his goodness, rascal!

DAMIS. So —

ORGON. Peace.

DAMIS. What! I —

ORGON. Peace, I say. I know the motive which makes you accuse him. You all hate him; and I now see wife, children, and servants embittered against him. You have recourse to everything to drive this pious person from my home. But the more you strive to send him away, the more will I do to keep him. I will, therefore, to crush the pride of the whole family, hasten his marriage with my daughter.

DAMIS. You mean to force her to accept him?

ORGON. Yes, traitor; and to confound you all, it shall be done this very evening. Ah! I defy the whole household; I will show you that you have to obey me, and that I am the master here. Now, quick, retract your words, and this very moment throw yourself at his feet to ask his forgiveness.

DAMIS. Who? I? Ask forgiveness of the villain who by his impostures —

ORGON. What, scoundrel! you refuse, and abuse him besides? A cudgel! give me a cudgel! [*To* TARTUFFE.] Don't prevent me. [*To his son.*] Get out of my house this moment, and be careful you are never bold enough to set foot in it again.

DAMIS. Yes, I shall go; but —

ORGON. Quick then, decamp: I disinherit you, you scoundrel, and give you my curse besides.

[*Exit* DAMIS.]

ORGON. To offend a holy man in that way!

TARTUFFE. O Heaven! forgive me as I forgive him! [*To*

ORGON.] If you could know the pain it gives me to see them try to blacken my character to you, dear brother —

ORGON. Alas!

TARTUFFE. The very thought of this ingratitude is a torture too great for me to bear — The horror that I feel — My heart is so full that I cannot speak — It will kill me.

ORGON [*in tears, running to the door where he drove his son out*]. Wretch! how I grieve to have spared you, and not to have made an end of you on the spot. [*To* TARTUFFE.] Compose yourself, brother; do not give way to grief.

TARTUFFE. No, let us put an end to all these painful disputes. I see what great troubles I occasion here, and I think, brother, that my duty is to leave your house.

ORGON. How! surely you are not in earnest?

TARTUFFE. They hate me; and I see that they will try to make you doubt my good faith towards you.

ORGON. What does it matter? Do you see me listen to them?

TARTUFFE. I have no doubt but that they will persevere in their attacks; and these very reports which you refuse to believe to-day may another time be credited by you.

ORGON. No, brother; never.

TARTUFFE. Ah! brother, a wife can easily influence the mind of her husband.

ORGON. No, no.

TARTUFFE. Let me go away, and thus remove from them all occasion of attacking me.

ORGON. No, you will stop here: my life depends upon it.

TARTUFFE. Well, if it is so, I must do violence to myself. Ah, if you only would —

ORGON. No!

TARTUFFE. I yield. Let us say no more about it. But I know how I must behave in future. Honor is a delicate matter, and friendship requires me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I will avoid your wife, and you shall never see me —

ORGON. No, you will see and speak to her in spite of everybody. I delight in vexing people; and I wish you to be seen in her company at all hours of the day. This is not all. The better to brave them, I will have no other heir but you; and I will go at once and draw up a deed of gift, by which you will inherit all my possessions. A true, faithful friend whom I

take for son-in-law is more precious to me than son, wife, or relations. Will you not accept what I propose?

TARTUFFE. May Heaven's will be done in all things!

ORGON. Poor man! Let us go forthwith to draw up the deed, and then let envy burst with rage!

THE FATE OF DON JUAN.

(From "Don Juan: or, The Feast of the Statue.")

[The stage represents a solitary country spot in Sicily, not remote from the tomb (crowned by a statue) of the commandant whom Don Juan has slain in a duel. Don Juan and his servant Sganarelle enter, with Don Louis, the father of the dissolute hero. Don Louis has heard that his son has decided on a complete moral reformation.]

LOUIS. What! my son, is it possible that merciful Heaven has heard my prayers? Is what you tell me true? Are you not deceiving me with false hopes? And may I trust the surprising news of such a conversion?

JUAN. Yes, you see me reclaimed from all my sins; I am no longer the same man I was yesterday, and Heaven has suddenly wrought in me a change which will be the wonder of every one. It has touched my heart and opened my eyes, and I look back with horror on my long time of blindness, and on the criminal disorders of the life I have led. My mind dwells upon all its abominations; and I am astonished that Heaven has borne them so long, and has not made me feel its vengeance. I feel the mercy that has been shown me in my not being punished for my crimes, and I am ready to profit by it as I ought; to show to the world the sudden change in my life; thus to make up for the scandal of my past actions, and try to obtain a full pardon. Towards this will all my endeavors tend in future; and in order to help me in the new life I have chosen, I beseech you, sir, to choose for me a person who can help me, and under whose guidance I may be enabled to walk safely in the new path opened before me.

LOUIS. Ah! how easily the love of a father is recalled, and how quickly forgotten are the faults of a son at the mention of the word repentance! After what I have just heard, I remember no more all the sorrow you have caused me; everything is obliterated from my memory. My happiness is extreme; I weep for joy; all my dearest wishes are granted, and I have nothing else to ask of Heaven. Let us embrace each other, my son. Persist,

I beseeeh you, in this praiseworthy resolution. I will go at onee and earry this good news to your mother, share with her my joy, and thank Heaven for the holy thoughts with whieh it has inspired you. [*Exit.*

SGANARELLE. Ah, sir, how happy I am to see you eonverted! I have been a long time looking forward for this; and thank Heaven, all my wishes are satisfied.

JUAN. Plague take the booby!

SGANARELLE. How, the booby?

JUAN. What! you take for ready money what I have just said, and faney that my lips agree with my heart?

SGANARELLE. Why! it is not — you do not — your — [*Aside*]. Oh, what a man! what a man! what a man!

JUAN. Oh dear, no; I am not ehanged in the least, and all my thoughts are the same.

SGANARELLE. You do not yield, after the marvellous miraele of that moving and speaking statue?

JUAN. There eertainly is something about it whieh I do not understand; but whatever it may be, it ean neither eonvinee my judgment nor stagger my heart: and if I said that I wanted to reform my eonduet and to lead an exemplary life, it is beeause of a plan I have formed out of pure poliey, a useful stratagem, a neeessary grimaee to whieh I am willing to submit, in order not to give offenee to a father I have need of, and to sereen myself in respeet to men from a hundred troublesome adventures whieh might happen to me. I am glad to take you into my confidenee, Sganarelle, for I like to have a witness of what I feel, and of the real motives whieh oblige me to aet as I do.

SGANARELLE. What! you believe in nothing, and yet you mean to pass for a God-fearing man?

JUAN. And why not? There are plenty of others besides me who borrow the same feathers, and who use the same mask to deeeive the world.

SGANARELLE [*aside*]. Ah, what a man! what a man!

JUAN. There is no longer any shame in hypoerisy: it is a fashionable viee, and all fashionable viees pass for virtues. To aet the part of a good man is the best part one ean aet. The profession of hypoerisy has wonderful advantages. It is an art the imposture of whieh is always looked upon with respeet; and although the world may see through the deeeit, it dares say nothing against it. All the other viees of mankind are open to censure, and every one is at liberty to attaek them boldly; but

MOLIÈRE AND HIS TROUPE OF PLAYERS

From a Painting by G. Melingur

hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which closes the mouth of every one, and enjoys in peace a sovereign impunity. By dint of cant we enter into a kind of league with those of the same party, and whoever falls out with one of us has the whole set against him; whilst those who are really sincere, and who are known to be in earnest, are always the dupes of the others, are caught in the net of the hypocrites, and blindly lend their support to those who ape their conduct. You could hardly believe what a number of these people I know, who with the help of such stratagem have put a decent veil over the disorders of their youth, have sought shelter under the cloak of religion, and under its venerated dress are allowed to be as wicked as they please. Although people are aware of their intrigues, and know them for what they are, their influence is none the less real. They are well received everywhere; and a low bending of the head, deep sighs, and rolling eyes, make up for all they can be guilty of. It is under this convenient dress that I mean to take refuge and put my affairs to rights. I shall not give up my dear habits, but will carefully hide them, and avoid all show in my pleasures. If I am discovered, the whole cabal will take up my interests of their own accord, and will defend me against everybody. In short, it is the only safe way of doing all I like with impunity. I shall set up for a censor of other people's actions. I shall speak evil of everybody. If I am but ever so slightly offended, I shall never forgive, but bear an irreconcilable hatred. I shall make myself the avenger of the interests of Heaven; and under this convenient shelter I will pursue my enemies, will accuse them of impiety, and know how to let loose against them the officious zealots who, without understanding how the truth stands, will heap abuse upon them and damn them boldly on their own private authority. It is thus that we can profit by the weaknesses of men, and that a wise man can accommodate himself to the vices of his age.

SGANARELLE. Oh, heavens! what do I hear? You only lacked hypocrisy to make you perfectly bad; and this is the height of abomination. Sir, this last thing is too much for me, and I cannot help speaking. Do to me all you please; beat me, break every bone in my body, kill me if you like: but I must speak out my thoughts, and like a faithful servant say what I ought. Know, sir, that the pitcher goes once too often to the well: and as that author, whose name I do not recollect, truly said, man is in this world like the bird on the branch; the branch is attached

to the tree; whoever is attached to the tree follows good precepts; good precepts are better than fine words; fine words are found at court; at court are the courtiers; courtiers are followers of fashion; fashion comes from fancy; fancy is a faculty of the mind; the mind is life to us; life ends in death; death makes us think of heaven; the sky is above the earth; the earth is not the sea; the sea is subject to tempests; tempests endanger ships; ships require pilots; a good pilot has prudence: prudence is not the gift of young men; young men ought to obey their elders; old men love riches; riches make people rich; the rich are not poor; the poor know what want is; necessity has no law; those who have no law live like the brute; and consequently you will be damned with all the devils.

JUAN. A noble argument.

SGANARELLE. After this if you do not change, so much the worse for you.

[*Enter* DON CARLOS.]

CARLOS. Don Juan, I meet with you opportunely; and I am glad to ask you in this place rather than in your house what resolutions you have taken. You know that this duty belongs to me, that I took it upon myself in your presence. I cannot hide from you that I should like the difficulty to be settled by gentle means; there is nothing I would not do to prevail upon you to choose the right path, and to see you publicly confirm your marriage with my sister.

JUAN [*in a hypocritical tone*]. Alas! I wish with all my heart that I could give you the satisfaction you ask for: but Heaven is directly opposed to it; it has inspired me with the design of reforming my mode of life, and I have now no other thoughts than to leave all earthly engagements, to forsake all vanities, to atone by an austere life for all the criminal disorders into which the heat of passion and blind youth have carried me.

CARLOS. Your intentions, Don Juan, do not clash with what I propose: the company of a legitimate wife and the laudable thoughts Heaven has inspired you with can well agree.

JUAN. Alas! no. It is a decision which your sister herself has taken, for she had retired to a convent. Both our hearts were touched at the same time.

CARLOS. Her retreat cannot satisfy us, for it might be imputed to the contempt you had thrown on her and her family: our honor requires that she should live openly with you.

JUAN. I assure you that the thing is not possible. I had the greatest wish to do so, and even to-day I asked advice of Heaven about it; but when I consulted it, I heard a voice saying that I was not to think of your sister, and that with her for my companion I should certainly not work out my salvation.

CARLOS. Do you think you will impose upon me with those fine excuses?

JUAN. I obey Heaven's voice.

CARLOS. What! you imagine that I can be satisfied with such stories as these?

JUAN. Such is the will of Heaven.

CARLOS. You make my sister leave her convent, and abandon her afterwards?

JUAN. Heaven orders it should be so.

CARLOS. We must bear such a disgrace?

JUAN. Seek redress from Heaven.

CARLOS. What! always Heaven?

JUAN. It is the will of Heaven.

CARLOS. Enough, Don Juan: I understand you. It is not here that I will attack you, — the place will not admit of it, — I will soon find you out.

JUAN. You will do as you please. You know that I do not lack courage, and that I can use my sword when it is necessary. I will go in a few minutes through this narrow lane by the side of the convent: but I declare to you that I do not wish to fight; Heaven forbid I should think of such a thing: but if you attack me, we will see what will ensue.

CARLOS. We shall indeed see. [*Exit.*

SGANARELLE. Sir, what is this new style you adopt? This is worse than all the rest put together; I had much rather see you as you were before. I always looked forward to your salvation before; but from henceforth I give up all hope, and I believe that Heaven, which has borne with you to this day, will never tolerate this last abomination.

JUAN. Come, come: Heaven is not so strict as you think, and if each time that men —

[*Enter a* SPECTRE *in the form of a veiled woman.*]

SGANARELLE [*seeing the Spectre*]. Ah, sir, Heaven speaks to and warns you!

JUAN. This may be a warning from Heaven; but it must be expressed more clearly if I am to understand it.

SPECTRE. Don Juan has but a moment longer to profit by the merey of Heaven ; if he does not repent now, his destruetion is eertain.

SGANARELLE. Sir, do you hear ?

JUAN. Who dares speak sueh words to me ? I think I know this voice.

SGANARELLE. Ah, sir, it is a ghost! I know it by its way of walking.

JUAN. Ghost, phantom, or devil, I will see what it is.

[*The* SPECTRE *changes shape, and represents* TIME *with his scythe in his hand.*]

SGANARELLE. Oh, heavens! Do you see, sir, this ehange of shape ?

JUAN. No, no: nothing ean terrify me, and my sword will tell me whether this is body or spirit.

[*The* SPECTRE *disappears when* DON JUAN *tries to strike it.*]

SGANARELLE. Ah, sir, yield to sueh repeated proofs!

JUAN. No: whatever may happen, it shall never be said that I could repent. Come, follow me.

[*Enter* The STATUE of the Commandant.]

STATUE. Stop, Don Juan : you promised me yesterday to eome and have supper with me.

JUAN. Yes: where shall we go ?

SGANARELLE. Give me your hand.

JUAN. Here it is.

STATUE. Don Juan, obstinaey in sin brings after it a fearful death, and by rejecting the merey of Heaven we open a way for its wrath.

JUAN. Oh, heavens! what do I feel ? An invisible fire eonsumes me! I ean bear it no longer. My whole body is one ardent flame — Oh! — Oh! —

[*The lightning flashes around* DON JUAN, *and loud claps of thunder are heard. The earth opens and swallows him up. From the spot where he has disappeared burst forth flames of fire.*]

SGANARELLE. Ah! my wages! my wages! His death is a reparation to all. Heaven offended, laws violated, families dis-

honored, girls ruined, wives led astray, husbands driven to despair, everybody is satisfied. I am the only one to suffer. My wages, my wages, my wages!

[*The curtain falls.*]

The Sham Marquis and the Affected Ladies.

(From "Les Précieuses Ridicules.")

[The scene is the drawing-room of the provincial but ambitious ladies Mademoiselle Madelon and her cousin Mademoiselle Cathos, visiting Paris. Both are dressed in the height of fashionable absurdity. To them enters Mascarille, a clever valet, disguised by his master as a marquis and Parisian gentleman, for the purpose of tricking the silly young women and making them more sensible through the humiliation of their discovery. He plays his part with much gusto.]

Mascarille [*after having bowed to them*]. Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you: merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon. If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt after it.

Cathos. If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille. I refuse assent to such an assertion. Fame tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon. Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises; and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos. My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon [*to servant*]. Almanzor!

Almanzor. Madame.

Madelon. Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation.

[*Almanzor brings chairs.*]

Mascarille. But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos. What can you fear?

Mascarille. Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon

my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away, or require good security that they will do me no harm.

MADELON. What playfulness, my dear.

CATHOS. Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

MADELON. Do not fear: our eyes have no evil intentions; your heart may sleep in peace, and may rest assured of their innocence.

CATHOS. But for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that arm-chair, which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you: satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

MASCARILLE [*after having combed himself and adjusted his canions.*] Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

MADELON. Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the centre of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

MASCARILLE. I think for my part that out of Paris, people of position cannot exist.

CATHOS. That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

MASCARILLE. It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan-chairs.

MADELON. Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

MASCARILLE. You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

MADELON. Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the "Elegant Extracts."

CATHOS. As well as some others, who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

MASCARILLE. Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

MADELON. Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us; for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris; and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But for my part, what I value most is, that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know, and which are the

quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a M. A. has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such-and-such a subject; that Madame B has adapted words to such-and-such an air; that M. C has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his lady-love, and M. D upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening the Sieur E wrote a *sixain* to Mademoiselle F, to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that M. G has such-and-such a project in his head; that M. H is occupied with a third volume of his romance; and that M. J has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos. Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretence to wit, not to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille. It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the *ruelles* of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon. I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits: there is nothing more elegant, according to my opinion.

Mascarille. Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character; but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos. I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille. They form a good occupation for the mind; and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon. Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

MASCARILLE. I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

MADELON. Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

MASCARILLE. I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion; but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

MADELON. I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

MASCARILLE. Undoubtedly. By-the-by, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I'm a wonderful hand at impromptus.

CATHOS. An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

MASCARILLE. Listen.

MADELON. We are all ears.

MASCARILLE.

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! — I say.

CATHOS. Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

MASCARILLE. Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

MADELON. They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

MASCARILLE. Did you notice the beginning? "Oh! oh!" There is something exceptional in that "Oh! oh!" like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden — "Oh! oh!" Surprise is well depicted, is it not? "Oh! oh!"

MADELON. Yes, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

MASCARILLE. At first sight it does not seem much.

CATHOS. Ah! what do you say? These things cannot be too highly valued.

MADELON. Certainly; and I would rather have composed that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

MASCARILLE. Upon my word now, you have good taste.

MADELON. Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

MASCARILLE. But do you not admire also "I was not taking care"? "I was not taking care." I did not notice it; quite a natural way of speaking, you know: "I was not taking care."

"While thinking not of harm" — whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, "I watch my fair" — that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you, "Your lurking eye" — what do you think of this word "lurking"? Do you not think it well chosen?

CATHOS. Perfectly well.

MASCARILLE. "Lurking," hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse —"lurking."

MADELON. Nothing could be better.

MASCARILLE. "My heart doth steal away" — snatch it away; carries it off from me. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

MADELON. It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

MASCARILLE. I must sing you the tune I made to it.

CATHOS. Ah! you have learnt music?

MASCARILLE. Not a bit of it!

CATHOS. Then how can you have it set to music?

MASCARILLE. People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

MADELON. Of course it is so, my dear.

MASCARILLE. Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste: hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony [*he sings*]:—

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!—I say.

CATHOS. What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

MADELON. What soft languor creeps over one's heart.

MASCARILLE. Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? "Stop thief! stop thief!" And then as if one suddenly cried out, "Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!" Then all at once, like a person out of breath — "Stop thief!"

MADELON. It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable; both the words and the air enchant me.

CATHOS. I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

MASCARILLE. All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

MADELON. Nature has treated you like a fond mother: you are her spoiled child.

MASCARILLE. How do you spend your time, ladies?

CATHOS. Oh! in doing nothing at all.

MADELON. Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

MASCARILLE. I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

MADELON. There is no refusing such an offer.

MASCARILLE. But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous; and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet, I always call out "Splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

MADELON. Do not speak of it: Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

CATHOS. It is sufficient: now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

MASCARILLE. I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

MADELON. Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

MASCARILLE. Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

CATHOS. Indeed! and to what actors do you mean to give it?

MASCARILLE. What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, of course: they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a

fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are, if the actor does not stop at them and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

CATHOS. Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

MASCARILLE. How do you like my lace, feathers, and etceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

CATHOS. Not the slightest.

MASCARILLE. The ribbon is well chosen, you think?

MADELON. Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

MASCARILLE. What do you say of my canions?

MADELON. They look very fashionable.

MASCARILLE. I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

MADELON. I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

MASCARILLE. May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

MADELON. They smell terribly sweet.

CATHOS. I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

MASCARILLE. And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

MADELON. It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

MASCARILLE. You say nothing of my plumes. What do you think of them?

CATHOS. Astonishingly beautiful!

MASCARILLE. Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

MADELON. I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

MASCARILLE [*crying out suddenly*]. Oh, oh, oh! gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind: I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

CATHOS. What is it? What is the matter?

MASCARILLE. Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! Ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

Mommsen, Theodor, a famous German archæologist and historian; born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He studied at the University of Kiel; travelled from 1844 to 1847, and upon his return conducted the "Schleswig-Holstein Journal" until he was made Professor of Law at Leipsic. He was made Professor of Law at Zurich in 1852, at Breslau in 1854, and at Berlin in 1858; and in 1875 was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Leipsic. Professor Mommsen has written several learned archæological works, among which are one on "Latin Inscriptions" and one on "Roman Coins." He has also written an account of "The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy," which was, in 1858, translated into English by Robertson. His great historical work is the "History of Rome." The "History of Rome" has been translated by William P. Dickson (1863–67).

The Battle of Pharsalus.

(From the "History of Rome.")

Cæsar lay to the south of Larissa, in the plain which extends between the hill-country of Cynocephalæ and the chain of Orthrys, and is intersected by the Enipeus (a tributary of the Peneus), on the left bank of the Enipeus, near the town of Pharsalus, in Thessaly. Pompeius had pitched his camp opposite to Cæsar on the right bank of the Enipeus, along the slope of the heights of Cynocephalæ. The entire army of Pompeius was assembled. Cæsar, on the other hand, had expected the corps of nearly two legions formerly detached to Ætolia and Thessaly, now stationed in Greece, and the two legions which were sent after him by the land route from Italy, and had already arrived in Illyria. The army of Pompeius, numbering eleven legions, or about 47,000 men, and 7000 horses, was more than double that of Cæsar in infantry, and seven times as numerous in cavalry. Fatigue and conflicts had so reduced Cæsar's troops that his eight legions did not number more than 22,000 men under arms, consequently

not nearly half their normal amount. The victorious army of Pompeius, provided with a countless cavalry and good magazines, had provisions in abundance; while the troops of Cæsar had difficulty in keeping themselves alive, and only hoped for better supplies from the corn-harvest, not far distant.

The Pompeian soldiers, who had learned in the last campaign to know war and trust their leader, were in the best of humor. All the military reasons on the side of Pompeius favored the view that the decisive battle should not long be delayed, seeing that they now confronted Cæsar in Thessaly; and the impatience of the many noble officers, and others accompanying the army, doubtless had more weight than even such reasons in the council of war. Since the event of Dyrrhachium these nobles regarded the triumph of their party as an ascertained fact. When Pompeius hesitated as to his crossing the rivulet which separated the two armies — and which Cæsar, with his much weakened army, did not venture to pass — this excited great indignation. Pompeius, it was alleged, delayed the battle only in order to rule somewhat longer over so many consulars and prætorians, and to perpetrate the part of Agamemnon. Pompeius yielded; and Cæsar, who, under an impression that matters would not come to a battle, had just projected a mode of turning the enemy's army — and for that purpose was on the point of setting out toward Scotussa — likewise arranged his legions for battle when he saw the Pompeians preparing to offer it to him on his bank.

Thus the battle of Pharsalus was fought on August 9, 706, A. U. C. (B. C. 48) almost on the same field where, a hundred and fifty years years before, the Romans had laid the foundation of their dominion in the East.

Pompeius rested his right wing on the Enipeus. Cæsar, opposite to him, rested his left on the broken ground stretching in front of the Enipeus. The two other wings were stationed out in the plain, covered in each case by the cavalry and the light troops. The intention of Pompeius was to keep his infantry on the defensive, but with his cavalry to scatter the weak band of horsemen which, mixed after the German fashion with light infantry, confronted him, and then to take Cæsar's right wing in the rear. His infantry courageously sustained the first charge of that of the enemy, and the engagement there came to a stand. Labienus likewise dispersed the enemy's cavalry, after a brave but short resistance, and deployed his forces to the left with the view of turning the infantry.

But Cæsar, foreseeing the defeat of his eavalry, had stationed behind it, on the threatened flank of his right wing, some 2000 of his best legionaries. As the enemy's horsemen, driving those of Cæsar before them, galloped along the line, they suddenly eame upon this select eorps advaneing intrepidly against them; and, rapidly thrown into eonfusion by the unexpeeted and unusual infantry attaek, they galloped at full speed from the field of battle. The vietorious legionaries eut to pieees the enemy's arehers, now unproteeted, then rushed at the left wing of the enemy, and began now on their part to turn it. At the same time Cæsar's third division — hitherto reserved — advanced along the whole line to the attaek.

The unexpeeted defeat of the best arm of the Pompeian army, as it raised the eourage of their opponents, broke that of the army; and, above all, that of the general. When Pompeius, who from the outset did not trust his infantry, saw the horsemen gallop off, he rode baek at onee from the field of battle to the eamp without even awaiting the issue of the general attaek ordered by Cæsar. His legions began to waver, and soon to return over the brook into the eamp, whieh was not aecomplished without serious loss.

The day was thus lost, and many an able soldier had fallen; but the army was substantially intaet, and the situation of Pompeius was far less perilous than that of Cæsar after the battle of Dyrrhaehium. But while Cæsar, in the vieissitudes of his destiny, had learned that Fortune loves to withdraw herself at eertain moments even from her favorites, to be won baek through their perseveranee, Pompeius knew Fortune hitherto only as the eonstant goddess, and despaired of himself and of her when she withdrew herself. While in Cæsar's greater nature despair only developed still mightier energies, the feebler soul of Pompeius, under similar pressure, sank into the infinite abyss of despondeney. As onee in the war with Sertorius he had been on the point of abandoning the offiee intrusted to him, in presenee of his superior opponent, and of departing, so now, when he saw the legions retire over the stream, he threw from him the fatal general's staff, and rode off by the nearest route to the sea, to find means of embarking there.

His army, diseouraged and leaderless (for Seipio, although reeognized by Pompeius as eolleague in supreme eommand, was yet general-in-ehief only in name) hoped to find proteetion behind the eamp-walls; but Cæsar allowed it no rest. The obsti-

nate resistance of the Roman and the Thracian guard of the camp was speedily overcome, and the mass was compelled to withdraw in disorder to the heights of Crannon and Scotussa, at the foot of which the camp was pitched. It attempted, by moving forward along those hills, to regain Larissa, but the troops of Cæsar — heeding neither booty nor fatigue, and advancing by better paths in the plain — intercepted the route of the fugitives. In fact, when late in the evening the Pompeians suspended their march, the pursuers were able even to draw an intrenched line which prevented the fugitives from access to the only rivulet to be found in the neighborhood.

So ended the day of Pharsalus. The army of Pompeius was not only defeated but annihilated. Of them 15,000 lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, while the Cæsarians missed only 200 men. The body which remained together, amounting still to nearly 20,000 men, laid down their arms on the morning after the battle. Only isolated troops — including, it is true, the officers of most note — sought refuge in the mountains. Of the eleven eagles of the enemy nine were handed over to Cæsar.

Cæsar, who on the very day of the battle had reminded the soldiers that they should not forget the fellow-citizen in the foe, did not treat the captives as Bibulus and Labienus had done; nevertheless he, too, found it necessary now to exercise some severity. The common soldiers were incorporated in the army; fines or confiscations of property were inflicted on the men of better rank; the senators and equites of note who were taken, with few exceptions, suffered death. The time for clemency was past; the longer the civil war lasted, the more remorseless and implacable it became.

The Character of Cæsar.

(From the "History of Rome.")

The new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born 12th July, 652 A.U.C.) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar: the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had

set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to both nations, he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying.

But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses: Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and his swimming saved his life at Alexandria; the incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually for the sake of gaining time were performed by night, — a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another, — was the astonishment of his contemporaries and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless; and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother Aurelia (his father having died early). To his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends — and that not merely from calculation — through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, even after his death gave noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one

trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this: that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was and continued to be with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full lustre of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt, with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years; and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him. Even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mask a weak point in his political position.

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and a man of sense; and whatever he undertook and achieved was penetrated and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor, and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the

"marvellous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence which admitted of no control by favorite, or by mistress, or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that in all things, fortune, that is to say accident, must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny, and in particular again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As indeed occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism.

Gifts such as these could not fail to produce a statesman. From early youth, accordingly, Cæsar was a statesman in the deepest sense of the term; and his aim was the highest which man is allowed to propose to himself, — the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his own deeply decayed nation, and of the still more deeply decayed Hellenic nation intimately akin to his own. The hard school of thirty years' experience changed his views as to the means by which this aim was to be reached; his aim itself remained the same in the times of his hopeless humiliation and of his unlimited plentitude of power, in the times when as demagogue and conspirator he stole towards it by paths of darkness, and in those when as joint possessor of the supreme power and then as monarch, he worked at his task in the full light of day before the eyes of the world. All the measures of a permanent kind that proceeded from him at the most various times assume their appropriate places in the great building-plan. We cannot therefore properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar; he did nothing isolated.

With justice men commend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice men admire in Cæsar the author the inimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding

routine and tradition, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered, and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who, with the certainty of divination, found the proper means for every end; who after defeat stood ready for battle like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare, the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer, — the rapid movement of masses, — with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory not in the massiveness of his forces but in the celerity of their movements, not in long preparation but in rapid and bold action even with inadequate means. But all these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters: he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman.

The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part; and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer but as a demagogue. According to his original plan he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Gaius Gracehus, without force of arms; and throughout eighteen years, as leader of the popular party, he had moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues: until, reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a military support, he headed an army when he was already forty years of age. It was natural that even afterwards he should remain still more statesman than general; like Cromwell, who also transformed himself from a leader of opposition into a military chief and democratic king, and who in general, little as the Puritan hero seems to resemble the dissolute Roman, is yet in his development, as well as in the objects which he aimed at and the results which he achieved, of all statesmen perhaps the most akin to Cæsar. Even in his mode of warfare this improvised generalship may still be recognized: the enterprises of Napoleon against Egypt and against England do not more clearly exhibit the artillery lieutenant who had risen by service to command, than the similar enterprises of Cæsar exhibit the demagogue metamorphosed into a general. A regularly trained officer would hardly have been prepared, through political considerations of a not altogether stringent nature, to set aside the best-founded military scruples in the way in which Cæsar did so

on several occasions, most strikingly in the case of his landing in Epirus.

Several of his acts are therefore censurable from a military point of view; but what the general loses the statesman gains. The task of the statesman is universal in its nature, like Cæsar's genius: if he undertook things the most varied and most remote one from another, they had all, without exception, a bearing on the one great object to which with infinite fidelity and consistency he devoted himself; and he never preferred one to another of the manifold aspects and directions of his great activity. Although a master of the art of war, he yet from statesmanly considerations did his utmost to avert the civil strife, and when it nevertheless began, to keep his laurels from the stain of blood. Although the founder of a military monarchy, he, yet with an energy unexampled in history, allowed no hierarchy of marshals or government of prætorians to come into existence. If he had a preference for any one form of services rendered to the State, it was for the sciences and arts of peace rather than for those of war.

The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality all the conditions for this most difficult of all human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present, and the law of reason: just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research, and recognized nothing but on the one hand the living *usus loquendi*, and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service; — the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauritania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker. His talent for organization was marvellous. No statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements, with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and his legions. Never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye.

He was monarch; but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the

party leader: perfectly pliant and smooth, easy and charming in conversation, complaisant towards every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers.

Cæsar entirely avoided the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command; however much occasion his disagreeable relations with the Senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch; but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant. He is perhaps the only one among the mighty men of the earth who in great matters and little never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always without exception according to his duty as ruler; and who, when he looked back on his life, found doubtless erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false step of passion to regret. There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which even on a small scale can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions — such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis — which the history of his great predecessor in the East records. He is, in fine, perhaps the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly gifted natures is the most difficult of all, — the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed; and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine; and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a person our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but strictly speaking, they

cannot be different: to every inquirer not utterly perverted, the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and the Hellenic types of culture, — Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly we miss in him more than in any other historical personage what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. What in Cæsar passes for such at the first superficial glance is, when more closely observed, seen to be the peculiarity not of the individual but of the epoch of culture or of the nation: his youthful adventures, for instance, were common to him as to all his more gifted contemporaries of like position; his unpoetical but strongly logical temperament was the temperament of Romans in general.

It formed part also of Cæsar's full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place; for there is no abstract humanity, — the living man cannot but occupy a place in a given nationality and in a definite line of culture. Cæsar was a perfect man just because more than any other he placed himself amidst the currents of his time, and because more than any other he possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation — practical aptitude as a citizen — in perfection; for his Hellenism in fact was only the Hellenism which had been long intimately blended with the Italian nationality. But in this very circumstance lies the difficulty, we may perhaps say the impossibility, of depicting Cæsar to the life. As the artist can paint everything save only consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifesta-

CÆSAR REFUSES THE CROWN

From a Drawing by E. F. Brewtall

tions normality and individuality are combined, is beyond expression. Nothing is left for us but to deem those fortunate who beheld this perfection, and to gain some faint conception of it from the reflected lustre which rests imperishably on the works that were the creation of this great nature.

These also, it is true, bear the stamp of the time. The Roman hero himself stood by the side of his youthful Greek predecessor, not merely as an equal but as a superior; but the world had meanwhile become old and its youthful lustre had faded. The action of Cæsar was no longer, like that of Alexander, a joyous marching onward towards a goal indefinitely remote: he built on and out of ruins, and was content to establish himself as tolerably and as securely as possible within the ample but yet definite bounds once assigned to him. With reason, therefore, the delicate poetic tact of the nations has not troubled itself about the unpoetical Roman, and has invested the son of Philip alone with all the golden lustre of poetry, with all the rainbow hues of legend. But with equal reason the political life of nations has during thousands of years again and again reverted to the lines which Cæsar drew; and the fact that the peoples to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their monarchs by his name, conveys a warning deeply significant, and unhappily fraught with shame.

JAMES MONROE.

Monroe, James, fifth President of the United States; born in Westmoreland County, Va., April 28, 1758; died in New York, July 4, 1831. In 1776, when he was a student at William and Mary College, he entered the revolutionary army as a cadet, was present at several battles in the North, and rose to the rank of major. After the close of the war he was about to commence the study of law with Thomas Jefferson, but was called into public service, which was commenced in 1782 by his election to the Assembly of Virginia; and to Congress in the following year. Of his distinguished civil career it is not necessary to speak at length. It began in his twenty-third year, and continued without interruption until 1825, when, at the age of sixty-seven, he retired from the presidency, having served for two terms. With the exception of Washington, he is the only President who has been elected by anything like a unanimous vote of the presidential electors. During this whole period he was in the continuous service of his own State or of the nation. He was twice Governor of Virginia, twice envoy to France, Secretary of State and of War, and twice President. During his later years he employed himself much in writing, and his manuscripts were purchased by order of Congress, but no further disposition was made of them. He left a small work entitled "The People the Sovereigns," which remained in manuscript until 1867, when it was published, with a brief "Memoir," by his grandson, Samuel L. Gouverneur.

Sovereignty and Government.

The terms "sovereignty" and "government" have generally been considered as synonymous. Most writers on the subject have used them in that sense. To us, however, they convey very different ideas. The powers may be separated and placed in different hands; and it is the faculty of making that separation, which is enjoyed by one class of governments alone, which secures to it many of the advantages which it holds over all others. This separation may take place in the class in which

the sovereign power is vested in the people. It cannot in that which it is vested in an individual, or a few; nor can it in that which is mixed, or compounded of the two principles.

The sovereign power, wherever vested, is the highest in the state, and must always remain so. If vested in an individual, or a few, there is no other order in the state. The same may be said of those governments which are founded on the opposite principle. If the people possess the sovereignty, the king and nobility are no more. A king without power is an absurdity. Dethroned kings generally leave the country, as do their descendants. Whatever the sovereign power may perform at one time, it may modify or revoke at another. There is no check in the government to prevent it. In those instances in which it is vested in an individual or a few, the government and the sovereignty are the same. They are both held by the same person or persons. The sovereign constitutes the government, and it is impossible to separate it from him without a revolution. Create a body in such a government with competent authority to make laws, treaties, etc., without reference to the party from whom it was derived and the government is changed. Such agents must be the instruments of those who appoint them, and their acts be obligatory only after they are seen and approved by their masters, or the government is no more.

In mixed governments, in which there are two or more orders, each participating in the sovereignty, the principle is the same. Neither can the king nor the nobility in such governments create a power, with competent authority, to rule distinct with themselves. In these governments the sovereignty is divided between the orders, and each must take care of its own rights, which the privileged orders cannot do if their powers should be transferred from them. The government is divided between the orders in like manner, each holding the station belonging to it, and performing its appropriate duties. They therefore constitute the government. It follows as a necessary consequence that sovereign power and government even in the governments of this class, are the same, and that they cannot be separated from each other.

It is only in governments in which the people possess the sovereignty that the two powers can be placed in distinct bodies; nor can they in them otherwise than by the institution of a government by compact to which all the people are parties, and in which those who fill its various departments and

officcs are made their representatives and servants. In those instanees the sovereignty is distinct from the government, beeause the people who hold the one are distinct from their representatives, who hold and perform the duties of the other. One is the power which creates; the other is the subject which is created. One is always the same; the other may be modified at the will of those who made it. Thus the Constitution beeomes the paramount law, and every aet of the governmcnt, and of every department in it, repugnant thereto, is void.

Origin of Government.

The origin of government has been traeed by different writers to four sources: divine right, paternal authority, election, and force. I traee it to two only, — election and force; and believe that it has originated sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other, according to the state of society at the time, and the number of whieh it was composed. I think that this proposition admits of a clear and satisfactory demonstration. Before, however, I attempt it, it will be useful to take a brief notiee of the other sources; especially as it is to them that the advocates of despotism and hereditary right have traced it. . . .

Divine and paternal right appear to me to rest on the same basis, although they have not been so understood by the writers who have traced governments to these sources. If divine, the claimant or prctender must prove his title by some miracle or other incontestable evidenee, or it must eommence with the parent; and, beginning with him, be subject to all the views applicable to that title. Thcy must either aceord, or be in opposition to each other. No advocate of either places them in opposition; and, if they accord, it must be by meaning the same thing under different names. So absurd are both pretensions that I should not even notiee them, if they had not gained sueh weight as to form an important feature in the works of distinguished and able writers on the subject of government; and if I did not wish also, in this elementary sketch, to simplify the subject by getting rid of all such absurd doetrines. . . .

In tracing regal power to the paternal souree, we trace it to a single pair, from whom the whole community must have descended; for otherwise the origin could not have been paternal.

If this be the source of power, it must have commenced with the human race, and, admitting the authority of the Mosaic account, with our first parents; and, to preserve the succession, have descended in the right line to the oldest son from generation to generation, to the present day. If the right ever existed, it must have commenced at that epoch and still exist, without limitation as to time, generation, population, or its dispersion over the earth. A limitation of the right in either of these respects would be subversive of it. To what term confine it? Through how many generations must it pass? To what number of persons, or extent of territory, carry it. How dispose of it, after those conditions should have been fulfilled. The mere admission that such limitations were prescribed, would be to admit that the right never existed. And, if not limited, it would follow that one man would now be the sovereign or lord of all the inhabited globe: than which nothing can be more absurd. . . .

Do any of the sovereigns of the present day trace their titles to Adam, or to any other first parent? or would they be willing to rest on that ground? We know that they would not; and if they did, that it would fail, since the commencement of all the existing dynasties may be traced to other sources; to causes such as operated at the moment of their derivation, and varied in different countries. Does any community, in Europe, or elsewhere, trace its origin to a single pair, unless it be to our first parents, and which is common to the human race? We know that except in their instance, and at the creation of mankind, societies have never commenced in that form; and that such have been the revolutions in every part of the globe, that no existing race or community can trace its connection, in a direct line, with Adam, Noah, or others of that early epoch. In the infant state of every society individuals seek each other for safety and comfort. Those who are born together, no matter whence their parents came, live together, and thus increase and multiply, until the means of subsistence become scanty. A portion then withdraws to some other quarter where the means can be procured, and thus new societies have been formed, and the human race spread over the earth, through all its habitable regions.

From every view that can be taken of the subject the doctrine of the Divine or paternal right as the foundation of a claim in any one to the sovereign power of the state, or to any portion of it, is absurd. It belonged to the dark ages, and was charac-

teristic of the superstition and idolatry which prevailed in them. All men are by nature equally free, their Creator made them so; and the inequalities which have grown up among them, and the governments which have been established over them, founded on other principles, have proceeded from other causes, by which their natural rights have been subverted. We must trace governments, then, to other sources; and in doing this should view things as they are, and not indulge in superstitious, visionary, and fanciful speculations.

The Monroe Doctrine.

(From Message to Congress, December 2, 1823.)

In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, an English miscellaneous writer; baptized at Covent Garden, May 26, 1689; died in England, August 21, 1762. She was a daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston. In 1712 she was married to Edward Wortley Montagu, who, in 1716, was sent as Minister to the Ottoman Porte. While in Turkey she noticed the practice of inoculation for the smallpox; tried it upon her infant son, and introduced it into England after her return in 1718. She resided in England until 1729, when she went to Italy, where she remained until 1761, after which she returned to England. Lady Mary was a voluminous letter-writer all through her life. Many of her letters were surreptitiously published soon after her death. A carefully edited edition by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, was published in 1837.

To Mrs. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Gre-

cians have eommonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in eaeh arm, and one in the breast, to mark the sign of the eross; but this has a very ill effeet, all these wounds leaving little sears, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty [spots] in their faees, whieh never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, whieh I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, sinee I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doetors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy sueh a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this oecasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, etc., ete.

To the Countess of Mar.

Adrianople, April 18th, O. S., 1717.

I wrote to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I eannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without further prefaee, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady; and it

was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see; and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretress. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in; which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, — which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian who had never tasted of either would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast

very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; ten slaves, kneeling, *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house: but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the kiyàya's lady; saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, — the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's harem, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather a pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up; and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels,

dressed perfeetly rieh, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen,—nay, all that had been ealled lovely, either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor ean I reeolleet a faee that would have been taken notiee of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding eould ever give. She ordered eushions to be given me, and took care to plaee me in the eorner, whieh is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I eould not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that eharming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her faee discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection: without any fruit of my search but my being clearly convineed of the error of that vulgar notion that a face exactly proportioned and perfectly beautiful would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success what Apelles is said to have essayed by a eollection of the most exaet features, to form a perfeet face. Add to all this a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, eould she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne in Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most eelebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some

bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

To the Abbé X——.

Constantinople, May 19th, O. S., 1718.

. . . . . .

You see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'T is true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science which we can never attain, or if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'T is certain what we feel and see is properly (if anything is properly) our own: but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased; and when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labors. Considering what short-lived, weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the inspired railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration, in saying that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge!

I am, sir, etc., etc.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, ——, 1725.

I am very glad, dear sister, to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris: to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you there is little difference between them and old women. I have been *embourbé* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. Pierrepont, having £400 per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education: and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire. The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to go to the capital: so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t' other day, and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search, we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was two days before his death. I have a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu, dear sister: conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous.

Cavendish Square, ——, 1727.

I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation Day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertain-

ing to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to eoneeal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenanee as soon as the eoronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very eonsiderable protuberance whieh preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her gray hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 't is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J—n had not displayed all her eharms in honor of the day. The poor Duehess of M—se crept along, with a dozen of black snakes playing round her faee; and my lady P—nd (who is fallen away sinee her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything in the world, was overjoyed to find that one ean never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affeetionately yours,

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvère, February 19th, N. S., 1753.

My dear Child: — I gave you some general thoughts on the edueation of your children in my last letter; but fearing you should think I negleeted your requcst, by answering it with too much conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little I know on that subjeet, and which may perhaps be useful to you in a conecrn with whieh you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their ehildren as they build their houses, — according to some plan they think beautiful, without eonsidering whether it is suited to the purposes for whieh they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is oftcn as little to be expected as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to eonfine their desires to probabilities, to be

as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying, "I love to speak truth." One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to show she was sincere! I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction; and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for your children. I do not mean that you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power than it is commonly believed, to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil, — I mean acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think so; which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and show them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may

be either over or under valued. It is the common doctrine of what are called good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, etc.; which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over-eager desire of them. Why they should not look on these things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessaries that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of Lady F—— M—— was in great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her;—'t is true, her circumstances and your daughters' are very different. They should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever Your affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

I should be glad if you sent me the third volume of Campbell's "Architecture," and with it any other entertaining books. I have seen the Duchess of Marlborough's "Memoirs," but should be glad of the "Apology for a Late Resignation." As to the ale, 't is now so late in the year, it is impossible it should come good. You do not mention your father; my last letter from him told me he intended soon to sail for England.

From a Letter to the Countess of Bute.

Louvère, March 6, 1753.

I can truly affirm I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesigned) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say, during his ministry, he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth,—which as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is in part from this false reasoning, the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning,—the men fancying the improvement of our under-

standings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding, — which, if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons: which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses, as Dr. Swift has supposed, it would be an established maxim among them that a mare could *not* be taught to pace.

To the Countess of Bute.

September 30, 1757.

. . . . . .

Daughter! daughter! don't call names: you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders colored strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my love for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this

very moment riding on a poker with great delight; not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it; and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise: I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends.

To Mr. Pope.

Adrianople, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. . . .

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here, of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country: the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men; fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE.

Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de, a French essayist; born at the ancestral château of Montaigne, in Périgord, February 28, 1533; died there, September 13, 1592. He was sent to a school at Bordeaux. At twenty-one he became a councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, resigning the post after holding it until 1570. For some years after he lived much at the French Court, and was a favorite with several successive monarchs. In 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, he retired to his château, and began the composition of his "Essays," the only work by which he is at all known. These were first printed in 1580, and several times subsequently during his life. Of this edition he left two copies full of corrections and additions, which are incorporated in all subsequent editions.

The Author to the Reader.

(From the "Essays.")

Reader, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forwarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the worlds opinion and favour, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre-forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if

my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Natures first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

The first of March. 1580.

Of Friendship.

(From the "Essays.")

For the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which, there happens some little intercourse betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one peice, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the Seame by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him [Etienne de la Boëtie]; I find it could no otherwise be exprest, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reason, meer reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of Heaven, we embraced in our Names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt our selves, that from thence-forward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I since Printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that being to have so short a continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the older), there was no time to lose; nor was ti'd to conform it self to the example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long præliminary Conversation. This has no other Idea, than that of its self; this is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 't is I know not what quintessence of all this

mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seiz'd his whole Will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine.

Of Books.

(From the "Essays.")

I make no doubt but that I often happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. You have here purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquired: and whoever shall catch me tripping in ignorance, will not in any sort get the better of me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things but to lay open myself; they may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgotten it: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention; so that I can promise no certainty, more than to make known to what point the knowledge I now have has risen. Therefore, let none lay stress upon the matter I write, but upon my method in writing it. Let them observe, in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or help the invention, which is always my own. For I make others say for me, not before but after me, what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself so well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them; and had I designed to raise their value by number, I had made them twice as many; they are all, or within a very few, so famed and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writings, particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue which puts every one into a capacity of criti-

cising, and which seems to convict the conception and design as vulgar also. I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. . . .

I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself, by an honest diversion; or if I study, 't is for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die and how to live well.

"Has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus."[1]

I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose myself and time: for I have an impatient understanding, that must be satisfied at first; what I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gayety; continuation and a too obstinate endeavor darkens, stupefies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and defer my discovery to a new attempt; just as to judge rightly of the lustre of scarlet, we are taught to pass the eye lightly over it, and again to run it over at several sudden and reiterated glances. If one book do not please me, I take another; and never meddle with any, but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing. I do not care for new ones, because the old seem fuller and stronger; neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material. . . .

But, to pursue the business of this essay, I have always thought that, in poesy, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace by many degrees excel the rest; and signally, Virgil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry. . . .

As to what concerns my other reading, that mixes a little more profit with the pleasure; and whence I learn how to marshal my opinions and conditions, the books that serve me to this purpose are Plutarch (since he has been translated into French) and Seneca. Both of these have this notable convenience suited to my humor, that the knowledge I there seek is discoursed in loose pieces, that do not require from me any trouble of reading long, of which I am incapable. Such are the minor works of the first and the epistles of the latter, which are the best and most profiting of all their writings. 'T is no great attempt to take

[1] "Unto that goal my steed must needs make haste."

one of them in hand, and I give over at pleasure; for they have no sequence or dependence upon one another. These authors, for the most part, concur in useful and true opinions: and there is this parallel betwixt them, that fortune brought them into the world about the same century; they were both tutors to two Roman emperors; both sought out from foreign countries; both rich and both great men. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent manner. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more various and waving: the last toiled and bent his whole strength to fortify virtue against weakness, fear, and vicious appetites; the other seems more to slight their power, and to disdain to alter his pace and to stand upon his guard. Plutarch's opinions are Platonic, gentle, and accommodated to civil society; those of the other are Stoical and Epicurean, more remote from the common use, but in my opinion more individually commodious and more firm. Seneca seems to lean a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, and only seems; for I take it for certain that he speaks against his judgment when he condemns the action of the generous murderers of Cæsar. Plutarch is frank throughout; Seneca abounds with brisk touches and sallies, Plutarch with things that heat and move you more: this contents and pays you better; he guides us, the other pushes us on.

As to Cicero, those of his works that are most useful to my design are they that treat of philosophy, especially moral. But boldly to confess the truth (for since one has passed the barriers of impudence, off with the bridle), his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious; for his prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work; whatever there is of life and marrow is smothered and lost in the long preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him, — which is a great deal for me, — and try to recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and to the reasons that properly help to form the knot I seek. For me, who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical and Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use. I would have a man begin with the main proposition. I know well enough what death and pleasure are: let no man give himself the trouble to anatomize them for me. I look for good and solid reasons, at the first dash, to instruct me how to

stand their shock; for which purpose neither grammatical subtleties nor the quaint contexture of words are argumentations of any use at all. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the redoubt: his languish about the subject; they are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after, — time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design to gain over, right or wrong; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all, and see what will come of it. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive. . . . I come already fully prepared from my chamber. I need no allurement, no invitation, no sauce; I eat the meat raw, so that instead of whetting my appetite by these preparatives, they tire and pall it. Will the license of the time excuse my sacrilegious boldness if I censure the dialogism of Plato himself as also dull and heavy, too much stifling the matter, and lament so much time lost by a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions? My ignorance will better excuse me, in that I understand not Greek so well as to discern the beauty of his language. I generally choose books that use sciences, not such as only lead to them. . . .

The historians are my right ball; for they are pleasant and easy, and where man in general, the knowledge of whom I hunt after, appears more vividly and entire than anywhere else: the variety and truth of his internal qualities in gross and piecemeal, the diversity of means by which he is united and knit, and the accidents that threaten him. Now those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within than upon what happens without, are the most proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, Plutarch is the man for me. . . . Cæsar, in my opinion, particularly deserves to be studied, not for the knowledge of the history only, but for himself, so great an excellence and perfection he has above all the rest, though Sallust be one of the number. In earnest I read this author with more reverence and respect than is usually allowed to human writings: one while considering him in his person, by his actions and miraculous greatness, and another in the purity and inimitable polish of his language, wherein he not only excels all other historians, as Cicero confesses, but peradventure even Cicero himself; speak-

ing of his enemies with so much sincerity in his judgment, that (the false colors with which he strives to palliate his evil cause, and the ordure of his pestilent ambition, excepted) I think there is no fault to be objected against him, saving this, that he speaks too sparingly of himself, — seeing so many great things could not have been performed under his conduct, but that his own personal acts must necessarily have had a greater share in them than he attributes to them.

Of Repentance.

(From the "Essays.")

Others form man: I only report him; and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling. Now, though the features of my picture alter and change, 'tis not, however, unlike: the world eternally turns round: all things therein are incessantly moving, — the earth, the rocks of Caucasus, and the Pyramids of Egypt, both by the public motion and their own! Even constancy itself is no other but a slower and more languishing motion. . . . I must accommodate my history to the hour: I may presently change, not only by fortune, but also by intention. . . . Could my soul once take footing, I would not essay but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial.

I propose a life ordinary and without lustre; 'tis all one: all moral philosophy may as well be applied to a common and private life, as to one of richer composition; every man carries the entire form of human condition. Authors communicate themselves to the people by some especial and extrinsic mark: I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. . . . I have this, at least, according to discipline, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding man alive: secondly, that never any man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing but fidelity to the work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere

that is anywhere to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare: and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for methinks custom allows to age more liberty of prating, and more indiscretion of talking of a man's self. . . . My book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere men may commend or censure the work, without reference to the workman; here they cannot: who touches the one, touches the other. . . . I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus much from the public approbation, as to make men of understanding perceive that I was capable of profiting by knowledge, had I had it; and that I deserved to have been assisted by a better memory.

Be pleased here to excuse what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my conscience is satisfied with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man; always adding this clause, — not one of ceremony, but a true and real submission, — that I speak inquiring and doubting, purely and simply referring myself to the common and accepted beliefs for the resolution. I do not teach, I only relate.

On Liars.

(From "Essay on Liars.")

There is not a man whom it would so ill-become to boast of memory as myself; for I own that I have scarce any, and I do not think that in the world there is another that is so defective as mine. My other faculties are all mean and common; but in this respect I think myself so singular and rare as to deserve a more than ordinary character.

Besides the inconvenience I naturally suffer from this defect of memory (for, in truth, the necessary use of it considered, Plato might well call it a great and powerful goddess), in my country when they would signify that a man is void of sense, they say that he has no memory; and when I complain of the defect of mine they reprove me and do not think I am in earnest in accusing myself for a fool; for they do not discern the difference betwixt memory and understanding, in which they make me worse than I really am. . . .

It is not without reason said that he who has not a good memory should never offer to tell lies. I know very well that the grammarians distinguish between an "untruth" and a "lie."

They say that to tell an untruth is to tell a thing that is false, which we ourselves, however, believe to be true; and that the Latin *mentire* (that is, *contra mentem ire*) means to go and act against the conscience; and that, therefore, this only touches those who speak contrary to what they know. Now these do either wholly invent a story out of their own heads, or else mar and disguise one that has a real foundation. When they disguise and alter, by often telling the same story, they can scarce avoid contradicting themselves, by reason that the real fact having first taken possession in the memory, and being there imprinted by the way of knowledge and science, it will ever be ready to present itself to the imagination, and to destroy falsehood, which cannot have so sure and settled a footing there as certainty; and because the circumstances which they first heard, evermore running in their minds, make them forget those that are forged or foisted in.

Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.

I DISRELISH all dominion, whether active or passive. . . . The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. . . . 'T is a pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency; you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived but by comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects, they have no means to take any advantage of him; if he say, 't is because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend

themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'T is so much to be a king that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him conceals and shrouds him from us: our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius: he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honor, so do we soothe and authorize all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation, also. Every one of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did, and the flatterers of Dionysius ran against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to show that they were as purblind as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a man to favor. I have seen deafness affected: and, because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved; and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been in fashion; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, irreligion, effeminacy, and worse, if worse there be. And by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honor of a good physician, came to him to have incision and cauteries made in their limbs; for these others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble part, to be cauterized.

But to the end where I began: the Emperor Adrian, disputing with the philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory; for which his friends rebuked him. — "You talk simply," said he; "would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions?" Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, "and I," said Pollio, "say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe:" and he had reason, for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina.

MONTESQUIEU.

Montesquieu, Charles de Secondat, Baron de, a French philosopher; born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689; died at Paris, February 10, 1755. At twenty-five he was admitted to the Parliament of Bordeaux, of which he became president two years after. He performed his magisterial duties with diligence, though devoting himself assiduously to literary studies. In 1721 he published the "Lettres Persanes," purporting to have been written by a Persian travelling in France. In 1726 he resigned his magisterial position, and soon after began to travel for the purpose of collecting materials for an elaborate work on politics and jurisprudence. The first result of these extended studies was "Considerations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains" (1734). His great work, "De l'Esprit des Lois," published in 1748, was the result of the labor of twenty years. Twenty-two editions of it were issued in eighteen months, and it was speedily translated into most European languages. Among his minor works are "Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate;" the "Temple de Guide," a romance of classical antiquity; and an "Essai sur le Goût," written for the "Encyclopédie."

On the Power of Punishments.

(From "The Spirit of Laws.")

Experience shows that in countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws, the spirit of the inhabitants is as much affected by slight penalties as in other countries by severe punishments.

If an inconvenieney or abuse arises in the State, a violent government endeavors suddenly to redress it; and instead of putting the old laws in execution, it establishes some cruel punishment, which instantly puts a stop to the evil. But the spring of government hereby loses its elasticity: the imagination grows accustomed to the severe as well as to the milder punishment; and as the fear of the latter diminishes, they are soon obliged in every case to have recourse to the former. Robberies on the highway were grown common in some countries. In

order to remedy this evil, they invented the punishment of breaking upon the wheel: the terror of which put a stop for a while to this mischievous practice; but soon after, robberies on the highways became as common as ever.

Desertion, in our days, was grown to a very great height; in consequence of which it was judged proper to punish those delinquents with death; and yet their number did not diminish. The reason is very natural: a soldier, accustomed to venture his life, despises, or affects to despise, the danger of losing it; he is habituated to the fear of shame: it would have been, therefore, much better to have continued a punishment which branded him with infamy for life; the penalty was pretended to be increased, while it really was diminished.

Mankind must not be governed with too much severity; we ought to make a prudent use of the means which nature has given us to conduct them. If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of criminals, and not from the moderation of punishments.

Let us follow nature, who has given shame to man for his scourge, and let the heaviest part of the punishment be the infamy attending it.

But if there be some countries where shame is not a consequence of punishment, this must be owing to tyranny, which has inflicted the same penalties on villains and honest men.

And if there are others where men are deterred only by cruel punishments, we may be sure that this must, in a great measure, arise from the violence of the government, which has used such penalties for slight transgressions.

It often happens that a legislator, desirous of remedying an abuse, thinks of nothing else: his eyes are open only to this object, and shut to its inconveniences. When the abuse is redressed, you see only the severity of the legislator; — yet there remains an evil in the State, that has sprung from this severity: the minds of the people are corrupted and become habituated to despotism.

Lysander having obtained a victory over the Athenians, the prisoners were ordered to be tried, in consequence of an accusation brought against that nation of having thrown all the captives of two galleys down a precipice, and of having resolved, in full assembly, to cut off the hands of those whom they should chance to make prisoners. The Athenians were therefore all massacred, except Adymantes, who had opposed this decree. Lysander

reproached Philocles, before he was put to death, with having depraved the people's minds, and given lessons of cruelty to all Greece.

"The Argives" (says Plutarch), "having put fifteen hundred of their citizens to death, the Athenians ordered sacrifices of expiation, that it might please the gods to turn the hearts of the Athenians from so cruel a thought."

There are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws; the other when they are corrupted by the laws, — an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.

In What Manner Republics Provide for Their Safety.

(From "The Spirit of Laws.")

If a republic be small, it is destroyed by a foreign force; if it be large, it is ruined by an internal imperfection.

To this twofold inconvenience democracies and aristocracies are equally liable, whether they be good or bad. The evil is in the very thing itself, and no form can redress it.

It is therefore very probable that mankind would have been, at length, obliged to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government. I mean a confederate republic.

This form of government is a convention, by which several petty States agree to become members of a larger one which they intend to establish. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitute a new one, capable of increasing by means of further associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the whole body.

It was these associations that so long ago contributed to the prosperity of Greece. By these the Roman attacked the whole globe; and by these alone the whole globe withstood them. For when Rome had attained her highest pitch of grandeur, it was the associations beyond the Danube and the Rhine, — associations formed by the terror of her arms — that enabled the barbarians to resist her. From hence it proceeds that Holland, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons are considered in Europe as perpetual republics.

The associations of cities were formerly more necessary than

in our times. A weak, defenceless town was exposed to greater danger. By conquest, it was deprived not only of the exeeutive and legislative power, as at present, but moreover of all human rights.

A republie of this kind, able to withstand an external foree, may support itself without any internal corruption; the form of this society prevents all manner of ineonveniences.

If a single member should attempt to usurp the supreme power, he could not be supposed to have an equal authority and credit in all the eonfederate States. Were he to have too great an influence over one, this would alarm the rest; were he to subdue a part, that which would still remain free might oppose him with forees independent of those which he had usurped, and overpower him before he eould be settled in his usurpation.

Should a popular insurrection happen in one of the eonfederate States, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses ereep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound. The State may be destroyed on one side and not on the other; the eonfederacy may be dissolved, and the confederates preserve their sovereignty.

As this government is composed of petty republies, it enjoys the internal happiness of each; and with regard to its external situation, by means of the assoeiation it possesses all the advantages of large monarchies.

Origin of the Right of Slavery among the Roman Civilians.

(From "The Spirit of Laws.")

One would never have imagined that slavery should owe its birth to pity, and that this should have been exeited three different ways.

The law of nations, to prevent prisoners from being put to death, has allowed them to be made slaves. The eivil law of the Romans empowered debtors, who were subject to be ill-used by their creditors, to sell themselves. And the law of nature requires that children, whom a father in the state of servitude is no longer able to maintain, should be redueed to the same state as the father.

The reasons of the civilians are all false. It is false that killing in war is lawful, unless in a ease of absolute necessity; but when a man has made another his slave, he eannot be said

to have been under a necessity of taking away his life, since he actually did not take it away. War gives no other right over prisoners than to disable them from doing any further harm, by securing their persons. All nations concur in detesting the murdering of prisoners in cold blood.

Neither is it true that a freeman can sell himself. Sale implies a price: now, when a person sells himself, his whole substance immediately devolves to his master; the master therefore in that case gives nothing, and the slave receives nothing. You will say he has a *peculium*. But this *peculium* goes along with his person. If it is not lawful for a man to kill himself, because he robs his country of his person, for the same reason he is not allowed to barter his freedom. The freedom of every citizen constitutes a part of the public liberty; and in a democratical State is even a part of the sovereignty. To sell one's freedom is so repugnant to all reason as can scarcely be supposed in any man. If liberty may be rated with respect to the buyer, it is beyond all price to the seller. The civil law, which authorizes a division of goods among men, cannot be thought to rank among such goods a part of the men who were to make this division. The same law annuls all iniquitous contracts; surely, then, it affords redress in a contract where the grievance is most enormous.

The third way is birth: which falls with the two former; for if a man could not sell himself, much less could he sell an unborn infant. If a prisoner of war is not to be reduced to slavery, much less are his children.

The lawfulness of putting a malefactor to death arises from this circumstance, — the law by which he is punished was made for his security. A murderer, for instance, has enjoyed the benefit of the very law which condemns him; it has been a continued protection to him: he cannot therefore object against it. But it is not so with the slave. The law of slavery can never be beneficial to him; it is in all cases against him, without ever being for his advantage; and therefore this law is contrary to the fundamental principle of all societies.

If it be pretended that it has been beneficial to him, as his master has provided for his subsistence, slavery at this rate should be limited to those who are incapable of earning their livelihood. But who will take up with such slaves? As to infants, — nature, which has supplied their mothers with milk, has provided for their sustenance; and the remainder of their

childhood approaches so near the age in which they are most capable of being of service, that he who supports them cannot be said to give them an equivalent which can entitle him to be their master.

Nor is slavery less opposite to the civil law than to that of nature. What civil law can restrain a slave from running away, since he is not a member of society, and consequently has no interest in any civil institutions? He can be retained only by a family law; that is, by the master's authority.

On the Spirit of Trade.

(From the "Spirit of Laws.")

Commerce is a cure for the most destructive prejudices: for it is almost a general rule, that wherever we find agreeable manners, there commerce flourishes; and that wherever there is commerce, there we meet with agreeable manners.

Let us not be astonished, then, if our manners are now less savage than formerly. Commerce has everywhere diffused a knowledge of the manners of all nations; these are compared one with another; and from this comparison arise the greatest advantages.

Commercial laws, it may be said, improve manners for the same reason as they destroy them. They corrupt the purest morals; this was the subject of Plato's complaints; and we every day see that they polish and refine the most barbarous.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

But if the spirit of commerce unites nations, it does not in the same manner unite individuals. We see that in countries where the people are moved only by the spirit of commerce, they make a traffic of all the humane, all the moral virtues: the most trifling things — those which humanity itself demands — are there done or there given only for money.

The spirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain sense of exact justice; opposite on the one hand to robbery, and on the other to those moral virtues which forbid our always adhering rigidly to the rules of private interest, and suffer us to neglect this for the advantage of others.

The total privation of trade, on the contrary, produces robbery; which Aristotle ranks in the number of means of acquiring, yet it is not at all inconsistent with certain moral virtues. Hospitality, for instance, is most rare in trading countries, while it is found in the most admirable perfection among nations of vagabonds.

It is a sacrilege, says Tacitus, for a German to shut his door against any man whomsoever, whether known or unknown. He who has behaved with hospitality to a stranger goes to show him another house where this hospitality is also practised; and he is there received with the same humanity. But when the Germans had founded kingdoms, hospitality was become burthensome. This appears by two laws of the code of the Burgundians: one of which inflicted a penalty on every barbarian who presumed to show a stranger the house of a Roman; and the other decreed that whoever received a stranger should be indemnified by the inhabitants, every one being obliged to pay his proper proportion.

On the True Nature of Benevolence.

(From the "Spirit of Laws.")

A man is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work. The man who without any degree of wealth has an employment is as much at his ease as he who without labor has an income of a hundred crowns a year. He who has no substance, and yet has a trade, is not poorer than he who, possessing ten acres of land, is obliged to cultivate it for his subsistence. The mechanic who gives his art as an inheritance to his children has left them a fortune which is multiplied in proportion to their number. It is not so with him who, having ten acres of land, divides it amongst his children.

In trading countries, where many men have no other subsistence but from the arts, the State is frequently obliged to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. A well-regulated government draws this support from the arts themselves. It gives, to some, such employment as they are capable of performing; others are taught to work, and this teaching becomes of itself an employment.

The alms given to a naked man in the street do not fulfill the obligations of the State, which owes to every citizen a cer-

tain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health.

Aurengzebe, being asked why he did not build hospitals, said, "I will make my empire so rich that there shall be no need of hospitals." He ought to have said, "I will begin by rendering my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

The riches of the State suppose great industry. Amidst the numerous branches of trade, it is impossible but some must suffer; and consequently the mechanics must be in a momentary necessity.

Whenever this happens, the State is obliged to lend them a ready assistance; whether it be to prevent the sufferings of the people, or to avoid a rebellion. In this case hospitals, or some equivalent regulations, are necessary to prevent this misery.

But when the nation is poor, private poverty springs from the general calamity; and is, if I may so express myself, the general calamity itself. All the hospitals in the world cannot cure this private poverty; on the contrary, the spirit of indolence which it constantly inspires increases the general and consequently the private misery.

Henry VIII. resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people, that encouraged laziness in others; because, as they practised hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their lives in running from convent to convent. He demolished even the hospitals, in which the lower people found subsistence, as the gentlemen did theirs in the monasteries. Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England.

At Rome the hospitals place every one at his ease except those who labor, except those who are industrious, except those who have land, except those who are engaged in trade.

I have observed that wealthy nations have need of hospitals, because fortune subjects them to a thousand accidents; but it is plain that transient assistances are much better than perpetual foundations. The evil is momentary; it is necessary therefore that the succor should be of the same nature, and that it be applied to particular accidents.

On Religion.

(From the "Spirit of Laws.")

The different religions of the world do not give to those who profess them equal motives of attachment: this depends greatly on the manner in which they agree with the turn of thought and perceptions of mankind. We are extremely addicted to idolatry, and yet have no great inclination for the religion of idolaters; we are not very fond of spiritual ideas, and yet are most attached to those religions which teach us to adore a spiritual being. This proceeds from the satisfaction we find in ourselves at having been so intelligent as to choose a religion which raises the Deity from that baseness in which he had been placed by others. We look upon idolatry as the religion of an ignorant people; and the religion which has a spiritual being for its object as that of the most enlightened nations.

When, with a doctrine that gives us the idea of a spiritual supreme being, we can still join those of a sensible nature, and admit them into our worship, we contract a greater attachment to religion; because those motives which we have just mentioned are added to our natural inclinations for the objects of sense. Thus the Catholics, who have more of this kind of worship than the Protestants, are more attached to their religion than the Protestants are to theirs, and more zealous for its propagation.

When the people of Ephesus were informed that the fathers of the council had declared they might call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God, they were transported with joy; they kissed the hands of the bishops, they embraced their knees, and the whole city resounded with acclamations.

When an intellectual religion superadds a choice made by the Deity, and a preference of those who profess it to those who do not, this greatly attaches us to religion. The Mahometans would not be such good Mussulmans, if on the one hand there were not idolatrous nations who make them imagine themselves the champions of the unity of God; and on the other, Christians to make them believe that they are the objects of his preference.

A religion burthened with many ceremonies attaches us to it more strongly than that which has a fewer number. We

have an extreme propensity to things in which we are continually employed: witness the obstinate prejudices of the Mahometans and the Jews, and the readiness with which barbarous and savage nations change their religion, — who, as they are employed entirely in hunting or war, have but few religious ceremonies.

Men are extremely inclined to the passions of hope and fear: a religion therefore that had neither a heaven nor a hell could hardly please them. This is proved by the ease with which foreign religions have been established in Japan, and the zeal and fondness with which they were received.

In order to raise an attachment to religion, it is necessary that it should inculcate pure morals. Men who are knaves by retail are extremely honest in the gross: they love morality. And were I not treating of so grave a subject, I should say that this appears remarkably evident in our theatres: we are sure of pleasing the people by sentiments avowed by morality; we are sure of shocking them by those it disapproves.

When external worship is attended with great magnificence, it flatters our minds, and strongly attaches us to religion. The riches of temples, and those of the clergy, greatly affect us. Thus, even the misery of the people is a motive that renders them fond of a religion which has served as a pretext to those who were the cause of their misery.

On Two Causes which Destroyed Rome.

(From the "Grandeur and Decadence of the Roman Empire.")

Whilst the sovereignty of Rome was confined to Italy, it was easy for the commonwealth to subsist: every soldier was at the same time a citizen; every consul raised an army, and other citizens marched into the field under his successor: as their forces were not very numerous, such persons only were received among the troops as had possessions considerable enough to make them interested in the preservation of the city; the Senate kept a watchful eye over the conduct of the generals, and did not give them an opportunity of machinating anything to the prejudice of their country.

But after the legions had passed the Alps and crossed the sea, the soldiers whom the Romans had been obliged to leave during several campaigns in the countries they were subduing lost insensibly that genius and turn of mind which character-

ized a Roman citizen; and the generals having armies and kingdoms at their disposal were sensible of their own strength, and would no longer obey.

The soldiers therefore began to acknowledge no superior but their general; to found their hopes on him only, and to view the city as from a great distance: they were no longer the soldiers of the republic, but of Sylla, of Marius, of Pompey, and of Cæsar. The Romans could no longer tell whether the person who headed an army in a province was their general or their enemy.

So long as the people of Rome were corrupted by their tribunes only, on whom they could bestow nothing but their power, the Senate could easily defend themselves, because they acted consistently and with one regular tenor, whereas the common people were continually shifting from the extremes of fury to the extremes of cowardice; but when they were enabled to invest their favorites with a formidable exterior authority, the whole wisdom of the Senate was baffled, and the commonwealth was undone.

The reason why free States are not so permanent as other forms of government is because the misfortunes and successes which happen to them generally occasion the loss of liberty; whereas the successes and misfortunes of an arbitrary government contribute equally to the enslaving of the people. A wise republic ought not to run any hazard which may expose it to good or ill fortune; the only happiness the several individuals of it should aspire after is to give perpetuity to their State.

If the unbounded extent of the Roman empire proved the ruin of the republic, the vast compass of the city was no less fatal to it.

The Romans had subdued the whole universe by the assistance of the nations of Italy, on whom they had bestowed various privileges at different times. Most of those nations did not at first set any great value on the freedom of the city of Rome, and some chose rather to preserve their ancient usages; but when this privilege became that of universal sovereignty, — when a man who was not a Roman citizen was considered as nothing, and with this title was everything, — the people of Italy resolved either to be Romans or die: not being able to obtain this by cabals and entreaties, they had recourse to arms; and rising in all that part of Italy opposite to the Ionian sea, the rest of the allies were going to follow their example. Rome,

being now forced to combat against those who were, if I may be allowed the figure, the hands with which they shackled the universe, was upon the brink of ruin; the Romans were going to be confined merely to their walls: they therefore granted this so much wished-for privilege to the allies who had not yet been wanting in fidelity; and they indulged it, by insensible degrees, to all other nations.

But now Rome was no longer that city the inhabitants of which had breathed one and the same spirit, the same love for liberty, the same hatred of tyranny; a city in which a jealousy of the power of the Senate and of the prerogatives of the great (ever accompanied with respect) was only a love of equality. The nations of Italy being made citizens of Rome, every city brought thither its genius, its particular interests, and its dependence on some mighty protector: Rome, being now rent and divided, no longer formed one entire body, and men were no longer citizens of it but in a kind of fictitious way; as there were no longer the same magistrates, the same walls, the same gods, the same temples, the same burying-places, Rome was no longer beheld with the same eyes; the citizens were no longer fired with the same love for their country, and the Roman sentiments were obliterated.

Cities and nations were now invited to Rome by the ambitious, to disconcert the suffrages, or influence them in their own favor; the public assemblies were so many conspiracies against the State, and a tumultous crowd of seditious wretches was dignified with the title of Comitia. The authority of the people and their laws — nay, that people themselves — were no more than so many chimæras; and so universal was the anarchy of those times, that it was not possible to determine whether the people had made a law or not.

Authors enlarge very copiously on the divisions which proved the destruction of Rome; but their readers seldom discover those divisions to have been always necessary and inevitable. The grandeur of the republic was the only source of that calamity, and exasperated popular tumults into civil wars. Dissensions were not to be prevented; and those martial spirits which were so fierce and formidable abroad could not be habituated to any considerable moderation at home. Those who expect in a free State to see the people undaunted in war and pusillanimous in peace, are certainly desirous of impossibilities; and it may be advanced as a general rule that whenever a per-

fect calm is visible, in a State that calls itself a republic, the spirit of liberty no longer subsists.

Union, in a body politic, is a very equivocal term: true union is such harmony as makes all the particular parts, as opposite as they may seem to us, concur to the general welfare of the society, in the same manner as discords in music contribute to the general melody of sound. Union may prevail in a State full of seeming commotions; or in other words, there may be a harmony from whence results prosperity, which alone is true peace; and may be considered in the same view as the various parts of this universe, which are eternally connected by the action of some and the reaction of others.

In a despotic State, indeed, which is every government where the power is immoderately exerted, a real division is perpetually kindled. The peasant, the soldier, the merchant, the magistrate, and the grandee, have no other conjunction than what arises from the ability of the one to oppress the other without resistance; and if at any time a union happens to be introduced, citizens are not then united, but dead bodies are laid in the grave contiguous to each other.

It must be acknowledged that the Roman laws were too weak to govern the republic; but experience has proved it to be an invariable fact that good laws, which raise the reputation and power of a small republic, become incommodious to it when once its grandeur is established, because it was their natural effect to make a great people but not to govern them.

The difference is very considerable between good laws and those which may be called convenient; between such laws as give a people dominion over others, and such as continue them in the possession of power when they have once acquired it.

There is at this time a republic in the world the (Canton of Berne) of which few persons have any knowledge, and which, by plans accomplished in silence and secrecy, is daily enlarging its power. And certain it is that if it ever rises to that height of grandeur for which it seems preordained by its wisdom, it must inevitably change its laws; and the necessary innovations will not be effected by any legislator, but must spring from corruption itself.

Rome was founded for grandeur, and her laws had an admirable tendency to bestow it; for which reason, in all the variations of her government, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or popular, she constantly engaged in enterprises which required

conduct to accomplish them, and always succeeded. The experience of a day did not furnish her with more wisdom than all other nations, but she obtained it by a long succession of events. She sustained a small, a moderate, and an immense fortune with the same superiority, derived true welfare from the whole train of her prosperities, and refined every instance of calamity into beneficial instructions.

She lost her liberty because she completed her work too soon.

Usbek at Paris to Ibben at Smyrna.

(From the "Persian Letters.")

The women of Persia are finer than those of France, but those of this country are prettier. It is difficult not to love the first and not to be pleased with the latter; the one are more delicate and modest, and the others more gay and airy. What in Persia renders the blood so pure is the regular life the women observe: they neither game nor sit up late, they drink no wine, and do not expose themselves to the open air. It must be allowed that the seraglio is better adapted for health than for pleasure: it is a dull, uniform kind of life, where everything turns upon subjection and duty; their very pleasures are grave, and their pastimes solemn, and they seldom taste them but as so many tokens of authority and dependence. The men themselves in Persia are not so gay as the French; there is not that freedom of mind, and that appearance of content which I meet with here in persons of all estates and ranks. It is still worse in Turkey, where there are families in which, from father to son, not one of them ever laughed from the foundation of the monarchy. The gravity of the Asiatics arises from the little conversation there is among them, who never see each other but when obliged by ceremony. Friendship, that sweet engagement of the heart, which constitutes here the pleasure of life, is there almost unknown. They retire within their own house, where they constantly find the same company, insomuch that each family may be considered as living in an island detached from all others. Discoursing one time on this subject with a person of this country, he said to me: —

"That which gives me most offense among all your customs is the necessity you are under of living with slaves, whose minds and inclinations always savor of the meanness of their condition. Those

sentiments of virtue which you have in you from nature are enfeebled and destroyed by these base wretches who surround you from your infancy. For, in short, divest yourself of prejudice, and what can you expect from an education received from such a wretch, who places his whole merit in being a jailer to the wives of another man, and takes a pride in the vilest employment in society? who is despicable for that very fidelity which is his only virtue, to which he is prompted by envy, jealousy, and despair; who, inflamed with a desire of revenging himself on both sexes, of which he is an outcast, submits to the tyranny of the stronger sex provided he may distress the weaker; a wretch who, deriving from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, the whole lustre of his condition, is valued only because he is unworthy to be so; who, in short, riveted forever to the gate where he is placed, and harder than the hinges and bolts which secure it, boasts of having spent a life of fifty years in so ignoble a station, where, commissioned by his master's jealousy, he exercises all his cruelties."

Rica at Paris to Ibben at Smyrna.

(From the "Persian Letters.")

Whether it is better to deprive women of their liberty or to permit it them, is a great question among men: it appears to me that there are good reasons for and against this practice. If the Europeans urge that there is a want of generosity in rendering those persons miserable whom we love, our Asiatics answer that it is meanness in men to renounce the empire which nature has given them over women. If they are told that a great number of women, shut up, are troublesome, they reply that ten women in subjection are less troublesome than one who is refractory.

Another question among the learned is, whether the law of nature subjects the women to the men. No, said a gallant philosopher to me the other day, nature never dictated such a law. The empire we have over them is real tyranny, which they only suffer us to assume because they have more good-nature than we, and in consequence more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority had we acted reasonably, have made them lose it because we have not the same advantages. But if it is true that the power we have over women is only tyrannical, it is less so that they have over us a natural empire — that of beauty — which nothing can resist. Our power extends not to all countries; but that of

beauty is universal. Wherefore then do we hear of this privilege? Is it because we are the strongest? But this is really injustice. We employ every kind of means to reduce their spirits. Their abilities would be equal with ours, if their education was the same. Let us examine them in those talents which education has not enfeebled, and we shall see if ours are as great. It must be acknowledged, though it is contrary to our custom, that among the most polite people the women have always had the authority over their husbands; it was established among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It is said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I say nothing of the Sauromates, who were in perfect slavery to the sex: they were too barbarous to be brought for an example. Thou seest, my dear Ibben, that I have contracted the fashion of this country, where they are fond of defending extraordinary opinions, and reducing everything to a paradox. The prophet has determined the question, and settled the rights of each sex: the women, says he, must honor their husbands, and the men their wives; but the husbands are allowed one degree of honor more.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery, James, an English poet; born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771; died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854. He began to write verses before he was ten. In 1786 he was placed under a tradesman at Mirfield, Yorkshire; after a year he ran away to Wath, where he took a similar position, which he held for five years. In 1792 he removed to Sheffield to assist in conducting the "Register," a Liberal paper; this passed into his control two years later, and its name was changed to the "Iris." He edited it till 1825. Under the oppressive laws of that era he was twice fined and imprisoned, in 1795 and 1796, the second time for an alleged seditious libel. His "Prison Amusements," written in jail, appeared in 1797. It was followed by "The Wanderer of Switzerland" (1806); "The West Indies" (1809); "The World before the Flood" (1812); "Greenland" (1819); "The Pelican Island" (1827). He is known most widely by his "Hymns." He also published "Prose by a Poet, Lectures on Poetry and English Literature" (1833). In 1835 he was pensioned, and declined the chair of rhetoric in Edinburgh University.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
  There lived a man — and who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
  This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
  Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear!
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him
For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no more;
And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair — but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye,
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him affords no other trace
Than this — There lived a man!

The Old Man's Song.

Shall man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most
A momentary year?

There was a time — that time is past —
When, youth, I bloomed like thee;
A time will come — 't is coming fast —
When thou shalt fade like me:

Like me, through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn:
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement plucked the wings of Time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce filled her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close followed age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere?

I long to cast the chains away
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo — never free
Till Nature yields her breath;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And man is born in death.

Night.

Night is the time for rest:
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,

When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah, visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield,
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:
O'er ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think:
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will His follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death:
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends. Such death be mine!

Friends.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown —
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THOMAS MOORE.

Moore, Thomas, a famous Irish poet; born at Dublin, May 28, 1779; died at Sloperton, Wiltshire, February 25, 1852. After studying at the Dublin University, he was entered at the Middle Temple, London, in 1799, and the next year published a translation of the "Odes of Anacreon." The "Poetical Works of Thomas Little" followed in 1802. In 1803 Moore went to Bermuda as Registrar to the Admiralty. A tour through the United States and Canada gave material for several of his best poems, included in "Epistles, Odes, etc.," 1806. He wrote many political squibs and satires, as "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag" (1813); "Fables for the Holy Alliance" (1823); "Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc." (1829); also, "The Fudge Family in Paris" (1818), and "Rhymes on the Road" (1823). His "Irish Melodies" appeared from 1807 to 1834; "National Airs," at different dates; "Sacred Songs" (1816–24); "Loves of the Angels" (1823); "Lalla Rookh" (1817). His prose works also were of importance. "The Epicurean" (1827) is a classical romance; "Memories of Captain Rock" (1824) is a history of Ireland. Three serious biographies followed: the "Life of R. B. Sheridan" (1825), of "Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (1831), and of "Byron" (1831); also, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" (1833), and "History of Ireland" (1835). "Alciphron" (1840) was his last publication.

The Fire-Worshippers.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

'T is moonlight over Oman's Sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'T is moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
And thro' her Emir's porphyry halls
Where some hours since was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —
The peaceful sun whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest

LALLA ROOKH

(*From a Painting by N. Sichel*)

Or the light touch of lovers' lutes
To sing him to his golden rest.
All husht — there 's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirred nor wave is driven; —
The wind-tower on the EMIR'S dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm while a nation round him weeps,
While curses load the air he breathes
And falchions from unnumbered sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on IRAN'S name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike; —
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think thro' unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven, —
One who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath poured,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword; —
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade with searching art
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book, —
Turning the leaves with blood-stained hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime; —
Even as those bees of TREBIZOND,
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad.
Never did fierce ARABIA send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was IRAN doomed to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen — her pride was crusht —
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blusht,

In their own land, — no more their own, —
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers where MITHRA once had burned,
To Moslem shrines — oh shame! — were turned,
Where slaves converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship poured,
And curst the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance; — hearts that yet —
Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
They 've treasured from the sun that 's set, —
Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalmed in Heaven's approving ray.
Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are husht, those planets shine;
Sleep on and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —
'T is she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Tho' born of such ungentle race; —
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh! what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who all at once discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer-eves thro' YEMEN's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who lulled in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY's gay Haram smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abasht away,
Blinded like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze;—
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this:
A soul too more than half divine,
Where, thro' some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light thro' summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who at this hour
Hath risen from her restless sleep

And sits alone in that high bower,
  Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 't was not thus — with tearful eyes
  And beating heart, — she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
  In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks whose rugged frown
  Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
  Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height! —

So deemed at least her thoughtful sire,
  When high, to catch the cool night-air
After the day-beam's withering fire,
  He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deckt with costliest skill
  And fondly thought it safe as fair: —
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
  Nor wake to learn what Love can dare; —
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease; —
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are plucked on Danger's precipice!
Bolder than they who dare not dive
  For pearls but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
  Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.
Yes — Araby's unrivalled daughter,
Tho' high that tower, that rock-way rude,
  There 's one who but to kiss thy cheek
Would climb the untrodden solitude
  Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
And think its steeps, tho' dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way; —
Even now thou hearest the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom at dead of night
The bridegroom with his locks of light

Came in the flush of love and pride
And scaled the terrace of his bride; —
When as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.
See — light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber,
She loves — but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came; —
Like one who meets in Indian groves
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze
From isles in the undiscovered seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes and wing sway!
Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover?
ALLA forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam thro' the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And — tho', when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth of mortal kind
Before her in obeisance cast, —
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words, — and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath feared her soul was given
To some unhallowed child of air,
Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old

Who burned for maids of mortal mould,
Bewildered left the glorious skies
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who wooes thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassioned sons,
  As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
  Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quenched to-night that ardor seems,
  And pale his cheek and sunk his brow; —
Never before but in her dreams
  Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep
From which 't was joy to wake and weep;
Visions that will not be forgot,
  But sadden every waking scene
Like warning ghosts that leave the spot
  All withered where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood
Looking upon that tranquil flood —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I 've wisht that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
  Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
  And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold, —
  Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold
  A paradise so pure and lonely.
Would this be world enough for thee?" —
Playful she turned that he might see
  The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she markt how mournfully
  His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right —
We part — forever part — to-night!

I knew, I knew it *could* not last —
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nurst a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye
But when it came to know me well
And love me it was sure to die!
Now too — the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —
Those frightful rocks — that treacherous sea —
No, never come again — tho' sweet,
Tho' heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell — and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray
And think thee safe, tho' far away,
Than have thee near me and in danger!"

"Danger! — oh, tempt me not to boast" —
The youth exclaimed — "thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst;
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking.
Danger!" —
"Say on — thou fearest not then,
And we may meet — oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so — beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course, —
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'T would be those eyes; — they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no — 't is fixt — *my* awful doom
Is fixt — on this side of the tomb

We meet no more; — why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers
Of Light and Darkness may combine,
As I be linkt with thee or thine!
Thy Father " —
" Holy ALLA save
His gray head from that lightning glance!
Thou knowest him not — he loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee
And thy bold spirit more than he.
Oft when in childhood I have played
With the bright falchion by his side,
I 've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.
And still whene'er at Haram hours
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me when in playful mood
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle wooed,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me — thou alone
Art formed to make both hearts thy own.
Go — join his sacred ranks — thou knowest
The unholy strife these Persians wage: —
Good Heaven, that frown! — even now thou glowest
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh still remember, Love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers whom my sire
Abhors " —
" Hold, hold — thy words are death " —
The stranger cried as wild he flung
His mantle back and showed beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung. —
" Here, maiden, look — weep — blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes — *I* am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven:

Yes — *I* am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear before God's burning eye
To break our country's chains or die!
Thy bigot sire — nay, tremble not, —
He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise!
But know — 't was he I sought that night,
When from my watch-boat on the sea
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rusht to my prey — thou knowest the rest —
I climbed the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within; —
Thine, thine the victory — thine the sin —
If Love hath made one thought his own,
That Vengeance claims first — last — alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart even now forget
How linkt, how blest we might have been,
Had fate not frowned so dark between!
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighboring valleys had we dwelt,
Thro' the same fields in childhood played,
At the same kindling altar knelt, —
Then, then, while all those nameless ties
In which the charm of Country lies
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till Iran's cause and thine were one;
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine; —
While the wronged Spirit of our Land
Lived, lookt, and spoke her wrongs thro' thee, —
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now — estranged, divorced forever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what love has wove, —
In faith, friends, country, sundered wide;
And then, then only, true to love,

When false to all that 's dear beside!
Thy father IRAN's deadliest foe —
Thyself, perhaps, even now — but no —
Hate never looked so lovely yet!
No — sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee.
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou 'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
And for *his* sake thou 'lt weep for all!
But look" —
With sudden start he turned
And pointed to the distant wave
Where lights like charnel meteors burned
Bluely as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts at intervals
Flew up all sparkling from the main
As if each star that nightly falls
Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal lights! — I must away —
Both, both are ruined, if I stay.
Farewell — sweet life! thou clingest in vain —
Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!"
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopt,
Nor lookt — but from the lattice dropt
Down mid the pointed crags beneath
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor moved till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe; —
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
"I come — I come — if in that tide
Thou sleepest to-night, I 'll sleep there too
In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under: —
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter than to live asunder!"
But no — their hour is not yet come —
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starred home may lie;

And calm and smooth it seemed to win
  Its moonlight way before the wind
As if it bore all peace within
  Nor left one breaking heart behind !

A Ballad.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
  For a soul so warm and true ;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
  She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
  And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I 'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
  When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —
  His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
  And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
  If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
  The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
  And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
  And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
  Quick over its surface played —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light !"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
  The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Ballad Stanzas.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

A Canadian Boat Song.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Et remigem cantus hortatur. — QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Love's Young Dream.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last:
He 'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'T was odor fled
As soon as shed;

'T was morning's winged dream:
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away:
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Come, Rest in this Bosom.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart, —
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I 'll be through the horrors of this:
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
O my Nora Creina dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Oh! Breathe not His Name.

Oh! breathe not his name, — let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

"Thou art, O God."

"The day is thine, the night is also thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter." — Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Though golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
In born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

The Bird let Loose.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed."

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs:
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

Illusion.

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There 's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb —
There 's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way, —
There 's nothing calm but heaven!

SIR THOMAS MORE.

More, Sir Thomas, an eminent English statesman and historian ; born in London, February 7, 1478 ; executed on Tower Hill, July 6, 1535. In 1492 he went to Oxford, where he formed an intimate friendship with Erasmus. From Oxford he went to London, where he studied law, and at the same time lectured upon St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" at St. Lawrence's Church. Having in due time been called to the bar, he soon rose to eminence in the profession. He was called to Parliament by Henry VII. After the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509, More was prominently employed in various important positions. In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; in 1525 was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in 1529 succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord Chancellor. He resigned the chancellorship in 1532. In 1534 he was commanded to swear obedience to the Act of Succession. Upon his refusal, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained more than a year. On July 1, 1535, he was brought before the high commission. The trial was a summary one ; More was found guilty and sentenced to death by beheading; and the sentence was executed on the fifth day after the arraignment.

As an author More is chiefly known by his "Utopia" (1516), and his fragmentary "History of Richard III.," first published long after his death (1641).

Of the Travelling of the Utopians.

(From "Utopia.")

If any man has a mind to visit his friends that live in some other town, or desires to travel and see the rest of the country, he obtains leave very easily from the Syphogrant and Tranibors, when there is no particular occasion for him at home. Such as travel carry with them a passport from the Prince, which both certifies the license that is granted for travelling, and limits the time of their return. They are furnished with a wagon and a slave, who drives the oxen and looks after them ; but, unless there are women in the company, the wagon is sent back at the

end of the journey as a needless eneumbranee. While they are on the road they carry no provisions with them, yet they want for nothing, but are everywhere treated as if they were at home. If they stay in any place longer than a night, every one follows his proper oeeupation, and is very well used by those of his own trade; but if any man goes out of the city to which he belongs without leave, and is found rambling without a passport, he is severely treated, he is punished as a fugitive, and sent home disgracefully; and, if he falls again into the like fault, is eondemned to slavery. If any man has a mind to travel only over the preeinct of his own eity, he may freely do it, with his father's permission and his wife's consent; but when he comes into any of the eountry houses, if he expects to be entertained by them, he must labor with them and conform to their rules; and if he does this he may freely go over the whole preeinct, being then as useful to the city to which he belongs as if he were still within it. Thus you see that there are no idle persons among them, nor pretences of excusing any from labor. There are no taverns, no alehouses, nor stews among them, nor any other occasions of corrupting each other, of getting into corners, or forming themselves into parties; all men live in full view, so that all are obliged both to perform their ordinary task and to employ themselves well in their spare hours; and it is eertain that a people thus ordered must live in great abundance of all things, and these being equally distributed among them, no man ean want or be obliged to beg.

In their great couneil at Amaurot, to which there are three sent from every town once a year, they examine what towns abound in provisions and what are under any scarcity, that so the one may be furnished from the other; and this is done freely, without any sort of exehange; for aeeording to their plenty or scarcity, they supply or are supplied from one another, so that indeed the whole island is, as it were, one family. When they have thus taken eare of their whole eountry, and laid up stores for two years (which they do to prevent the ill consequences of an unfavorable season), they order an exportation of the overplus, both of corn, honey, wool, flax, wood, wax, tallow, leather, and eattle, whieh they send out, commonly in great quantities, to other nations. They order a seventh part of all these goods to be freely given to the poor of the eountries to which they send them, and sell the rest at moderate rates; and by this exchange they not only bring baek those few things that they need at

home (for, indeed, they scarce need anything but iron), but likewise a great deal of gold and silver; and by their driving this trade so long, it is not to be imagined how vast a treasure they have got among them, so that now they do not much care whether they sell off their merchandise for money in hand or upon trust. A great part of their treasure is now in bonds; but in all their contracts no private man stands bound, but the writing runs in the name of the town; and the towns that owe them money raise it from those private hands that owe it to them, lay it up in their public chamber, or enjoy the profit of it till the Utopians call for it; and they choose rather to let the greatest part of it lie in their hands, who make advantage of it, than to call for it themselves; but if they see that any of their other neighbors stand more in need of it, then they call it in and lend it to them. Whenever they are engaged in war, which is the only occasion in which their treasure can be usefully employed, they make use of it themselves; in great extremities or sudden accidents they employ it in hiring foreign troops, whom they more willingly expose to danger than their own people; they give them great pay, knowing well that this will work even on their enemies; that it will engage them either to betray their own side, or, at least, to desert it; and that it is the best means of raising mutual jealousies among them. For this end they have an incredible treasure; but they do not keep it as a treasure, but in such a manner as I am almost afraid to tell, lest you think it so extravagant as to be hardly credible. This I have the more reason to apprehend because, if I had not seen it myself, I could not have been easily persuaded to have believed it upon any man's report.

It is certain that all things appear incredible to us in proportion as they differ from known customs; but one who can judge aright will not wonder to find that, since their constitution differs so much from ours, their value of gold and silver should be measured by a very different standard; for since they have no use for money among themselves, but keep it as a provision against events which seldom happen, and between which there are generally long intervening intervals, they value it no farther than it deserves — that is, in proportion to its use. So that it is plain they must prefer iron either to gold or silver, for men can no more live without iron than without fire or water; but Nature has marked out no use for the other metals so essential as not easily to be dispensed with. The folly of men has enhanced the

value of gold and silver because of their scarcity; whereas, on the contrary, it is their opinion that Nature, as an indulgent parent, has freely given us all the best things in great abundance, such as water and earth, but has laid up and hid from us the things that are vain and useless.

If these metals were laid up in any tower in the kingdom it would raise a jealousy of the Prince and Senate, and give birth to that foolish mistrust into which the people are apt to fall — a jealousy of their intending to sacrifice the interest of the public to their own private advantage. If they should work it into vessels, or any sort of plate, they fear that the people might grow too fond of it, and so be unwilling to let the plate be run down, if a war made it necessary, to employ it in paying their soldiers. To prevent all these inconveniences they have fallen upon an expedient which, as it agrees with their other policy, so is it very different from ours, and will scarce gain belief among us who value gold so much, and lay it up so carefully. They eat and drink out of vessels of earth or glass, which make an agreeable appearance, though formed of brittle materials; while they make their chamber pots and close-stools of gold and silver, and that not only in their public halls but in their private houses. Of the same metals they likewise make chains and fetters for their slaves, to some of which, as a badge of infamy, they hang an earring of gold, and make others wear a chain or a coronet of the same metal; and thus they take care by all possible means to render gold and silver of no esteem; and from hence it is that while other nations part with their gold and silver as unwillingly as if one tore out their bowels, those of Utopia would look on their giving in all they possess of those metals (when there were any use for them) but as the parting with a trifle, or as we would esteem the loss of a penny! They find pearls on their coasts, and diamonds and carbuncles on their rocks; they do not look after them, but, if they find them by chance, they polish them, and with them they adorn their children, who are delighted with them, and glory in them during their childhood; but when they grow to years, and see that none but children use such baubles, they of their own accord, without being bid by their parents, lay them aside, and would be as much ashamed to use them afterwards as children among us, when they come to years, are of their puppets and other toys.

I never saw a clearer instance of the opposite impressions

that different eustoms makc on people than I observed in the ambassadors of the Anemolians, who eame to Amaurot when I was there. As they camc to treat of affairs of great eonsequence, the deputies from several towns met together to wait for their coming. The ambassadors of the nations that lie near Utopia, knowing their customs, and that fine clothes are in no csteem among them, that silk is despised, and gold is a badge of infamy, used to comc very modestly clothed; but the Anemolians, lying more remote, and having had little eommeree with them, underständing that they were eoarsely elothed, and all in the same manner, took it for granted that they had none of those fine things among them of which they made no use; and thcy, being a vainglorious rather than a wise people, resolved to set themselves out with so much pomp that they should look like gods, and strike the eyes of the poor Utopians with their splendor. Thus three ambassadors made their entry with a hundred attendants, all clad in garments of different colors, and the greater part in silk; the ambassadors themselves, who were of the nobility of their eountry, were in elothof-gold, and adorned with massy ehains, earrings, and rings of gold; their caps were eovered with braeelets set full of pearls and other gems — in a word, they were set out with all those things that among the Utopians wcre either the badges of slavery, the marks of infamy, or the playthings of ehildren. It was not unpleasant to sec, on the one side, how they looked big, when they compared their rich habits with the plain clothes of thc Utopians, who were eome out in great numbers to see them make their entry; and, on the other, to observe how mueh they were mistaken in the impression which they hoped this pomp would have madc on them. It appeared so ridieulous a show to all that had ncver stirred out of their conntry, and had not seen the customs of other nations, that though they paid some reverencc to those that werc thc most meanly clad, as if they had bcen the ambassadors, yet when they saw the ambassadors themselvcs so full of gold and ehains, thcy looked upon them as slaves, and forbore to trcat them with reverencc. You might have secn the children who werc grown big enough to despise their playthings, and who had thrown away their jewels, call to their mothcrs, push them gently, and cry out, "See that grcat fool, that wcars pcarls and gems as if he were yet a child!" while their mothers very innocently replied, "Hold your peaec! this, I believe, is one of the ambassadors' fools." Others

censured the fashion of their chains, and observed, "That they were of no use, for they were too slight to bind their slaves, who could easily break them; and, besides, hung so loose about them that they thought it easy to throw them away, and so get from them." But after the ambassadors had stayed a day among them, and saw so vast a quantity of gold in their houses (which was as much despised by them as it was esteemed in other nations), and beheld more gold and silver in the chains and fetters of one slave than all their ornaments amounted to, their plumes fell, and they were ashamed of all that glory for which they had formerly valued themselves, and accordingly laid it aside — a resolution that they immediately took when, on their engaging in some free discourse with the Utopians, they discovered their sense of such things and their other customs. The Utopians wonder how any man should be so much taken with the glaring doubtful lustre of a jewel or a stone, that can look up to a star or to the sun himself; or how any should value himself because his cloth is made of a finer thread; for, how fine soever that thread may be, it was once no better than the fleece of a sheep, and that sheep was a sheep still, for all its wearing it. They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed that even man, for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than this metal; that a man of lead, who has no more sense than a log of wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good men to serve him, only because he has a great heap of that metal; and that if it should happen that by some accident or trick of law (which sometimes produces as great changes as chance itself) all this wealth should pass from the master to the meanest varlet of his whole family, he himself would very soon become one of his servants, as if he were a thing that belonged to his wealth, and so were bound to follow its fortune! But they much more admire and detest the folly of those who, when they see a rich man, though they neither owe him anything, nor are in any sort dependent on his bounty, yet, merely because he is rich, give him little less than divine honors, even though they know him to be so covetous and base-minded that, notwithstanding all his wealth, he will not part with one farthing of it to them as long as he lives!

These and such like notions have that people imbibed, partly from their education, being bred in a country whose customs

and laws are opposite to all such foolish maxims, and partly from their learning and studies; for though there are but few in any town that are so wholly excused from labor as to give themselves entirely up to their studies (these being only such persons as discover from their childhood an extraordinary capacity and disposition for letters), yet their children and a great part of the nation, both men and women, are taught to spend those hours in which they are not obliged to work in reading; and this they do through the whole progress of life. They have all their learning in their own tongue, which is both a copious and pleasant language, and in which a man can fully express his mind; it runs over a great tract of many countries, but it is not equally pure in all places. They had never so much as heard of the names of any of those philosophers that are so famous in these parts of the world, before we went among them; and yet they had made the same discoveries as the Greeks, both in music, logic, arithmetic, and geometry. But as they are almost in everything equal to the ancient philosophers, so they far exceed our modern logicians; for they have never yet fallen upon the barbarous niceties that our youth are forced to learn in those trifling logical schools that are among us. They are so far from minding chimeras and fantastical images made in the mind that none of them could comprehend what we meant when we talked to them of a man in the abstract as common to all men in particular (so that though we spoke of him as a thing that we could point at with our fingers, yet none of them could perceive him) and yet distinct from every one, as if he were some monstrous Colossus or giant; yet, for all this ignorance of these empty notions, they knew astronomy, and were perfectly acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies; and have many instruments, well contrived and divided, by which they very accurately compute the course and positions of the sun, moon, and stars. But for the cheat of divining by the stars, by their oppositions or conjunctions, it has not so much as entered into their thoughts. They have a particular sagacity, founded upon much observation, in judging of the weather, by which they know when they may look for rain, wind, or other alterations in the air; but as to the philosophy of these things, the causes of the saltness of the sea, of its ebbing and flowing, and of the origin and nature both of the heavens and the earth, they dispute of them partly as our ancient philosophers have done, and

partly upon some new hypothesis, in which, as they differ from them, so they do not in all things agree among themselves.

As to moral philosophy, they have the same disputes among them as we have here. They examine what are properly good, both for the body and the mind; and whether any outward thing can be called truly *good*, or if that term belong only to the endowments of the soul. They inquire, likewise, into the nature of virtue and pleasure. But their chief dispute is concerning the happiness of a man, and wherein it consists — whether in some one thing or in a great many. They seem, indeed, more inclinable to that opinion that places, if not the whole, yet the chief part, of a man's happiness in pleasure; and, what may seem more strange, they make use of arguments even from religion, notwithstanding its severity and roughness, for the support of that opinion so indulgent to pleasure; for they never dispute concerning happiness without fetching some arguments from the principles of religion as well as from natural reason, since without the former they reckon that all our inquiries after happiness must be but conjectural and defective.

These are their religious principles: — That the soul of man is immortal, and that God of His goodness has designed that it should be happy; and that He has, therefore, appointed rewards for good and virtuous actions, and punishments for vice, to be distributed after this life. Though these principles of religion are conveyed down among them by tradition, they think that even reason itself determines a man to believe and acknowledge them; and freely confess that if these were taken away, no man would be so insensible as not to seek after pleasure by all possible means, lawful or unlawful, using only this caution — that a lesser pleasure might not stand in the way of a greater, and that no pleasure ought to be pursued that should draw a great deal of pain after it; for they think it the maddest thing in the world to pursue virtue, that is a sour and difficult thing, and not only to renounce the pleasures of life, but willingly to undergo much pain and trouble, if a man has no prospect of a reward. And what reward can there be for one that has passed his whole life, not only without pleasure, but in pain, if there is nothing to be expected after death? Yet they do not place happiness in all sorts of pleasures, but only in those that in themselves are good and honest. There is a party among them who place happiness in bare virtue; others think that our

natures are conducted by virtue to happiness, as that which is the chief good of man. They define virtue thus — that it is a living according to Nature, and think that we are made by God for that end; they believe that a man then follows the dictates of Nature when he pursues or avoids things according to the direction of reason. They say that the first dictate of reason is the kindling in us a love and reverence for the Divine Majesty, to whom we owe both all that we have and all that we can ever hope for. In the next place, reason directs us to keep our minds as free from passion and as cheerful as we can, and that we should consider ourselves as bound by the ties of good-nature and humanity to use our utmost endeavors to help forward the happiness of all other persons; for there never was any man such a morose and severe pursuer of virtue, such an enemy to pleasure, that though he set hard rules for men to undergo, much pain, many watchings, and other rigors, yet did not at the same time advise them to do all they could in order to relieve and ease the miserable, and who did not represent gentleness and good-nature as amiable dispositions. And from thence they infer that if a man ought to advance the welfare and comfort of the rest of mankind (there being no virtue more proper and peculiar to our nature than to ease the miseries of others, to free from trouble and anxiety, in furnishing them with the comforts of life, in which pleasure consists) Nature much more vigorously leads them to do all this for himself. A life of pleasure is either a real evil, and in that case we ought not to assist others in their pursuit of it, but, on the contrary, to keep them from it all we can, as from that which is most hurtful and deadly; or if it is a good thing, so that we not only may but ought to help others to it, why, then, ought not a man to begin with himself? since no man can be more bound to look after the good of another than after his own; for Nature cannot direct us to be good and kind to others, and yet at the same time to be unmerciful and cruel to ourselves. Thus, as they define virtue to be living according to Nature, so they imagine that Nature prompts all people on to seek after pleasure as the end of all they do. They also observe that in order to our supporting the pleasures of life, Nature inclines us to enter into society; for there is no man so much raised above the rest of mankind as to be the only favorite of Nature, who, on the contrary, seems to have placed on a level all those that belong to the same species. Upon this they infer that no man ought to seek his own conveniences so eagerly as to

prejudice others ; and therefore they think that not only all agreements between private persons ought to be observed, but likewise that all those laws ought to be kept which either a good prince has published in due form, or to which a people that is neither oppressed with tyranny nor circumvented by fraud has consented, for distributing those conveniences of life which afford us all our pleasures.

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantage as far as the laws allow it, they account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns, but they think it unjust for a man to seek for pleasure by snatching another man's pleasures from him ; and, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others, and that by this means a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another ; for as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that he makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, gives the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion easily convinces a good soul.

Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness ; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which Nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. Thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which Nature leads us ; for they say that Nature leads us only to those delights to which reason, as well as sense, carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person nor lose the possession of greater pleasures, and of such as draw no troubles after them. But they look upon those delights which men by a foolish, though common, mistake call pleasure, as if they could change as easily the nature of things as the use of words, as things that greatly obstruct their real happiness, instead of advancing it, because they so entirely possess the minds of those that are once captivated by them with a false notion of pleasure that there is no room left for pleasures of a truer or purer kind.

There are many things that in themselves have nothing that is truly delightful ; on the contrary, they have a good deal

of bitterness in them; and yet, from our perverse appetites after forbidden objeets, are not only ranked among the pleasures, but are made even the greatest designs, of life. Among those who pursue these sophisticated pleasures they reckon sueh as I mentioned before, who think themselves really the better for having fine clothes; in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the opinion they have of their clothes, and in that they have of themselves. For if you eonsider the use of elothes, why should a fine thread be thought better than a coarse one? And yet these men, as if they had some real advantages beyond others, and did not owe them wholly to their mistakes, look big, seem to faney themselves to be more valuable, and imagine that a respeet is due to them for the sake of a rich garment, to whieh they would not have pretended if they had been more meanly elothed, and even resent it as an affront if that respeet is not paid them. It is also a great folly to be taken with outward marks of respect, whieh signify nothing; for what true or real pleasure ean one man find in another's standing bare or making legs to him? Will the bending another man's knees give ease to yours? and will the head's being bare cure the madness of yours? And yet it is wonderful to see how this false notion of pleasure bewitches many who delight themselves with the fancy of their nobility, and are pleased with this eoneeit — that they are deseended from ancestors who have been held for some sueeessions rich, and who have had great possessions; for this is all that makes nobility at present. Yet they do not think themselves a whit the less noble, though their immediate parents have left none of this wealth to them, or though they themselves have squandered it away. The Utopians have no better opinion of those who are much taken with gems and precious stones, and who account it a degree of happiness next to a divine one if they can purehase one that is very extraordinary, especially if it be of that sort of stones that is then in greatest request, for the same sort is not at all times universally of the same value, nor will men buy it unless it be dismounted and taken out of the gold. The jeweller is then made to give good seeurity, and required solemnly to swear that the stone is true, that, by sueh an exaet caution, a false one might not be bought instead of a true; though, if you were to examine it, your eye eould find no difference betweeu the counterfeit and that which is true; so that they are all one to you, as mueh as if you were blind. Or can it be thought that they who heap up a useless mass

of wealth, not for any use that it is to bring them, but merely to please themselves with the contemplation of it, enjoy any true pleasure in it? The delight they find is only a false shadow of joy. Those are no better whose error is somewhat different from the former, and who hide it out of their fear of losing it; for what other name can fit the hiding it in the earth, or, rather, the restoring it to it again, it being thus cut off from being useful either to its owner or to the rest of mankind? And yet the owner, having hid it carefully, is glad, because he thinks he is now sure of it. If it should be stole, the owner, though he might live perhaps ten years after the theft, of which he knew nothing, would find no difference between his having or losing it, for both ways it was equally useless to him.

Among those foolish pursuers of pleasure they reckon all that delight in hunting, in fowling, or gaming, of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such things among them. But they have asked us, "What sort of pleasure is it that men can find in throwing the dice?" (for if there were any pleasure in it, they think the doing it so often should give one a surfeit of it); "and what pleasure can one find in hearing the barking and howling of dogs, which seem rather odious than pleasant sounds?" Nor can they comprehend the pleasure of seeing dogs run after a hare, more than of seeing one dog run after another; for if the seeing them run is that which gives the pleasure, you have the same entertainment to the eye on both these occasions, since that is the same in both cases. But if the pleasure lies in seeing the hare killed and torn by the dogs, this ought rather to stir pity, that a weak, harmless, and fearful hare should be devoured by strong, fierce, and cruel dogs. Therefore all this business of hunting is, among the Utopians, turned over to their butchers, and those, as has been already said, are all slaves, and they look on hunting as one of the basest parts of a butcher's work, for they account it both more profitable and more decent to kill those beasts that are more necessary and useful to mankind, whereas the killing and tearing of so small and miserable an animal can only attract the huntsman with a false show of pleasure, from which he can reap but small advantage. They look on the desire of the bloodshed, even of beasts, as a mark of a mind that is already corrupted with cruelty, or that at least, by too frequent returns of so brutal a pleasure, must degenerate into it.

Thus though the rabble of mankind look upon these, and on

innumerable other things of the same nature, as pleasures, the Utopians, on the contrary, observing that there is nothing in them truly pleasant, conclude that they are not to be reckoned among pleasures; for though these things may create some tickling in the senses (which seems to be a true notion of pleasure), yet they imagine that this does not arise from the thing itself, but from a depraved custom, which may so vitiate a man's taste that bitter things may pass for sweet, as women with child think pitch or tallow taste sweeter than honey; but as a man's sense, when corrupted either by a disease or some ill habit, does not change the nature of other things, so neither can it change the nature of pleasure.

They reckon up several sorts of pleasures, which they call true ones; some belong to the body, and others to the mind. The pleasures of the mind lie in knowledge, and in that delight which the contemplation of truth carries with it; to which they add the joyful reflections on a well-spent life, and the assured hopes of a future happiness. They divide the pleasures of the body into two sorts — the one is that which gives our senses some real delight, and is performed either by recruiting Nature and supplying those parts which feed the internal heat of life by eating and drinking, or when Nature is eased of any surcharge that oppresses it, when we are relieved from sudden pain, or that which arises from satisfying the appetite which Nature has wisely given to lead us to the propagation of the species. There is another kind of pleasure that arises neither from our receiving what the body requires, nor its being relieved when overcharged, and yet, by a secret unseen virtue, affects the senses, raises the passions, and strikes the mind with generous impressions — this is, the pleasure that arises from music. Another kind of bodily pleasure is that which results from an undisturbed and vigorous constitution of body, when life and active spirits seem to actuate every part. This lively health, when entirely free from all mixture of pain, of itself gives an inward pleasure, independent of all external objects of delight; and though this pleasure does not so powerfully affect us, nor act so strongly on the senses as some of the others, yet it may be esteemed as the greatest of all pleasures; and almost all the Utopians reckon it the foundation and basis of all the other joys of life, since this alone makes the state of life easy and desirable, and when this is wanting, a man is really capable of no other pleasure. They look upon freedom from pain, if it does not rise from perfect health, to be a state of

SIR THOMAS MORE ON THE ROAD TO EXECUTION, TAKES FAREWELL FROM HIS DAUGHTER

From a Painting by A. Z'eck

stupidity rather than of pleasure. This subject has been very narrowly canvassed among them, and it has been debated whether a firm and entire health could be called a pleasure or not. Some have thought that there was no pleasure but what was excited by some sensible motion in the body. But this opinion has been long ago excluded from among them; so that now they almost universally agree that health is the greatest of all bodily pleasures; and that as there is a pain in sickness which is as opposite in its nature to pleasure as sickness itself is to health, so they hold that health is accompanied with pleasure. And if any should say that sickness is not really pain, but that it only carries pain along with it, they look upon that as a fetch of subtlety that does not much alter the matter. It is all one, in their opinion, whether it be said that health is in itself a pleasure, or that it begets a pleasure, as fire gives heat, so it be granted that all those whose health is entire have a true pleasure in the enjoyment of it. And they reason thus: — "What is the pleasure of eating, but that a man's health, which had been weakened, does, with the assistance of food, drive away hunger, and so recruiting itself, recovers its former vigor? And being thus refreshed it finds a pleasure in that conflict; and if the conflict is pleasure, the victory must yet breed a greater pleasure, except we fancy that it becomes stupid as soon as it has obtained that which it pursued, and so neither knows nor rejoices in its own welfare." If it is said that health cannot be felt, they absolutely deny it; for what man is in health that does not perceive it when he is awake? Is there any man that is so dull and stupid as not to acknowledge that he feels a delight in health? And what is delight but another name for pleasure?

But, of all pleasures, they esteem those to be most valuable that lie in the mind, the chief of which arise out of true virtue and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of sense, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health; but they are not pleasant in themselves otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmities are still making upon us. For as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it is more desirable not to need this sort of pleasure than to be obliged to indulge it. If any man imagines that there is a real happiness in these enjoyments,

he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men if he were to lead his life in perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and, by consequence, in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself; which any one may easily see would be not only a base, but a miserable, state of a life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure, for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating, and here the pain outbalances the pleasure. And as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for as it begins before the pleasure, so it does not cease but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and both expire together. They think, therefore, none of those pleasures are to be valued any further than as they are necessary; yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of Nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper, gifts of Nature maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

They also entertain themselves with the other delights let in at their eyes, their ears, and their nostrils as the pleasant relishes and seasonings of life, which Nature seems to have marked out peculiarly for man, since no other sort of animals contemplates the figure and beauty of the universe, nor is delighted with smells any further than as they distinguish meats by them; nor do they apprehend the concords or discords of sound. Yet, in all pleasures whatsoever, they take care that a lesser joy does not hinder a greater, and that pleasure may never breed pain, which they think always follows dishonest pleasures. But they think it madness for a man to wear out the beauty of his face or the force of his natural strength, to corrupt the sprightliness of his body by sloth and laziness, or to waste it by fasting; that it is madness to weaken the strength of his constitution and reject the other delights of life, unless by renouncing his own satisfaction he can either serve the public or promote the happiness of others, for which he expects a greater recompense from God. So that they look on such a course of life as the mark of a mind that is both cruel to itself and ungrateful to the Author of Nature, as if we would not be beholden to

Him for His favors, and therefore reject all His blessings; as one who should afflict himself for the empty shadow of virtue, or for no better end than to render himself capable of bearing those misfortunes which possibly will never happen.

This is their notion of virtue and of pleasure: they think that no man's reason can carry him to a truer idea of them unless some discovery from heaven should inspire him with sublimer notion. I have not now the leisure to examine whether they think right or wrong in this matter; nor do I judge it necessary, for I have only undertaken to give you an account of their constitution, but not to defend all their principles. I am sure that, whatsoever may be said of their notions, there is not in the whole world either a better people or a happier government. Their bodies are vigorous and lively; and though they are but of a middle stature, and have neither the fruitfullest soil nor the purest air in the world, yet they fortify themselves so well, by their temperate course of life, against the unhealthiness of their air, and by their industry they so cultivate their soil, that there is nowhere to be seen a greater increase, both of corn and cattle, nor are there anywhere healthier men and freer from diseases; for one may there see reduced to practice not only all the art that the husbandman employs in manuring and improving an ill-soil, but whole woods plucked up by the roots, and in other places new ones planted, where there were none before. Their principal motive for this is the convenience of carriage, that their timber may be either near their towns or growing on the banks of the sea, or of some rivers, so as to be floated to them; for it is a harder work to carry wood at any distance over land than corn. The people are industrious, apt to learn, as well as cheerful and pleasant, and none can endure more labor when it is necessary; but, except in that case, they love their ease. They are unwearied pursuers of knowledge; for when we had given them some hints of the learning and discipline of the Greeks, concerning whom we only instructed them (for we know that there was nothing among the Romans, except their historians and their poets, that they would value much), it was strange to see how eagerly they were set on learning that language: we began to read a little of it to them, rather in compliance with their importunity than out of any hopes of their reaping from it any great advantage: but, after a very short trial, we found they made such progress, that we saw our labor was like to be more successful than we could have

expected: they learned to write their characters and to pronounce their language so exactly, had so quick an apprehension, they remembered it so faithfully, and became so ready and correct in the use of it, that it would have looked like a miracle if the greater part of those whom we taught had not been men both of extraordinary capacity and of a fit age for instruction: they were, for the greatest part, chosen from among their learned men by their chief council, though some studied it of their own accord. In three years' time they became masters of the whole language, so that they read the best of the Greek authors very exactly. I am, indeed, apt to think that they learned that language the more easily from its having some relation to their own. I believe that they were a colony of the Greeks; for though their language comes nearer the Persian, yet they retain many names, for both their towns and magistrates, that are of Greek derivation. I happened to carry a great many books with me, instead of merchandise, when I sailed my fourth voyage; for I was so far from thinking of soon coming back, that I rather thought never to have returned at all, and I gave them all my books, among which were many of Plato's and some of Aristotle's works: I had also Theophrastus on Plants, which, to my great regret, was imperfect; for having laid it carelessly by, while we were at sea, a monkey had seized upon it, and in many places torn out the leaves. They have no books of grammar but Lascares, for I did not carry Theodorus with me; nor have they any dictionaries but Hesichius and Dioscorides. They esteem Plutarch highly, and were much taken with Lucian's wit and with his pleasant way of writing. As for the poets, they have Aristophanes, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles of Aldus's edition; and for historians, Thucydides, Herodotus, and Herodian. One of my companions, Thricius Apinatus, happened to carry with him some of Hippocrates's works and Galen's Microtechne, which they hold in great estimation; for though there is no nation in the world that needs physic so little as they do, yet there is not any that honors it so much; they reckon the knowledge of it one of the pleasantest and most profitable parts of philosophy, by which, as they search into the secrets of nature, so they not only find this study highly agreeable, but think that such inquiries are very acceptable to the Author of nature; and imagine, that as He, like the inventors of curious engines amongst mankind, has exposed this great machine of the universe to the view of the only creatures capable of contemplating it, so an exact

and curious observer, who admires His workmanship, is mueh more acceptable to Him than one of the herd, who, like a beast incapable of reason, looks on this glorious seene with the eyes of a dull and uneoncerned spcetator.

The minds of the Utopians, when feneed with a love for learning, are very ingenious in diseovering all sueh arts as are neeessary to carry it to perfection. Two things they owe to us, the manufacture of paper and the art of printing; yet they are not so entirely indebted to us for these discoveries but that a great part of the invention was their own. We showed them some books printed by Aldus, we explaincd to them the way of making paper and the mystery of printing; but, as we had never praetised these arts, we deseribed them in a crude and superfieial manner. They seized the hints we gave them; and though at first they could not arrive at perfection, yet by making many essays they at last found out and correeted all their errors and eonquered every diffieulty. Before this they only wrote on parehment, on reeds, or on the barks of trees; but now they have established the manufaeture of paper and set up printing presses, so that, if they had but a good number of Greek authors, they would be quiekly supplied with many eopies of them: at present, though they have no more than those I have mentioned, yet, by several impressions, they have multiplied them into many thousands. If any man was to go among them that had some extraordinary talent, or that by mueh travelling had observed the customs of many nations (whieh made us to be so well reeeivcd), he would reeeive a hearty weleome, for they are very desirous to know the state of the whole world. Very few go among them on the aeeount of traffie; for what can a man earry to them but iron, or gold, or silver? whieh merehants desire rather to export than import to a strange eountry: and as for their exportation, they think it better to manage that themselves than to leave it to foreigners, for by this means, as they understand the state of the neighboring eountries better, so they keep up the art of navigation, whieh cannot be maintaincd but by mueh practiee.

JAMES JUSTINIAN MORIER.

Morier, James Justinian, an English novelist and writer of travels; born in England in 1780; died at Brighton, March 19, 1849. He was Lord Elgin's secretary during his embassy to Constantinople, and secretary of legation at the court of Persia (1811–15). He wrote two successful books describing travels in Brazil, Asia, Asia Minor, and Turkey. He was best known, however, by his novels depicting Persian life: "Adventures of Hajji-Baba" (1824–28; latest edition 1895); "Zohrab the Hostage" (1832); "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars" (1834); "Mirza" (1841).

Hajji as a Quack.

(From "The Adventures of Hajji-Baba.")

At length one morning Asker called me to him and said: — "Hajji my friend, you know how thankful I have always expressed myself for your kindness to me when we were prisoners together in the hands of the Turcomans, and now I will prove my gratitude. I have recommended you strongly to Mirza Ahmak, the king's Hakîm bashi, or chief physician, who is in want of a servant; and I make no doubt that if you give him satisfaction, he will teach you his art, and put you in the way of making your fortune. You have only to present yourself before him, saying that you come from me, and he will immediately assign you an employment."

I had no turn for the practice of physic, and recollecting the story which had been related to me by the dervish, I held the profession in contempt: but my case was desperate; I had spent my last dînar, and therefore I had nothing left me but to accept of the doctor's place. Accordingly, the next morning I proceeded to his house, which was situated in the neighborhood of the palace; and as I entered a dull, neglected court-yard, I there found several sick persons, some squatted against the wall, others supported by their friends, and others again with bottles in their hands, waiting the moment when the physician should leave the

women's apartments to transact business in public. I proceeded to an open window, where those who were not privileged to enter the room stood, and there I took my station until I should be called in. Within the room were several persons, who came to pay their court to the doctor (for every man who is an officer of the court has his levee); and from remarking them I learnt how necessary it was, in order to advance in life, to make much of everything, even the dog or the cat if they came in my way, of him who can have access to the ear of men in power. I made my reflections upon the miseries I had already undergone, and was calculating how long it would take me to go through a course of cringing and flattery to be entitled to the same sorts of attention myself, when I perceived, by the bows of those near me, that the doctor had seated himself at the window, and that the business of the day had commenced.

The Hakîm was an old man, with an eye sunk deep into his head, high cheek-bones, and a scanty beard. He had a considerable bend in his back; and his usual attitude, when seated, was that of a projecting chin, his head reclining back between his shoulders, and his hands resting on his girdle, whilst his elbows formed two triangles on each side of his body. He made short snappish questions, gave little hums at the answers, and seemed to be thinking of anything but the subject before him. When he heard the account of the ailments of those who had come to consult him, and had said a few words to his little circle of parasites, he looked at me; and after I had told him that I was the person of whom the poet had spoken, he fixed his little sharp eyes upon me for a second or two, and then desired me to wait, for that he wished to speak to me in private. Accordingly, he soon after got up and went out of the room; and I was called upon to attend him in a small separate court, closely walled on all sides, except on the one where was situated the *khelwet*, or private room, in which the doctor was seated.

As soon as I appeared, the doctor invited me into the room, and requested me to be seated; which I did with all the humility which it is the etiquette for an inferior to show towards his superior, for so great an honor.

He informed me that the poet had spoken very favorably of me, and had said that I was a person to be depended upon, particularly on account of my discretion and prudence; that I had seen a great deal of life; that I was fertile in expedients; and that if any business in which circumspection and secrecy

were neeessary was intrusted to me, I should eonduct it with all the ability required. I bowed repeatedly as he spoke, and kept my hands respeetfully before me, eovered with the border of my sleeve, whilst I took eare that my feet were also eompletely hid. He then eontinued, and said: — "I have oeeasion for a person of your deseription precisely at this moment, and as I put great eonfidence in the reeommendation of my friend Asker, it is my intention to make use of your good offices; and if you sueceed aecording to my expectations, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall not remain unmindful of your serviees."

Then requesting me to approaeh nearer to him, and in a low and eonfidential tone of voiee, he said, looking over his shoulders as if afraid of being overheard: —

"Hajji, you must know that an ambassador from the Franks is lately arrived at this eourt, in whose suite there is a doctor. This infidel has already aequired eonsiderable reputation here. He treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medieines, of whieh we do not even know the names. He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of whieh we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinetion between hot and eold diseases, and hot and eold remedies, as Galenus and Avieenna have ordained, but gives mereury by way of a eooling medieine; stabs the belly with a sharp instrument for wind in the stomaeh; and what is worse than all, pretends to do away with the small-pox altogether, by infusing into our nature a eertain extraet of eow, a diseovery whieh one of their philosophers has lately made. Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a eomfortable souree of revenue to me; I eannot afford to lose it beeause an infidel chooses to eome here and treat us like eattle. We eannot allow him to take the bread out of our mouths. But the reason why I partieularly want your help proeeeds from the following cause. The grand vizier was taken ill, two days ago, of a strange uneasiness, after having eaten more than his usual quantity of raw lettuee and eucumber, steeped in vinegar and sugar. This eame to the Frank ambassador's ears, who in faet was present at the eating of the lettuee; and he immediately sent his doetor to him, with a request that he might be permitted to administer relief. The grand vizier and the ambassador, it seems, had not been upon good terms for some time, beeause the latter was very urgent that some demand of a politieal nature

might be conceded to him, which the vizier, out of consideration for the interests of Persia, was obliged to deny; and therefore, thinking that this might be a good opportunity of conciliating the infidel, and of coming to a compromise, he agreed to accept of the doctor's services. Had I been apprised of the circumstance in time, I should easily have managed to put a stop to the proceeding; but the doctor did not lose an instant in administering his medicine, which, I hear, only consisted of one little white and tasteless pill. From all accounts, and as ill luck would have it, the effect it has produced is something quite marvellous. The grand vizier has received such relief that he can talk of nothing else; he says that 'he felt the pill drawing the damp from the very tips of his fingers;' and that now he has discovered in himself such newness of strength and energy that he laughs at his old age, and even talks of making up the complement of wives permitted to him by our blessed Prophet. But the mischief has not stopped here: the fame of this medicine, and of the Frank doctor, has gone throughout the court; and the first thing which the King talked of at the selam (the audience) this morning was of its miraculous properties. He called upon the grand vizier to repeat to him all that he had before said upon the subject; and as he talked of the wonders that it had produced upon his person, a general murmur of applause and admiration was heard throughout the assembly. His Majesty then turned to me and requested me to explain the reason why such great effects should proceed from so small a cause; when I was obliged to answer, stooping as low as I could to hide my confusion, and kissing the earth:—'I am your sacrifice: O King of kings, I have not yet seen the drug which the infidel doctor has given to your Majesty's servant, the grand vizier; but as soon as I have, I will inform your Majesty of what it consists. In the mean while, your humble slave beseeches the Centre of the Universe to recollect that the principal agent, on this occasion, must be an evil spirit, an enemy to the true faith, since he is an instrument in the hands of an infidel,—of one who calls our holy Prophet a cheat, and who disowns the all-powerful decrees of predestination.'

"Having said this, in order to shake his growing reputation, I retired in deep cogitation how I might get at the secrets of the infidel, and particularly inquire into the nature of his prescription, which has performed such miracles; and you are come most opportunely to my assistance. You must immediately become

acquainted with him: and I shall leave it to your address to pick his brain and worm his knowledge out of him; but as I wish to procure a specimen of the very medicine which he administered to the grand vizier, being obliged to give an account of it to-morrow to the Shah, you must begin your services to me by eating much of lettuce and raw cucumber, and of making yourself as sick to the full as his Highness the vizier. You may then apply to the Frank, who will doubtless give you a duplicate of the celebrated pill, which you will deliver over to me."

"But," said I, who had rather taken fright of this extraordinary proposal, "how shall I present myself before a man whom I do not know? Besides, such marvellous stories are related of the Europeans, that I should be puzzled in what manner to behave. Pray give me some instructions how to act."

"Their manners and customs are totally different from ours, that is true," replied Mirza Ahmak: "and you may form some idea of them, when I tell you that instead of shaving their heads and letting their beards grow, as we do, they do the very contrary; for not a vestige of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick on their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground; they take up their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers; they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones; they write from left to right, we from right to left; they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them: but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean; they eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats; they will dissect a dead body without requiring any purification after it."

"And is it true," said I, "that they are so irascible, that if perchance their word is doubted, and they are called liars, they will fight on such an occasion till they die?"

"That is also said of them," answered the doctor; "but the case has not happened to me yet: however, I must warn you of one thing, — which is, that if they happen to admire anything that you possess, you must not say to them, as you would to one of us, 'It is a present to you, it is your property,' lest they should take you at your word and keep it, which you know would be inconvenient, and not what you intended; but you must endeavor

as much as possible to speak what you think, for that is what they like."

"But then, if such is the case," said I, "do not you think that the Frank doctor will find me out with a lie in my mouth,—pretending to be siek when I am well, asking medicine from him for myself when I want it for another?"

"No, no," said the Mirza: "you are to be siek, really siek, you know, and then it will be no lie. Go, Hajji my friend," said he, putting his arm round my neek: "go, eat your eucumbers immediately, and let me have the pill by this evening." And then coaxing me, and preventing me from making any further objeetions to his unexpeeted request, he gently pushed me out of the room; and I left him, seareely knowing whether to laugh or to ery at the new posture whieh my affairs had taken. To sieken without any stipulated reward was what I eould not consent to do, so I retraeed my steps with a determination of making a bargain with my patron: but when I got to the room, he was no longer there, having apparently retreated into his harem; and therefore I was obliged to proeeed on my errand.

I inquired my way to the ambassador's house, and aetually set off with the intention of putting the doetor's wishes into exeeution, and getting, if possible, a writhing disorder on the road; but upon more mature refleetion I reeollected that a stomaehaehe was not a marketable commodity, whieh might be purehased at a moment's notice; for although lettuce and eucumber might disagree with an old grand vizier, yet it was a hundred to one but they would find an easy digestion in a young person like me. However, I determined to obtain the pill by stratagem, if I eould not proeure it in a more direet manner. I eonsidered that if I feigned to be ill, the doctor would very probably deteet me, and turn me out of his house for a cheat; so I preferred the easier mode of passing myself off for one of the servants of the royal harem, and then making out some story by whieh I might attain my end. I aecordingly stepped into one of the old-clothes shops in the bazaar, and hired a eloak for myself sueh as the seribes wear; and then substituting a roll of paper in my girdle instead of a dagger, I flattered myself that I might pass for something more than a common servant.

I soon found out where the ambassador dwelt. Bearing in mind all that Mirza Ahmak had told me, I rather approaehed the door of the doctor's residence with fear and hesitation. I found the avenues to it crowded with poor women bearing infants in

their arms, who, I was told, came to receive the new-fashioned preservative against the small-pox. This, it was supposed for political reasons, the Franks were anxious to promote; and as the doctor performed the operation gratis, he had no lack of patients, — particularly of the poorer sort, who could not approach a Persian doctor without a present or a good fee in their hand.

On entering, I found a man seated in the middle of the room, near an elevated wooden platform, upon which were piled boxes, books, and a variety of instruments and utensils, the uses of which were unknown to me. He was in dress and appearance the most extraordinary-looking infidel I had ever seen. His chin and upper lip were without the vestige of a hair upon them, as like a eunuch as possible. He kept his head most disrespectfully uncovered, and wore a tight bandage round his neck, with other contrivances on the sides of his cheeks, as if he were anxious to conceal some wound or disease. His clothes were fitted so tight to his body, and his outward coat in particular was cut off at such sharp angles, that it was evident cloth was a scarce and dear commodity in his country. The lower part of his dress was particularly improper; and he kept his boots on in his room, without any consideration for the carpet he was treading upon, which struck me as a custom subversive of all decorum.

I found that he talked our language; for as soon as he saw me, he asked me how I did, and then immediately remarked that it was a fine day, which was so self-evident a truth that I immediately agreed to it. I then thought it necessary to make him some fine speeches, and flattered him to the best of my abilities, informing him of the great reputation he had already acquired in Persia; that Locman was a fool when compared to one of his wisdom; and that as for his contemporaries, the Persian physicians, they were not fit to handle his pestle for him. To all this he said nothing. I then told him that the King himself, having heard of the wonderful effects of his medicine upon the person of his grand vizier, had ordered his historian to insert the circumstance in the annals of the empire as one of the most extraordinary events of his reign; that a considerable sensation had been produced in his Majesty's seraglio, for many of the ladies had immediately been taken ill, and were longing to make a trial of his skill; that the King's favorite Georgian slave was in fact at this moment in great pain; that I had been deputed by the chief eunuch, owing to a special order from his Majesty, to procure medicine similar to that which the first minister had taken;

and I concluded my speech by requesting the doctor immediately to furnish me with some.

He seemed to ponder over what I had told him; and after reflecting a short time, said that it was not his custom to administer medicine to his patients without first seeing them, for by so doing he would probably do more harm than good; but that if he found that the slave was in want of his aid, he should be very happy to attend her.

I answered to this, that as to seeing the face of the Georgian slave, that was totally out of the question; for no man ever was allowed that liberty in Persia, excepting her husband. In cases of extreme necessity, perhaps a doctor might be permitted to feel a woman's pulse; but then it must be done when a veil covers the hand.

To which the Frank replied: "In order to judge of my patient's case I must not only feel the pulse, but see the tongue also."

"Looking at the tongue is totally new in Persia," said I; "and I am sure you could never be indulged with such a sight in the seraglio without a special order from the King himself: a eunuch would rather cut out his own tongue first."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "recollect that if I deliver my medicine to you, I do so without taking any responsibility upon myself for its effects; for if it does not cure it may perhaps kill."

When I had assured him that no harm or prejudice could possibly accrue to him, he opened a large chest, which appeared to be full of drugs, and taking therefrom the smallest quantity of a certain white powder, he mixed it up with some bread into the form of a pill, and putting it into paper gave it me, with proper directions how it should be administered. Seeing that he made no mystery of his knowledge, I began to question him upon the nature and properties of this particular medicine, and upon his practice in general. He answered me without any reserve; not like our Persian doctors, who only make a parade of fine words, and who adjust every ailment that comes before them to what they read in their Galen, their Hippocrates, and their Abou Avicenna.

When I had learned all I could, I left him with great demonstration of friendship and thankfulness, and immediately returned to Mirza Ahmak, who doubtless was waiting for me with great impatience. Having divested myself of my borrowed cloak and resumed my own dress, I appeared before him with a face made

up for the occasion; for I wished to make him believe that the lettuce and cucumbers had done their duty. At every word I pretended to receive a violent twitch; and acted my part so true to life, that the stern and inflexible nature of Mirza Ahmak himself was moved into somewhat like pity for me.

"There! there!" said I, as I entered his apartment, "in the name of Allah take your prize:" and then pretending to be bent double, I made the most horrid grimaces, and uttered deep groans: "there! I have followed your orders, and now throw myself upon your generosity." He endeavored to take the object of his search from me, but I kept it fast; and whilst I gave him to understand that I expected prompt reward, I made indications of an intention to swallow it, unless he actually gave me something in hand. So fearful was he of not being able to answer the King's interrogatories concerning the pill, so anxious to get it into his possession, that he actually pressed a gold piece upon me. No lover could sue his mistress with more earnestness to grant him a favor than the doctor did me for my pill. I should very probably have continued the deceit a little longer, and have endeavored to extract another piece from him: but when I saw him preparing a dose of his own mixture to ease my pain, I thought it high time to finish; and pretending all of a sudden to have received relief, I gave up my prize.

When once he had got possession, he looked at it with intense eagerness, and turned it over and over on his palm, without appearing one whit more advanced in his knowledge than before. At length, after permitting him fully to exhaust his conjectures, I told him that the Frank doctor had made no secret in saying that it was composed of jivch, or mercury. "Mercury, indeed!" exclaimed Mirza Ahmak, "just as if I did not know that. And so, because this infidel, this dog of an Isauvi, chooses to poison us with mercury, I am to lose my reputation, and my prescriptions (such as his father never even saw in a dream) are to be turned into ridicule. Who ever heard of mercury as a medicine? Mercury is cold, and lettuce and cucumber are cold also. You would not apply ice to dissolve ice? The ass does not know the first rudiments of his profession. No, Hajji, this will never do: we must not permit our beards to be laughed at in this manner."

He continued to inveigh for a considerable time against his rival; and would no doubt have continued to do so much longer, but he was stopped by a message from the King, who ordered him to repair forthwith to his presence. In the greatest trepida-

tion he immediately put himself into his court dress, exchanged his common black lambskin cap for one wound about with a shawl, huddled on his red-cloth stockings, called for his horse, and taking the pill with him, went off in a great hurry, and full of the greatest apprehension at what might be the result of the audience.

The doctor's visit to the King had taken place late in the evening; and as soon as he returned from it he called for me. I found him apparently in great agitation, and full of anxiety. "Hajji," said he, when I appeared, "come close to me;" and having sent every one else out of the room, he said in a whisper, "This infidel doctor must be disposed of somehow or other. What do you think has happened? The Shah has consulted him; he had him in private conference for an hour this morning, without my being apprised of it. His Majesty sent for me to tell me its result; and I perceive that the Frank has already gained great influence. It seems that the King gave him the history of his complaints, — of his debility, of his old asthma, and of his imperfect digestion, — but talked in raptures of the wretch's sagacity and penetration: for merely by looking at the tongue and feeling the pulse, before the infidel was told what was the state of the case, he asked whether his Majesty did not use the hot-baths very frequently; whether, when he smoked, he did not immediately bring on a fit of coughing; and whether, in his food, he was not particularly addicted to pickles, sweetmeats, and rice swimming in butter? The King has given him three days to consider his case, to consult his books, and to gather the opinions of the Frank sages on subjects so important to the State of Persia, and to compose such a medicine as will entirely restore and renovate his constitution. The Centre of the Universe then asked my opinion, and requested me to speak boldly upon the natures and properties of Franks in general, and of their medicines. I did not lose this opportunity of giving utterance to my sentiments; so, after the usual preface to my speech, I said, 'that as to their natures, the Shah, in his profound wisdom, must know that they were an unbelieving and an unclean race: for that they treated our Prophet as a cheat, and ate pork and drank wine without any scruple; that they were women in looks, and in manners bears; that they ought to be held in the greatest suspicion, for their ultimate object (see what they had done in India) was to take kingdoms, and to make Shahs and Nabobs their humble servants. As to their medicines,' I exclaimed, 'Heaven pre-

serve your Majesty from them! they are just as treacherous in their effects as the Franks are in their politics: with what we give to procure death, they pretend to work their cures. Their principal ingredient is mercury' (and here I produced my pill); 'and they use their instruments and knives so freely, that I have heard it said they will cut off a man's limbs to save his life.' I then drew such a picture of the fatal effects likely to proceed from the foreign prescription, that I made the Shah promise that he would not take it without using every precaution that his prudence and wisdom might suggest. To this he consented; and as soon as the Frank shall have sent in the medicine which he is preparing, I shall be summoned to another interview. Now, Hajji," added the doctor, "the Shah must not touch the infidel's physic; for if perchance it were to do good, I am a lost man. Who will ever consult Mirza Ahmak again? No: we must avert the occurrence of such an event, even if I were obliged to take all his drugs myself."

We parted with mutual promises of doing everything in our power to thwart the infidel doctor; and three days after, Mirza Ahmak was again called before the King in order to inspect the promised *ordonnance*, and which consisted of a box of pills. He of course created all sorts of suspicions against their efficacy, threw out some dark hints about the danger of receiving any drug from the agent of a foreign power, and finally left the Shah in the determination of referring the case to his ministers. The next day, at the usual public audience, when the Shah was seated on his throne, and surrounded by his prime vizier, his lord high treasurer, his minister for the interior, his principal secretary of state, his lord chamberlain, his master of the horse, his principal master of the ceremonies, his doctor in chief, and many other of the great officers of his household, — addressing himself to his grand vizier, he stated the negotiations which he had entered into with the foreign physician, now resident at his court, for the restoration and the renovation of the royal person; that at the first conference, the said foreign physician, after a due inspection of the royal person, had reported that there existed several symptoms of debility; that at the second, after assuring the Shah that he had for three whole days employed himself in consulting his books and records, and gathering from them the opinions of his own country sages on the subject, he had combined the properties of the various drugs into one whole, which, if taken

interiorly, would produce effects so wonderful that no talisman could come in competition with it. His Majesty then said that he had called into his councils his Hakîm bashi, or head physician, who, in his anxiety for the weal of the Persian monarchy, had deeply pondered over the *ordonnances* of the foreigner, and had set his face against them, owing to certain doubts and apprehensions that had crept into his mind, which consisted, first, whether it were politic to deliver over the internal administration of the royal person to foreign regulations and *ordonnances;* and second, whether in the remedy prescribed there might not exist such latent and destructive effects as would endanger, undermine, and finally overthrow that royal person and constitution which it was supposed to be intended to restore and renovate. "Under these circumstances," said the Centre of the Universe, raising his voice at the time, "I have thought it advisable to pause before I proceeded in this business; and have resolved to lay the case before you, in order that you may, in your united wisdom, frame such an opinion as may be fitting to be placed before the King; and in order that you may go into the subject with a complete knowledge of the case, I have resolved, as a preparatory act, that each of you, in your own persons, shall partake of this medicine, in order that both you and I may judge of its various effects."

To this most gracious speech the grand vizier and all the courtiers made exclamations: "May the King live forever! May the royal shadow never be less! We are happy not only to take physic, but to lay down our lives in your Majesty's service! We are your sacrifice, your slaves! May God give the Shah health, and a victory over all his enemies!" Upon which the chief of the valets was ordered to bring the foreign physician's box of pills from the harem, and delivered it to the Shah in a golden salver. His Majesty then ordered the Hakîm bashi to approach, and delivering the box to him, ordered him to go round to all present, beginning with the prime vizier, and then to every man according to his rank, administering to each a pill.

This being done, the whole assembly took the prescribed gulp; after which ensued a general pause, during which the King looked carefully into each man's face to mark the first effects of the medicine. When the wry faces had subsided, the conversation took a turn upon the affairs of Europe; upon

which his Majesty asked a variety of questions, which were answered by the different persons present in the best manner they were able.

The medicine now gradually began to show its effects. The lord high treasurer first — a large, coarse man, who to this moment had stood immovable, merely saying *belli, belli*, yes, yes, whenever his Majesty opened his mouth to speak — now appeared uneasy; for what he had swallowed had brought into action a store of old complaints which were before lying dormant. The eyes of all had been directed towards him, which had much increased his perturbed state; when the chief secretary of state, a tall, thin, lathy man, turned deadly pale, and began to stream from every pore. He was followed by the minister for the interior, whose unhappy looks seemed to supplicate a permission from his Majesty to quit his august presence. All the rest in succession were moved in various ways, except the prime vizier, a little old man, famous for a hard and unyielding nature, and who appeared to be laughing in his sleeve at the misery which his compeers in office were undergoing.

As soon as the Shah perceived that the medicine had taken effect, he dismissed the assembly, ordering Mirza Ahmak, as soon as he could ascertain the history of each pill, to give him an official report of the whole transaction; and then retired into his harem.

The crafty old doctor had now his rival within his power; of course he set the matter in such a light before the King that his Majesty was deterred from making the experiment of the foreign physician's *ordonnance*, and it was forthwith consigned to oblivion. When he next saw me, and after he had made me acquainted with the preceding narrative, he could not restrain his joy and exultation. "We have conquered, friend Hajji," would he say to me. "The infidel thought that we were fools; but we will teach him what Persians are. Whose dog is he, that he should aspire to so high an honor as prescribing for a king of kings? No: that is left to such men as I. What do we care about his new discoveries? As our fathers did, so are we contented to do. The prescription that cured our ancestors shall cure us; and what Loeman and Abou Avicenna ordained, we may be satisfied to ordain after them." He then dismissed me, to make fresh plans for destroying any influence or credit that the new physician might acquire, and for preserving his own consequence and reputation at court.

JOHN MORLEY.

Morley, John, an English statesman, critic, and biographer; born at Blackburn, Lancashire, December 24, 1838. He was graduated at Oxford in 1859, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1883 he was elected to Parliament as an advanced Liberal by the borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He presided over the great conference of Liberals held at Leeds in October, 1883. The degree of M.A. was conferred on him by Oxford in 1876, and that of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. He was editor of the "Literary Gazette," which was afterward called the "Parthenon;" of the "Fortnightly Review" in 1867–82; of the "Pall Mall Gazette" in 1880–83; of "Macmillan's Magazine," 1883–85; Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1886 and 1892; and was elected to Parliament in 1883. His books include "Edmund Burke" (1867); "Critical Miscellanies" (1st Series, 1871; 2d Series, 1877); "Voltaire" (1872); "On Compromise" (1874); "Rousseau" (1876); "Diderot and the Encyclopædists" (2 vols., 1878); "The Life of Richard Cobden" (1881), "Aphorisms" (1887); "Life of Emerson" (1884); "Life of Walpole" (1889); "Studies in Literature" (1891); "The Study of Literature" (1894).

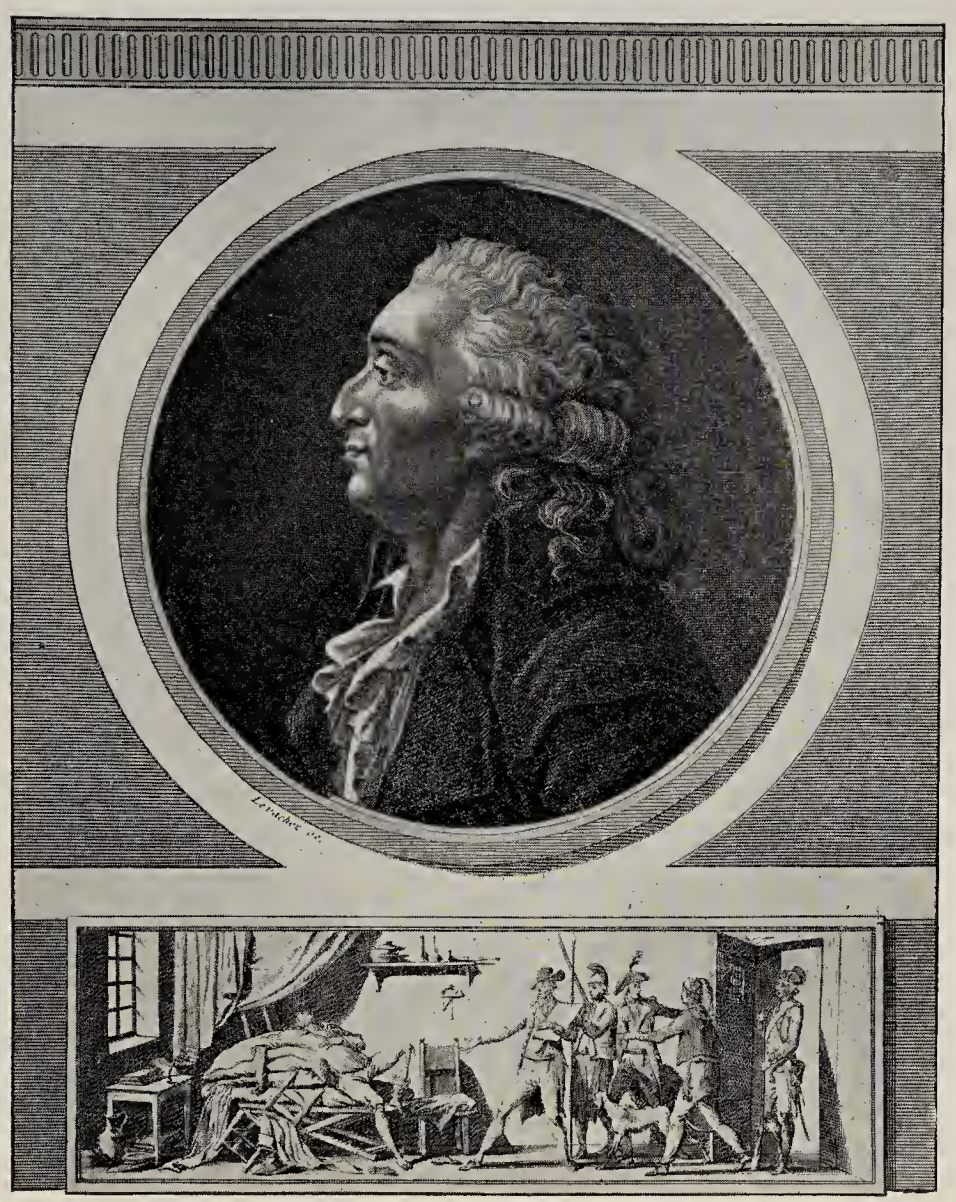
Condorcet.

(From "Critical Miscellanies.")

Of the illustrious thinkers and writers who for two generations had been actively scattering the seed of revolution in France, only Condorcet survived to behold the first bitter ingathering of the harvest. Those who had sown the wind were no more; he only was left to see the reaping of the whirlwind, and to be swiftly and cruelly swept away by it. Voltaire and Diderot, Rousseau and Helvétius, had vanished; but Condorcet both assisted at the Encyclopdæia and sat in the Convention,—the one eminent man of those who had tended the tree, who also came in due season to partake of its fruit,—at once a precursor, and a sharer in the fulfilment. In neither character has he attracted the good-will of any of those considerable sections and

schools into which criticism of the Revolution has been mainly divided. As a thinker he is roughly classed as an Economist; and as a practical politician he figured first in the Legislative Assembly, and next in the Convention. Now, as a rule, the political parties that have most admired the Convention have had least sympathy with the Economists; and the historians who are most favorable to Turgot and his followers are usually most hostile to the actions and associations of the great revolutionary chamber successively swayed by a Vergniaud, a Danton, a Robespierre. Between the two, Condorcet's name has been allowed to lie hidden for the most part in a certain obscurity, or else has been covered with those taunts and innuendoes which partisans are wont to lavish on men of whom they do not know exactly whether they are with or against them.

Generally, the men of the Revolution are criticized in blocks and sections, and Condorcet cannot be accurately placed under any of these received schools. He was an Economist, but he was something more; for the most characteristic article in his creed was a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature. He was more of a Girondin than a Jacobin, yet he did not always act, any more than he always thought, with the Girondins; and he did not fall when they fell, but was proscribed by a decree specially levelled at himself. Isolation of this kind is assuredly no merit in political action, but it explains the coldness with which Condorcet's memory has been treated; and it flowed from some marked singularities both of character and opinion, which are of the highest interest, if we consider the position of the man, and the lustre of that ever-memorable time. "Condorcet," said D'Alembert, "is a volcano covered with snow." Said another, less picturesquely, "He is a sheep in a passion." "You may say of the intelligence of Condorcet in relation to his person," wrote Madame Roland, "that it is a subtle essence soaked in cotton." The curious mixture disclosed by sayings like these, of warm impulse and fine purpose with immovable reserve, only shows that he of whom they were spoken belonged to the class of natures which may be called non-conducting. They are not effective, because without this effluence of power and feeling from within, the hearer or onlooker is stirred by no sympathetic thrill. They cannot be the happiest, because consciousness of the inequality between expression and meaning, between the influence intended and the impression conveyed, must be as tormenting as to one who dreams is the vain effort to strike a blow. If to be



CARITAT DE CONDORCET

(*Died 28 March, 1794*)

of this non-conducting temperament is impossible in the really greatest sorts of men, like St. Paul, St. Bernard, or Luther, at least it is no proper object of blame; for it is constantly the companion of lofty and generous aspiration. It was perhaps unfortunate that Condorcet should have permitted himself to be drawn into a position where his want of that magical quality, by which even the loathed and loathsome Marat could gain the sympathies of men, should be so conspicuously made visible. Frankly, the character of Condorcet, unlike so many of his contemporaries, offers nothing to the theatrical instinct. None the less on this account should we weigh the contributions which he made to the stock of science and social speculation, and recognize the fine elevation of his sentiments, his noble solicitude for human well-being, his eager and resolute belief in its indefinite expansion, and the devotion which sealed his faith by a destiny that was as tragical as any in those bloody and most tragical days.

I.

Until the outbreak of the Revolution, the circumstances of Condorcet's life were as little externally disturbed or speeially remarkable as those of any other geometer and thinker of the time. He was born in a small town in Piccardy, in the year 1743. His father was a cavalry officer; but as he died when his son was only three years old, he could have exerted no influence upon the future philosopher, save such as comes of transmission through blood and tissue. Condillac was his uncle, but there is no record of any intercourse between them. His mother was a devout and trembling soul, who dedicated her child to the Holy Virgin, and for eight years or more made him wear the dress of a little girl, by way of sheltering him against the temptations and unbelief of a vile world. So long as women are held by opinion and usage in a state of educational and political subjection which prevents the growth of a large intelligence, made healthy and energetic by knowledge and by activity, we may expect to read of pious extravagances of this kind. Condorcet was weakened physically by much confinement and the constraint of cumbrous clothing; and not even his dedication to the Holy Virgin prevented him from growing up the most ardent of the admirers of Voltaire. His earliest instructors, as happened to most of the skeptical philosophers, were the Jesuits, then within a few years of their fall.

That these adroit men, armed with all the arts and traditions which their order had acquired in three centuries, and with the training of the nation almost exclusively in their hands, should still have been unable to shield their persons from proscription and their creed from hatred, is a remarkable and satisfactory instance how little it avails ecclesiastical bodies to have a monopoly of official education, if the spirit of their teaching be out of harmony with those most potent agencies which we sum up as the spirit of the time. The Jesuits were the great official teachers of France for the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1764 the order was thrust forth from the country, and they left behind them an army of the bitterest enemies Christianity has ever had. To do them justice, they were destroyed by weapons which they had themselves supplied. The intelligence which they had so honorably developed and sharpened turned inevitably against the incurable faults in their own system. They were admirable teachers of mathematics. Condorcet, instructed by the Jesuits at Rheims, was able, when he was only fifteen years old, to go through such performances in analysis as to win especial applause from illustrious judges like D'Alembert and Clairaut. It was impossible, however, for Jesuits, as it has ever been for all enemies of movement, to constrain within prescribed limits the activity which has once been effectively stirred. Mathematics has always been in the eyes of the Church a harmless branch of knowledge; but the mental energy that mathematics first touched is sure to turn itself by-and-by to more complex and dangerous subjects in the scientific hierarchy.

At any rate, Condorcet's curiosity was very speedily drawn to problems beyond those which geometry and algebra pretend to solve. "For thirty years," he wrote in 1790, "I have hardly ever passed a single day without meditating on the political sciences." Thus, when only seventeen, when the ardor of even the choicest spirits is usually most purely intellectual, moral and social feeling was rising in Condorcet to that supremacy which it afterwards attained in him to so admirable a degree. He wrote essays on integral calculus, but he was already beginning to reflect upon the the laws of human societies and the conditions of moral obligation. At the root of Condorcet's nature was a profound sensibility of constitution. One of his biographers explains his early enthusiasm for virtue and human welfare as the conclusion of a kind of syllogism. It is possible that the syllogism was only the later shape into which an instinctive

impulse threw itself by way of rational intrenchment. This sensibility caused Condorcet to abandon the barbarous pleasures of the chase, which had at first powerfully attracted him. To derive delight from what inflicts pain on any sentient creature revolted his conscience and offended his reason; because he perceived that the character which does not shrink from associating its own joy with the anguish of another is either found or left mortally blunted to the finest impressions of humanity. It was this same sensibility, fortified by reason, which drove him while almost still at school to reflect, as he confided to Turgot he had done, on the moral ideas of virtue and justice.

It is thus assured that from the beginning Condorcet was unable to satisfy himself with the mere knowledge of the specialist, but felt the necessity of placing social aims at the head and front of his life, and of subordinating to them all other pursuits. That he values knowledge only as a means to social action, is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have. Such a temper of mind has penetrated no man more fully than Condorcet, though there are other thinkers to whom time and chance have been more favorable in making that temper permanently productive. There is a fine significance in his words, after the dismissal of the great and virtuous Turgot from office: "We have had a delightful dream, but it was too brief. Now I mean to apply myself to geometry. It is terribly cold to be for the future laboring only for the *gloriole*, after flattering oneself for a while that one was working for the public weal." It is true that a geometer, too, works for the public weal; but the process is tardier, and we may well pardon an impatience that sprung of reasoned zeal for the happiness of mankind. There is something much more attractive about Condorcet's undisguised disappointment at having to exchange active public labor for geometrical problems, than in the affected satisfaction conventionally professed by statesmen when driven from place to their books. His correspondence shows that even when his mind seemed to be most concentrated upon his special studies, he was incessantly on the alert for every new idea, book, transaction, that was likely to stimulate the love of virtue in individuals, or to increase the strength of justice in society. It would have been, in one sense, more fortunate for him to have cared less for high social interests, if we remember the contention of his latter days, and the catastrophe which brought them to so frightful a

close. But Condorcet was not one of those natures who can think it happiness to look passively out from the tranquil literary watch-tower upon the mortal struggles of a society in a state of revolution. In measuring other men of science — as his two volumes of Eloges abundantly show — one cannot help being struck by the eagerness with which he seizes on any trait of zeal for social improvement, of anxiety that the lives and characters of our fellows should be better worth having. He was himself too absolutely possessed by this social spirit to have flinched from his career, even if he had foreseen the martyrdom which was to consummate it. "You are very happy," he once wrote to Turgot, "in your passion for the public good, and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study."

In 1769, at the age of six-and-twenty, Condorcet became connected with the Academy; to the mortification of his relations, who hardly pardoned him for not being a captain of cavalry, as his father had been before him. About the same time or a little later, he performed a pilgrimage of a kind that could hardly help making a mark upon a character so deeply impressible. In company with D'Alembert, he went to Ferney and saw Voltaire. To the position of Voltaire in Europe in 1770 there has never been any other man's position in any age wholly comparable. It is true that there had been one or two of the great popes, and a great ecclesiastic like St. Bernard, who had exercised a spiritual authority, pretty universally submitted to, or even spontaneously invoked, throughout western Europe. But these were the representatives of a powerful organization and an accepted system. Voltaire filled a place before men's eyes in the eighteenth century as conspicuous and as authoritative as that of St. Bernard in the twelfth. The difference was that Voltaire's place was absolutely unofficial in its origin, and indebted to no system nor organization for its maintenance. Again, there have been others, like Bacon or Descartes, destined to make a far more permanent contribution to the ideas which have extended the powers and elevated the happiness of men; but these great spirits for the most part labored for the generation that followed them, and won comparatively slight recognition from their own age. Voltaire, during his life, enjoyed to the full not only the admiration that belongs to the poet, but something of the veneration that is paid to the thinker, and even something of the glory usually reserved for captains and conquerors of renown. No other man

before or since ever hit so exactly the mark of his time on every side, so precisely met the conditions of fame for the moment, nor so thoroughly dazzled and reigned over the foremost men and women who were his contemporaries. Wherever else intellectual fame has approached the fame of Voltaire, it has been posthumous. With him it was immediate and splendid. Into the secret of this extraordinary circumstance we need not here particularly inquire. He was an unsurpassed master of the art of literary expression in a country where that art is more highly prized than anywhere else; he was the most brilliant of wits among a people whose relish for wit is a supreme passion; he won the admiration of the lighter souls by his plays, of the learned by his interest in science, of the men of letters by his never-ceasing flow of essays, criticisms, and articles, not one of which lacks vigor and freshness and sparkle; he was the most active, bitter, and telling foe of what was then the most justly abhorred of all institutions, — the Church. Add to these remarkable titles to honor and popularity that he was no mere declaimer against oppression and injustice in the abstract, but the strenuous, persevering, and absolutely indefatigable champion of every victim of oppression or injustice whose case was once brought under his eye.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Morris, George P., an American journalist and poet; born at Philadelphia, October 10, 1802; died at New York, July 6, 1864. In 1823, in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, he founded the "New York Mirror;" N. P. Willis soon becoming associated with them. The journal was continued until 1842, and in the following year Morris and Willis started the "New Mirror," which several times changed its name, lastly, in 1846, to the "Home Journal," which is still continued. In 1842 Morris put forth a volume of prose sketches entitled "The Little Trenchman and His Water Lots;" in 1837 he produced "Briercliff," a successful drama, and in 1842 he wrote the libretto of an opera, "The Maid of Saxony." He is best known as a song writer. A complete edition of his "Poetical Works" was published in 1860.

Woodman, Spare that Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth, it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played;

My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
And let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave;
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I 've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

I'm with You Once Again.

I 'm with you once again, my friends;
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I 've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I 've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain-air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave —
Within our borders find.

A Southern Refrain.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow,
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low;
But, with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove eyes glistened,
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She 's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Morris, Sir Lewis, a British lawyer and poet; born at Carmarthen, Wales, in 1832. He was graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855, as Chancellor's Prizeman, and as first class in classics. He was called to the bar in 1861, and practised chiefly as a conveyancer until 1880. In that year he was made justice of the peace for his native county of Carmarthen, and took up his residence at his seat at Penbryn House. His poems, all of which were originally published anonymously, as the works of "A New Author," are "Songs of Two Worlds," in three series (1871, 1874, 1875); "The Epic of Hades" (1876); "Gwen: a Drama in Monologue" (1878); "The Ode of Life" (1880); "Songs Unsung" (1883); "Songs of Britain" (1887); "A Vision of Saints" (1890); "Poetical Works" (1890); "Songs without Notes" (1894); "Idylls and Lyrics" (1896).

Andromeda.

(From "The Epic of Hades.")

Then I came
On one a maiden, meek with folded hands,
Seated against a rugged face of cliff,
In silent thought. Anon she raised her arms,
Her gleaming arms, above her on the rock,
With hands which clasped each other, till she showed
As in a statue, and her white robe fell
Down from her maiden shoulders, and I knew
The fair form as it seemed chained to the stone
By some invisible gyves, and named her name:
And then she raised her frightened eyes to mine
As one who, long expecting some great fear,
Scarce sees deliverance come. But when she saw
Only a kindly glance, a softer look
Came in them, and she answered to my thought
With a sweet voice and low.
"I did but muse
Upon the painful past, long dead and done,
Forgetting I was saved.
"The angry clouds
Burst always on the low flat plains, and swept

The harvest to the ocean; all the land
Was wasted. A great serpent from the deep,
Lifting his horrible head above their homes,
Devoured the children. And the people prayed
In vain to careless gods.

"On that dear land,
Which now was turned into a sullen sea,
Gazing in safety from the stately towers
Of my sire's palace, I, a princess, saw,
Lapt in soft luxury within my bower,
The wreck of humble homes come whirling by,
The drowning, bleating flocks, the bellowing herds,
The grain scarce husbanded by toiling hands
Upon the sunlit plain, rush to the sea,
With floating corpses. On the rain-swept hills
The remnant of the people huddled close,
Homeless and starving. All my being was filled
With pity for them, and I joyed to give
What food and shelter and compassionate hands
Of woman might. I took the little ones
And clasped them shivering to the virgin breast
Which knew no other touch but theirs, and gave
Raiment and food. My sire, not stern to me,
Smiled on me as he saw. My gentle mother,
Who loved me with a closer love than binds
A mother to her son; and sunned herself
In my fresh beauty, seeing in my young gaze
Her own fair vanished youth; doted on me,
And fain had kept my eyes from the sad sights
That pained them. But my heart was faint in me,
Seeing the ineffable miseries of life,
And that mysterious anger of the gods,
And helpless to allay them. All in vain
Were prayer and supplication, all in vain
The costly victims steamed. The vengeful clouds
Hid the fierce sky, and still the ruin came.
And wallowing his grim length within the flood,
Over the ravaged fields and homeless homes,
The fell sea-monster raged, sating his jaws
With blood and rapine.

"Then to the dread shrine
Of Ammon went the priests, and reverend chiefs
Of all the nation. White-robed, at their head,
Went slow my royal sire. The oracle
Spoke clear, not as ofttimes in words obscure,

Ambiguous. And as we stood to meet
The suppliants — she who bare me, with her head
Upon my neck — we cheerful and with song
Welcomed their swift return; auguring well
From such a quick-sped mission.

"But my sire
Hid his face from me, and the crowd of priests
And nobles looked not at us. And no word
Was spoken till at last one drew a scroll
And gave it to the queen, who straightway swooned,
Having read it, on my breast, and then I saw,
I the young girl whose soft life scarcely knew
Shadow of sorrow, I whose heart was full
Of pity for the rest, what doom was mine.

"I think I hardly knew in that dread hour
The fear that came anon; I was transformed
Into a champion of my race, made strong
With a new courage, glorying to meet,
In all the ecstasy of sacrifice,
Death face to face. Some god, I know not who,
O'erspread me, and despite my mother's tears
And my stern father's grief, I met my fate
Unshrinking.

"When the moon rose clear from cloud
Once more again over the midnight sea,
And that vast watery plain, where were before
Hundreds of happy homes, and well-tilled fields,
And purple vineyards; from my father's towers
The white procession went along the paths,
The high cliff paths, which well I loved of old,
Among the myrtles. Priests with censers went
And offerings, robed in white, and round their brows
The sacred fillet. With his nobles walked
My sire with breaking heart. My mother clung
To me the victim, and the young girls went
With wailing and with tears. A solemn strain
The soft flutes sounded, as we went by night
To a wild headland, rock-based in the sea.

"There on a sea-worn rock, upon the verge,
To some rude stanchions, high above my head,
They bound me. Out at sea, a black reef rose,
Washed by the constant surge, wherein a cave
Harbored deep down the monster. The sad queen

Would scarcely leave me, though the priests shrunk back
In terror. Last, torn from my endless kiss,
Swooning they bore her upwards. All my robe
Fell from my lifted arms, and left displayed
The virgin treasure of my breasts; and then
The white procession through the moonlight streamed
Upwards, and soon their soft flutes sounded low
Upon the high lawns, leaving me alone.
There stood I in the moonlight, left alone
Against the sea-worn rock. Hardly I knew,
Seeing only the bright moon and summer sea,
Which gently heaved and surged, and kissed the ledge
With smooth warm tides, what fate was mine. I seemed,
Soothed by the quiet, to be resting still
Within my maiden chamber, and to watch
The moonlight thro' my lattice. Then again
Fear came, and then the pride of sacrifice
Filled me, as on the high cliff lawns I heard
The wailing cries, the chanted liturgies,
And knew me bound forsaken to the rock,
And saw the monster-haunted depths of sea.

"So all night long upon the sandy shores
I heard the hollow murmur of the wave,
And all night long the hidden sea caves made
A ghostly echo; and the sea birds mewed
Around me; once I heard a mocking laugh,
As of some scornful Nereid; once the waters
Broke louder on the scarpèd reefs, and ebbed
As if the monster coming; but again
He came not, and the dead moon sank, and still
Only upon the cliffs the wails, the chants,
And I forsaken on my sea-worn rock,
And lo, the monster-haunted depths of sea.

"Till at the dead dark hour before the dawn,
When sick men die, and scarcely fear itself
Bore up my weary eyelids, a great surge
Burst on the rock, and slowly, as it seemed,
The sea sucked downward to its depths laid bare
The hidden reefs, and then before my eyes —
Oh, terrible! a huge and loathsome snake
Lifted his dreadful crest and scaly side
Above the wave, in bulk and length so large,
Coil after hideous coil, that scarce the eye

Could measure its full horror; the great jaws
Dropped as with gore; the large and furious eyes
Were fired with blood and lust. Nearer he came,
And slowly, with a devilish glare, more near,
Till his hot fœtor choked me, and his tongue,
Forked horribly from out his poisonous jaws,
Played lightning-like around me. For a while
I swooned, and when I knew my life again,
Death's bitterness was past.

"Then with a bound
Leaped up the broad red sun above the sea,
And lit the horrid fulgor of his scales,
And struck upon the rock; and as I turned
My head in the last agony of death,
I knew a brilliant sunbeam swiftly leaping
Downward from crag to crag, and felt new hope
Where all was hopeless. On the hills a shout
Of joy, and on the rocks the ring of the mail;
And while the hungry serpent's gloating eyes
Were fixed on me, a knight in casque of gold
And blazing shield, who with his flashing blade
Fell on the monster. Long the conflict raged,
Till all the rocks were red with blood and slime,
And yet my champion from those horrible jaws
And dreadful coils was scatheless. Zeus his sire
Protected, and the awful shield he bore
Withered the monster's life and left him cold;
Dragging his helpless length and grovelling crest;
And o'er his glaring eyes the films of death
Crept, and his writhing flank and hiss of hate
The great deep swallowed down, and blood and spume
Rose on the waves; and a strange wailing cry
Resounded o'er the waters, and the sea
Bellowed within its hollow-sounding caves.

"Then knew I, I was saved, and with me all
The people. From my wrists he loosed the gyves,
My hero; and within his godlike arms
Bore me by slippery rock and difficult path,
To where my mother prayed. There was no need
To ask my love. Without a spoken word
Love lit his fires within me. My young heart
Went forth, Love calling, and I gave him all.

"Dost thou then wonder that the memory
Of this supreme brief moment lingers still,

While all the happy uneventful years
Of wedded life, and all the fair young growth
Of offspring, and the tranquil later joys,
Nay, even the fierce eventful fight which raged
When we were wedded, fade and are deceased,
Lost in the irrecoverable past?
Nay, 't is not strange. Always the memory
Of overwhelming perils or great joys,
Avoided or enjoyed, writes its own trace
With such deep characters upon our lives,
That all the rest are blotted. In this place,
Where is not action, thought, or count of time,
It is not weary, as it were on earth,
To dwell on these old memories. Time is born
Of dawns and sunsets, days that wax and wane
And stamp themselves upon the yielding face
Of fleeting human life; but here there is
Morning nor evening, act nor suffering,
But only one unchanging Present holds
Our being suspended. One blest day indeed,
Or centuries ago or yesterday,
There came among us one who was Divine,
Not as our gods, joyous and breathing strength
And careless life, but crowned with a new crown
Of suffering, and a great light came with him,
And with him he brought Time and a new sense
Of dim, long-vanished years; and since he passed
I seem to see new meaning in my fate,
And all the deeds I tell of. Evermore
The young life comes, bound to the cruel rocks
Alone. Before it the unfathomed sea
Smiles, filled with monstrous growths that wait to take
Its innocence. Far off the voice and hand
Of love kneel by in agony, and entreat
The seeming careless gods. Still when the deep
Is smoothest, lo, the deadly fangs and coils
Lurk near, to smite with death. And down the crags
Of Duty, like a sudden sunbeam, springs
Some golden soul half mortal, half divine,
Heaven-sent, and breaks the chain; and evermore
For sacrifice they die, through sacrifice
They live, and are for others, and no grief
Which smites the humblest but reverberates
Thro' all the close-set files of life, and takes
The princely soul that from its royal towers
Looks down and sees the sorrow.

"Sir, farewell!
If thou shouldst meet my children on the earth
Or here, for maybe it is long ago
Since I and they were living, say to them
I only muse a little here, and wait
The waking."
And her lifted arms sank down
Upon her knees, and as I passed I saw her
Gazing with soft rapt eyes, and on her lips
A smile as of a saint.

Gilbert Beckett and the Fair Saracen.

The last crusader's helm had gleamed
Upon the yellow Syrian shore;
No more the war-worn standards streamed,
The stout knights charged and fell no more;
No more the Paynim grew afraid —
The crescent floated o'er the cross.
But to one simple heathen maid
Her country's gain was bitter loss;

For love, which knows not race or creed,
Had bound her with its subtle chain, —
Love, which still makes young hearts to bleed,
For this one, mingled joy with pain,
And left for one brief hour of bliss,
One little span of hopes and fears,
The memory of a parting kiss,
And what poor solace comes of tears.

A lowly English squire was he,
A prisoner chained, enslaved, and sold
A lady she of high degree.
'T is an old tale and often told:
'T was pity bade the brown cheek glow,
'T was love and pity drew the sigh,
'T was love that made the soft tear flow,
The sweet sad night she bade him fly.

Far from the scorching Syrian plain
The brave ship bears the Saxon home;
Once more to mists and rains again,
And verdant English lawns, they come.

I know not if as now 't was then,
Or if the growing ages move
The careless, changeful hearts of men
More slowly to the thoughts of love;

But woman's heart was then, as now,
Tender and passionate and true.
Think, gentle ladies, ye who know
Love's power, what pain that poor heart knew;
How, living always o'er again
The sweet short past, she knew, too late,
'T was love had bound the captive's chain,
Which broken left her desolate.

Till by degrees the full young cheek
Grew hollow, and the liquid eyes
Still gazing seaward, large and meek,
Took something of a sad surprise;
As one who learns, with a strange chill,
'Mid youth and wealth's unclouded day,
Of sad lives full of pain and ill,
And thinks, "And am I too as they?"

And by degrees most hateful grew
All things that once she held so dear—
The feathery palms, the cloudless blue,
Tall mosque and loud muezzin clear,
The knights who flashed by blinded street
The lattice lit by laughing eyes,
The songs around the fountain, sweet
To maidens under Eastern skies.

And oft at eve, when young girls told
Tales precious to the girlish heart,
She sat alone, and loved to hold
Communion with her soul apart.
Till at the last, too great became
The hidden weight of secret care,
And girlish fears and maiden shame
Were gone, and only love was there.

And so she fled. I see her still
In fancy, desolate, alone,
Wander by arid plain and hill,
From early dawn till day was done;

Sun-stricken, hungry, thirsty, faint,
By perilous paths I see her move,
Clothed round with pureness like a saint,
And fearless in the might of love.

Till lo! a gleam of azure sea,
And rude ships moored upon the shore.
Strange, yet not wholly strange, for he
Had dared those mystic depths before.
And some good English seaman bold,
Remembering those he left at home,
Put gently back the offered gold,
And for love's honor bade her come.

And then they sailed. No pirate bark
Swooped on them, for the Power of Love
Watched o'er that precious wandering ark,
And this his tender little dove.
I see those stalwart seamen still
Gaze wondering on that childish form,
And shelter her from harm and ill,
And guide her safe through wave and storm.

Till under grayer skies a gleam
Of white, and taking land she went,
Following our broad imperial stream,
Or rose-hung lanes of smiling Kent.
Friendless I see her, lonely, weak,
Thro' fields where every flower was strange,
Go forth without a word to speak,
By burgh and thorp and moated grange.

For all that Love himself could teach
This passionate pilgrim to our shore
Were but two words of Saxon speech,
Two little words and nothing more —
"Gilbert" and "London;" like a flame
To her sweet lips these sounds would come,
The syllables of her lover's name,
And the far city of his home.

I see her cool her weary feet
In dewy depths of crested grass;
By clear brooks fringed with meadow-sweet,
And daisied meads, I see her pass;

I see her innocent girlish glee,
  I see the doubts which on her crowd,
O'erjoyed with bird, or flower, or tree,
  Despondent for the fleeting cloud.

I see her passing slow, alone,
  By burgh and thorp and moated grange,
Still murmuring softly like a moan
  Those two brief words in accents strange.
Sometimes would pass a belted earl
  With squires behind in brave array;
Sometimes some honest, toilworn churl
  Would fare with her till close of day.

The saintly abbess, sweet and sage,
  Would wonder as she ambled by,
Or white-plumed knight or long-haired page
  Ride by her with inquiring eye.
The friar would cross himself, and say
  His paternosters o'er and o'er;
The gay dames whisper Welladay!
  And pity her and nothing more.

But tender women, knowing love
  And all the pain of lonelihood,
Would feel a sweet compassion move,
  And welcome her to rest and food,
And walk with her beyond the hill,
  And kiss her cheek when she must go;
And "Gilbert" she would murmur still,
  And "London" she would whisper low.

And sometimes sottish boors would rise
  From wayside tavern, where they sate,
And leer from heated vinous eyes,
  And stagger forth with reeling gait,
And from that strong unswerving will
  And clear gaze shrink as from a blow;
And "Gilbert" she would murmur still,
  And "London" she would whisper low.

Then by the broad suburban street,
  And city groups that outward stray
To take the evening, and the sweet
  Faint breathings of the dying day—

The gay young 'prentice, lithe and slim,
The wimpled maid, demurely shy,
The merchant somewhat grave and prim,
The courtier with his rolling eye.

And more and more the growing crowd
Would gather, wondering whence she came
And why, with boorish laughter loud,
And jeers which burnt her cheek with flame.
For potent charm to save from ill
But one word she made answer now:
For "Gilbert" she would murmur still,
And "Gilbert" she would whisper low.

Till some good pitiful soul — not then
Our London was as now o'ergrown —
Pressed through the idle throng of men,
And led her to his home alone,
And signing to her he would find
Him whom she sought, went forth again
And left her there with heart and mind
Distracted by a new-born pain.

For surely then, when doubt was o'er,
A doubt before a stranger came,
"He loved me not, or loves no more."
Oh, virgin pride! oh, maiden shame!
Almost she fled, almost the past
Seemed better than the pain she knew;
Her veil around her face she cast:
Then the gate swung — and he was true.

Poor child! they christened her, and so
She had her wish. Ah, yearning heart,
Was love so sweet then? would you know
Again the longing and the smart?
Came there no wintry hours when you
Longed for your native skies again,
The creed, the tongue your girlhood knew,
Aye, even the longing and the pain?

Peace! Love is Lord of all. But I,
Seeing her fierce son's mitred tomb,
Conjoin with fancy's dreaming eye
This love tale, and that dreadful doom.

Sped hither by a hidden will,
O'er sea and land I watch her go;
"Gilbert" I hear her murmur still,
And "London" still she whispers low.

The Invincible Armada, 1588.

'T is a fair eve at midsummer, three hundred years ago,
Drake and his bold sea captains all are out on Plymouth Hoe;
They are busy at bowls, brave gentlemen, with jovial mirth and jest
When watching eyes spy far away a sail upon the West.

A sail! ten sail! a hundred sail! nay, nigh two hundred strong!
And up the sea they swiftly climb in battle order long;
Their high main-royals rake the skies, as in a crescent wide,
Like a thick wood, full seven miles broad, they sail on side by side.

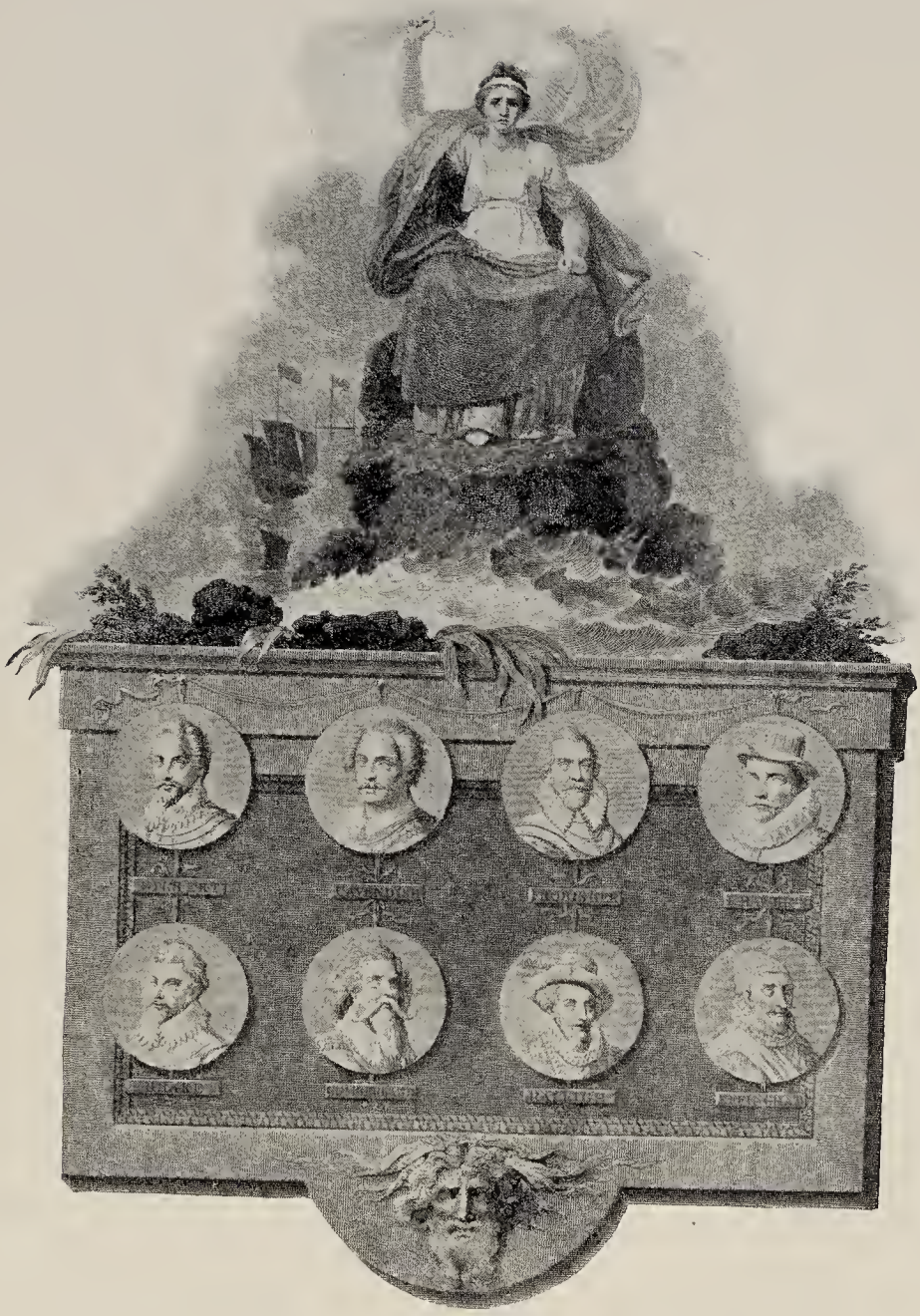
There is swift alarm and hurry then, but never a thought of fear,
As the seamen, with the falling night, behold the Don draw near.
"Ring out the bells," cries Hawkins, and across the darkling main,
England peals out defiance to the gathered hosts of Spain.

They do not fear the Don, not they, who on the Spanish main
Have fought his might and lowered his pride, again and yet again;
And yet 't is fearful odds they face, when they sail forth to meet
Spain and her great Armada with the puny English fleet.

And the streets grow thronged with seamen, and the crowds begin to shout,
And quick oars dash and sails are set, before the stars come out.
They weigh their anchors with a will, and out they speed to sea,
Where up the Channel, stately, slowly, forge the enemy.

Now St. George for merry England, and St. James for Papal Spain!
Our seamen are our chiefest hope, nor shall we trust in vain.
We have quenched the fires of Smithfield, and no more, 'fore God, we swear,
Shall they ever again flame upward, through our sweet, free English air.

Now when they neared the foeman, as he loomed across the sea,
Lord Howard led the English van, a Catholic Lord was he,
And his great Ark Royal thundered out her broadsides loud and long,
With Drake and Frobisher hard by, and heroes in a throng.



THE COMMANDERS OF THE ARMADA

GILBERT,	CAVENDISH,	FROBISHER,	HAWKINS,
DRAKE,	CUMBERLAND,	RALEIGH,	EFFINGHAM

But never a gun the Spaniards fired, but silent ploughed and slow,
As bisons in a sullen herd across the prairies go;
And behind them close, like hunters swift, with hounds that snarl and bite,
The English squadrons followed through the breezy summer night.

They could see the Dons' high lanterns, in a brilliant crescent flare,
They could catch the Black Friars' moaning chant upon the midnight air.
All night they pressed them close, and ere the sun began to flame,
Long miles away, by blue Torbay, the warring galleons came.

Soon as the dawn began to glow, the guns began to roar.
All day the thundering navies fought along the Dorset shore,
Till Portland frowned before them, in the distance dark and grim,
And again the night stole downward, and the ghostly cliffs grew dim.

And already, praised be God, who guides the patriots' noble strife,
Though not an English flag is lost, and scarce an English life,
De Valdez yields his ship and sword, and into Weymouth Bay
They tow Oquenda's burning bark, the galleon of Biscay.

Day fades in night, 'mid stress of fight, and when to waking eyes
Freshwater's ghostly sea cliffs and the storm-worn Needles rise,
From a score of sheltered inlets on the smiling Solent sea,
England comes forth to aid her sons, with all her chivalry.

Then sails my Lord of Cumberland, and he of Oxford too,
Brave Raleigh and Northumberland, and Grenville and Carew.
As to a field of honor hasten knights of deathless fame,
To meet the blue blood of Castile, the flower of England came.

Then with the wind, the foe faced round, and hissing o'er the blue,
Forth from his lofty broadsides vast his hurtling missiles flew;
Long time the fight confusedly raged, each man for his own hand;
St. George! protect our country, and the freedom of our land!

See here round brave Ricaldes thick the English levies press!
See there the keels from London town, hemmed round and in distress!
Such thunder sure upon the seas was never heard before,
As the great ordnance smite the skies with one unceasing roar!

Now when the fifth day of the fight was come, St. James's Day,
The sea was like a sheet of glass, the wind had died away,

And from out the smoke clouds looming vast, churning the deep to foam,
Driven by three hundred oars the towering galliasses come.

But ere they neared the English line, a furious iron hail
Of chain-shot and of grape-shot crashed through mast and oar and sail;
No more they could, they turned and fled, upon our English sea,
Not yet such furious hatred raged, or stubborn bravery.

And upon the steep white walls of cliff and by the yellow sand,
With pike and musket hurrying down the sturdy peasants stand,
And the trembling women kneel and call upon the Holy Name,
And watch the thick black cloud which bursts in murderous jets of flame.

Now St. George for our old England! for the Don has turned and fled,
With many a strong ship sunk or burnt, and gallant seaman dead,
And by the last day of the week, the warring squadrons lie,
The foeman moored in Calais roads, the English watching by.

They sent for aid to Parma, for they were sore beset,
But the Duke was at St. Mary's shrine, and could not succor yet,
For by Nieuport and by Dunkirk, stern, immovable as Fate,
With stalwart ships, and ordnance strong, the Dutchmen guard the gate.

Now that great Sabbath dawns at last, and from the foeman's fleet
The deep mass-music rises, and the incense sickly-sweet,
And beneath the flag of England, stern, with dauntless hearts and high,
The seamen take the bread and wine, and rise prepared to die.

Then came Lord Henry Seymour, with a message from Her Grace,
And Sir Francis read the missive with grave triumph on his face,
And he sware an oath, that come what would, her orders should be done
Before the early rose of dawn proclaimed the coming sun.

And the summer daylight faded, and 't was midnight on the wave,
And among the close-moored galleons all was silent as the grave,
And the bright poop lanterns rose and fell with the breathing of the deep,
And silent rode the towering hulls, with the weary crews asleep.

When two brave men of Devon, for Sir Francis bade them go,
With all sail set before the wind, stole down upon the foe;

And before the drowsy watchmen woke, the swift destruction came,
As with a blaze of wildfire leapt the fireships into flame!

Then from the close-thronged ships of Spain loud cries of terror rise,
As from their burning ranks the glare flares upward to the skies.
With cables cut, and sails half set, they drift into the night,
And many are crushed, and many burn, and some are sunk outright.

And the watchers on the Dover Cliffs know well what thing has been,
And for noble England cheer aloud, and for her Maiden Queen.
No more, no more, great England, shalt thou bow thy head again
Beneath the Holy Office and the tyranny of Spain!

And the conquering English followed, and upon the Flanders shore,
Hopeless the shattered galleons fought, till fight they could no more.
And some went down with all their crews, and some beat helplessly
Upon the yeasty quicksands of the perilous Northern Sea.

Then Sidonia with the remnant, shattered ships and wounded men,
Fled northward, with the foe in chase, hoping for Spain again;
But by the Orkneys, lo! the Lord blew with a mighty wind,
And on the cruel Irish West they left two score behind.

And the savage kerns of Desmond, when the stormy winds were o'er,
Robbed the thronged corpses of the great, upon the lonely shore.
There, in his gold-laced satins, lay the Prince of Asculè,
'Mid friars, and seamen drowned and dead, and Dons of high degree.

Or faint with hunger and with thirst, though rescued from the wave,
The haughty Spaniards knew in turn the misery of the slave.
They ate the captives' bitter bread, they who brief weeks ago
Sailed forth in high disdain and pride to lay our England low.

And the scattered remnant laboring back to Spain and life again
Left fourscore gallant ships behind and twice ten thousand men;
And when in dole and misery this great emprise was done,
There was scarce a palace in all Castile which did not mourn a son.

Let not their land forget the men who fought so good a fight!
Still shall our England keep undimmed their fame, their memory bright.
And if again the foeman come in power upon the main,
May she find sons as strong as those who broke the might of Spain!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Morris, William, a celebrated English poet and artist, born at Walthamstow, near London, 1834; died at London, October 3, 1896. He was educated at Marlborough College and at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1858 he published "The Defence of Guinevere." In 1863 he established a business in stained glass and decorations. The labors of this successful establishment he varied with poetical composition. He published "The Life and Death of Jason" (1867) and "The Earthly Paradise" (1869–70). These were followed by "Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, a Morality" (1873); "The Æneid of Virgil done into English Verse" (1876); "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and The Fall of the Nibelungs" (1877). With Eirikr Magnusson he translated from the Icelandic "The Story of Grettier the Strong" (1869); "The Story of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs" (1870), and "Three Northern Love Stories" (1875). Five lectures delivered in 1878–81 appeared as "Hopes and Fears for Art" (1882). Mr. Morris published "Aims of Art" (1887); "Signs of Change" (1888); "The Roots of the Mountains" (1889); "The Tale of the House of the Wolfings," an epic in prose and verse (1890); "The Glittering Plain" (1891); "News from Nowhere" (1892); "Socialism" (1893); "The Wood beyond the World" (1894). He also translated the "Odyssey" into English (1887).

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles" was published posthumously in 1897, and "The Sundering Flood" in 1898.

Atalanta's Race.

(From "The Earthly Paradise.")

Upon the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,
No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees,
Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,
And entering, hear the washing of the seas

That twice a-day rise high above the base,
And with the south-west urging them, embrace
The marble feet of her that standeth there
That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the seawind sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white,
But hung around are many precious things,
The gifts of those who, longing for delight,
Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shone,
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the Sea-born One he stands,
By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft,
And while the incense trickles from his hands,
And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her: "O Thou, who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
Kings and great men, great for a little while,
Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile;
Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile
A vain device of him who set thee here,
An empty dream of some artificer?

"O, great one, some men love, and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me
What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say, 'Everything aside he east
And to all fame and honor was he dead,
And to his one hope now is dead at last,
Since all unholpen he is gone and past:
Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly,
He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track —
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still;
Ah, give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee!

"But none the less, this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the Queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing gray,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down,
Nor had he moved, when the dim golden light,
Like the far lustre of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night,
Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white Queen's changeless smile.

Naught noted he the shallow flowing sea
As step by step it set the wrack a-swim,
The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn,
And naught the doubled stillness of the fane
When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base,
And steps the fish swim over twice a-day,
The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast,
For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head,
Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
Had gained once more their blue and green and red,
He rose as one some well-known sign doth call
When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep,
He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-gull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly
Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,
But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,
Not sun or moon, for all the world was gray,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw naught for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread,
Delicious unnamed odors breathed around,
For languid happiness he bowed his head,
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found
To give him reason for that happiness,
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face
With that faint image of Divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
Then he, unwitting, cried aloud her name
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable,
That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear?
I am not hard to those who love me well;
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie —
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note, that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt swiftfoot maid
By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the Helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
No longer of her Godhead was he feared;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and gray,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up quivering with delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then leaving the fair place where this befell
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part.
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit.
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay,
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,
Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest woful victory —
And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily ?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is ? why do her gray eyes grow dim ?
Why do these tremors run through every limb ?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

The Day is Coming.

Come hither, lads, and hearken,
for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming,
when all shall be better than well,

And the tale shall be told of a country,
a land in the midst of the sea,
And folks shall call it England
in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand,
in the days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
some joy of the ancient home.

For then — laugh not, but listen
to this strange tale of mine —
All folk that are in England
shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand;
Nor yet come home in the even
too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming
shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning,
and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap,
to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth
shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
by him that sowed no seed.

Oh, strange new wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us,
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder,
and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living,
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak:
We will it, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

Oh, why and for what are we waiting,
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens
a wasted life goes by?

How long shall they reproach us,
where crowd on crowd they dwell, —
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored,
in sordid grief they died, —
Those sons of a mighty mother,
those props of England's pride.

They are gone ; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse :
But many a million cometh,
and shall they be better or worse ?

It is we must answer and hasten,
and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent, —
We must give it voice and wisdom
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come then, since all things call us,
the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
a glimmering light is shed.

Come then, let us cast off fooling,
and put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle
wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth,
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah ! come, cast off all fooling,
for this, at least, we know :
That the dawn and the day is coming,
and forth the banners go.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

Morrison, Arthur, an English writer of fiction; born in 1864. During his employment and residence for some years as secretary of a Charity Trust in the East End of London, he made a study of life in the slums, which he has reproduced in his powerful "Tales of Mean Streets" (1895), and "The Child of the Jago" (1896). A volume of detective stories, entitled "Martin Hewitt, Investigator," appeared in 1896; "The Dorrington Deed Box" in 1897.

Behind the Shade.

(From "Tales of Mean Streets.")

The street was the common East End street — two parallels of brick pierced with windows and doors. But at the end of one, where the builder had found a remnant of land too small for another six-roomer, there stood an odd box of a cottage, with three rooms and a wash-house. It had a green door with a well-blacked knocker round the corner; and in the lower window in front stood a "shade of fruit" — a cone of waxen grapes and apples under a glass cover.

Although the house was smaller than the others, and was built upon a remnant, it was always a house of some consideration. In a street like this mere independence of pattern gives distinction. And a house inhabited by one sole family makes a figure among houses inhabited by two or more, even though it be the smallest of all. And here the seal of respectability was set by the shade of fruit — a sign accepted in those parts. Now, when people keep a house to themselves, and keep it clean; when they neither stand at the doors nor gossip across back-fences; when, moreover, they have a well-dusted shade of fruit in the front window; and, especially, when they are two women who tell nobody their business: they are known at once for well-to-do, and are regarded with the admixture of spite and respect that is proper to the circumstances. They are also watched.

Still, the neighbors knew the history of the Perkinses, mother and daughter, in its main features, with little disagreement: having told it to each other, filling in the details when occasion seemed to serve. Perkins, ere he died, had been a shipwright; and this was when the shipwrights were the aristocracy of the workshops, and he that worked more than three or four days a week was counted a mean slave: it was long (in fact) before depression, strikes, iron plates, and collective blindness had driven shipbuilding to the Clyde. Perkins had labored no harder than his fellows, had married a tradesman's daughter, and had spent his money with freedom; and some while after his death his widow and daughter came to live in the small house, and kept a school for tradesmen's little girls in a back room over the wash-house. But as the School Board waxed in power, and the tradesmen's pride in regard thereunto waned, the attendance, never large, came down to twos and threes. Then Mrs. Perkins met with her accident. A dweller in Stidder's Rents overtook her one night, and, having vigorously punched her in the face and the breast, kicked her and jumped on her for five minutes as she lay on the pavement. (In the dark, it afterwards appeared, he had mistaken her for his mother.) The one distinct opinion the adventure bred in the street was Mrs. Webster's, the Little Bethelite, who considered it a judgment for sinful pride — for Mrs. Perkins had been a Church-goer. But the neighbors never saw Mrs. Perkins again. The doctor left his patient "as well as she ever would be," but bedridden and helpless. Her daughter was a scraggy, sharp-faced woman of thirty or so, whose black dress hung from her hips as from a wooden frame; and some people got into the way of calling her Mrs. Perkins, seeing no other thus to honor. And meantime the school had ceased, although Miss Perkins essayed a revival, and joined a dissenting chapel to that end.

Then, one day, a card appeared in the window, over the shade of fruit, with the legend "Pianoforte Lessons." It was not approved by the street. It was a standing advertisement of the fact that the Perkinses had a piano, which others had not. It also revealed a grasping spirit on the part of people able to keep a house to themselves, with red curtains and a shade of fruit in the parlor window; who, moreover, had been able to give up keeping a school because of ill-health. The pianoforte lessons were eight-and-sixpence a quarter, two a week. Nobody was ever known to take them but the relieving officer's

daughter, and she paid sixpence a lesson, to see how she got on, and left off in three weeks. The card stayed in the window a fortnight longer, and none of the neighbors saw the cart that came in the night and took away the old cabinet piano with the channelled keys, that had been fourth-hand when Perkins bought it twenty years ago. Mrs. Clark, the widow who sewed far into the night, may possibly have heard a noise and looked; but she said nothing if she did. There was no card in the window next morning, but the shade of fruit stood primly respectable as ever. The curtains were drawn a little closer across, for some of the children playing in the street were used to flatten their faces against the lower panes, and to discuss the piano, the stuff-bottomed chairs, the antimacassars, the mantelpiece ornaments, and the loo table with the family Bible and the album on it.

It was soon after this that the Perkinses altogether ceased from shopping — ceased, at any rate, in that neighborhood. Trade with them had already been dwindling, and it was said that Miss Perkins was getting stingier than her mother — who had been stingy enough herself. Indeed, the Perkins demeanor began to change for the worse, to be significant of a miserly retirement and an offensive alienation from the rest of the street. One day the deacon called, as was his practice now and then; but, being invited no further than the doorstep, he went away in dudgeon, and did not return. Nor, indeed, was Miss Perkins seen again at chapel.

Then there was a discovery. The spare figure of Miss Perkins was seldom seen in the streets, and then almost always at night; but on these occasions she was observed to carry parcels, of varying wrappings and shapes. Once, in broad daylight, with a package in newspaper, she made such haste past a shop-window where stood Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Jones, that she tripped on the broken sole of one shoe, and fell headlong. The newspaper broke away from its pins, and although the woman reached and recovered her parcel before she rose, it was plain to see that it was made up of cheap shirts, cut out ready for the stitching. The street had the news the same hour, and it was generally held that such a taking of the bread out of the mouths of them that wanted it by them that had plenty was a scandal and a shame, and ought to be put a stop to. And Mrs. Webster, foremost in the setting right of things, undertook to find out whence the work came, and to say a few plain words in the right quarter.

All this while nobody watched closely enough to note that the parcels brought in were fewer than the parcels taken out. Even a hand-truck, late one evening, went unremarked: the door being round the corner, and most people within. One morning, though, Miss Perkins, her best foot foremost, was venturing along a near street with an outgoing parcel — large and triangular and wrapped in white drugget — when the relieving officer turned the corner across the way.

The relieving officer was a man in whose system of etiquette the Perkinses had caused some little disturbance. His ordinary female acquaintances (not, of course, professional) he was in the habit of recognizing by a gracious nod. When he met the minister's wife he lifted his hat, instantly assuming an intense frown, in the event of irreverent observation. Now he quite felt that the Perkinses were entitled to some advance upon the nod, although it would be absurd to raise them to a level with the minister's wife. So he had long since established a compromise: he closed his finger and thumb upon the brim of his hat, and let his hand fall forthwith. Preparing now to accomplish this salute, he was astounded to see that Miss Perkins, as soon as she was aware of his approach, turned her face, which was rather flushed, away from him, and went hurrying onward, looking at the wall on her side of the street. The relieving officer, checking his hand on its way to his hat, stopped and looked after her as she turned the corner, hugging her parcel on the side next the wall. Then he shouldered his umbrella and pursued his way, holding his head high, and staring fiercely straight before him; for a relieving officer is not used to being cut.

It was a little after this that Mr. Crouch, the landlord, called. He had not been calling regularly, because late Miss Perkins had left her five shillings of rent with Mrs. Crouch every Saturday evening. He noted with satisfaction the whitened sills and the shade of fruit, behind which the curtains were now drawn close and pinned together. He turned the corner and lifted the bright knocker. Miss Perkins half opened the door, stood in the opening, and began to speak.

His jaw dropped. "Beg pardon — forgot something. Won't wait — call next week — do just as well;" and he hurried round the corner and down the street, puffing and blowing and staring. "Why, the woman frightened me," he afterward explained to Mrs. Crouch. "There 's something wrong with her

eyes, and she looked like a corpse. The rent was n't ready — I could see that before she spoke; so I cleared out."

"P'r'aps something 's happened to the old lady," suggested Mrs. Crouch. "Anyhow, I should think the rent 'ud be all right." And he thought it would.

Nobody saw the Perkinses that week. The shade of fruit stood in its old place, but was thought not to have been dusted after Tuesday.

Certainly the sills and the doorstep were neglected. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were swallowed up in a choking brown fog, wherein men lost their bearings, and fell into docks, and stepped over embankment edges. It was as though a great blot had fallen, and had obliterated three days from the calendar. It cleared on Monday morning, and, just as the women in the street were sweeping their steps, Mr. Crouch was seen at the green door. He lifted the knocker, dull and sticky now with the foul vapor, and knocked a gentle rat-tat. There was no answer. He knocked again, a little louder, and waited, listening. But there was neither voice nor movement within. He gave three heavy knocks, and then came round to the front window. There was the shade of fruit, the glass a little duller on the top, the curtains pinned close about it, and nothing to see beyond them. He tapped at the window with his knuckles, and backed into the roadway to look at the one above. This was a window with a striped holland blind and a short net curtain; but never a face was there.

The sweepers stopped to look, and one from opposite came and reported that she had seen nothing of Miss Perkins for a week, and that certainly nobody had left the house that morning. And Mr. Crouch grew excited, and bellowed through the keyhole.

In the end they opened the sash-fastening with a knife, moved the shade of fruit, and got in. The room was bare and empty, and their steps and voices resounded as those of people in an unfurnished house. The wash-house was vacant, but it was clean, and there was a little net curtain in the window. The short passage and the stairs were bare boards. In the back room by the stair-head was a drawn window-blind, and that was all. In the front room with the striped blind and the short curtain there was a bed of rags and old newspapers; also a wooden box; and on each of these was a dead woman.

Both deaths, the doctor found, were from syncope, the re-

sult of inanition; and the better-nourished woman — she on the bed — had died the sooner; perhaps by a day or two. The other case was rather curious; it exhibited a degree of shrinkage in the digestive organs unprecedented in his experience. After the inquest the street had an evening's fame: for the papers printed coarse drawings of the house, and in leaderettes demanded the abolition of something. Then it became its wonted self. And it was doubted if the waxen apples and the curtains fetched enough to pay Mr. Crouch his fortnight's rent.

That Brute Simmons.

(From "Tales of Mean Streets.")

Simmons's infamous behavior toward his wife is still matter for profound wonderment among the neighbors. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. She toiled and slaved for that man, as any woman in the whole street would have maintained, far more than any husband had a right to expect. And now this was what she got for it. Perhaps he had suddenly gone mad.

Before she married Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widowed Mrs. Ford. Ford had got a berth as donkeyman on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape: a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman — an immeasurable fall for a capable engine-fitter. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her still childless, and childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons.

As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world, and he wanted one. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man, with a boyish face and sparse, limp whiskers. He had no vices (even his pipe departed him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had engrafted on him divers exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday, under a tall hat, and put a penny — one returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages — in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes and

brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the forks, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangling. And on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons in her marketing, to carry the pareels.

Mrs. Simmons's own virtues were native and numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how mueh of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was distracting to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he came home, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers, balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the eold flags. This was beeause she scrubbed the passage and doorstep turn about with the wife of the downstairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "eleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and the possibility of random splashes; and if, in spite of her diligenee, a spot remained to tell the tale, she was at pains to impress the fact on Simmons's memory, and to set forth at length all the eircumstances of his ungrateful selfishness. In the beginning she had always escorted him to the ready-made clothes shop, and had selected and paid for his elothes: for the reason that men are such perfect fools, and shopkeepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street eorner, and straightway she eonceived the idea of making Simmons's elothes herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of uproarious check tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern furnished by an old one. More: it was finished by Sunday; when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was indued in it, and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, he found: the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind his heels; and when he sat, it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat collar tickled his nape, but his coat collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder; while the main garment bagged generously below his waist. Use made a habit of his discomfort, but it never reconeiled him to the ehaff of his shopmates; for

as Mrs. Simmons elaborated sueeessive suits, each one modelled on the last, the primal aeeidents of her design developed into prineiples, and grew even bolder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint — as hint he did — that he should n't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes, and there was a new tailor's in the Mile End Road, very eheap, where . . . "Ho yus," she retorted, "you 're very eonsid'rit I dessay sittin' there aetin' a livin' lie before your own wife Thomas Simmons as though I eould n't see through you like a book. A lot you care about overworkin' me as long as *your* turn 's served throwin' away money like dirt in the street on a lot o' swindlin' tailors an' me workin' an' slavin' 'ere to save a 'apenny an' this is my return for it any one 'ud think you could piek up money in the 'orseroad an' I b'lieve I 'd be thought better of if I laid in bed all day like some would that I do." So that Thomas Simmons avoided the subjeet, nor even murmured when she resolved to eut his hair.

So his placid fortune endured for years. Then there eame a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and put away the tea-things, and then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day and hanging behind the parlor door. There they hung, in all their deeent innoeenee of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of waist, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. And as he looked on them the small devil of Original Sin awoke and elamored in his breast. He was ashamed of it, of eourse, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, there the small devil was, and the small devil was fertile in base suggestions, and eould not be kept from hinting at the new erop of workshop gibes that would spring at Tommy's first publie appearance in such things.

"Piteh 'em in the dustbin!" said the small devil at last; "it 's all they 're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wieked self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea-things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open, probably by the fault of the ehild downstairs. Now a front door standing open was a thing that Mrs. Simmons would *not* abide: it looked low. So Simmons went down, that she might not be

wroth with him for the thing when she eame baek; and, as he shut the door, he looked forth into the street.

A man was loitering on the pavemcnt, and prying euriously about the door. His faee was tanned, his hands were decp in the poekets of his unbraeed blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-erowned peaked eap topped with a knob of wool, which is affected by Jaek ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door, and "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he said.

Simmons stared at him for a matter of five seconds, and then said, "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, thcn — Simmons now, ain't it?"

Hc said this with a furtive leer that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't her 'usband, are ye?"

"Yus."

The man took his pipe from his mouth, and grinned silently and long. "Blimy," he said at length, "you look the sort o' bloke she'd like," — and with that hc grinnod again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a 'urry, matey," he said, "I eome 'ere t'ave a littlc talk with you, man to man, d' ye see?" And he frowned fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uneomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wotjer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then, if you'll exeuse the liberty, I'll interdooee mcself, in a manner of spcaking." He touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' kingdom-come, so to say. Me as went down with the 'Mooltan' — safe dead fivc ycar gone. I comc to scc my wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons's jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, then up at the fanlight, then out into the street, then hard at his visitor. But he found nothing to say.

"Come to see my wife," the man repeated. "So now we ean talk it over — as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth, and led the way upstairs meehanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of thc state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the small devil woke

again. Suppose this man *was* Ford? Suppose he *did* claim his wife? Would it be a knoek-down blow? Would it hit him out? — or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea-things, the mangling, the knives, the kettles, and the windows; and he thought of them in the way of a baekslider.

On the landing Ford clutehed at his arm, and asked in a hoarse whisper: "'Ow long 'fore she 's baek?"

"'Bout a hour, I expeet," Simmons replied, having first of all repeated the question in his own mind. And then he opened the parlor door.

"Ah," said Ford, looking about him, "you 've bin pretty comf'table. Them ehairs an' things" — jerking his pipe toward them — "was hers — mine that is to say, speaking straight, and man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently: "Well," he eontinued, "'ere I am agin, ol' Bob Ford dead an' done for — gawn down in the 'Mooltan.' On'y I *ain't* done for, see?" — and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons's waisteoat, — "I ain't done for, 'eause why? Cons'-kenee o' bein' pieked up by a ol' German sailin'-'uteh an' took to 'Friseo 'fore the mast. I 've 'ad a few years o' knoekin' about sinee then, an' now" — looking hard at Simmons — "I 've come baek to see my wife."

"She — she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were at random.

"No, I bet she don't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth, and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d' you find 'er? Do she make ye elean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted uneasily, "I — I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' eourse."

"Ah! An' the knives too, I bet, an' the bloomin' kittles. I know. Wy" — he rose and bent to look behind Simmons's head — "s'elp me, I b'lieve she euts yer 'air! Well, I 'm damned! Jes' wot she would do, too."

He inspeeted the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I 'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trueks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. Damme — they 're wuss 'n wot you 're got on."

The small devil began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back perhaps he 'd have to wear those trousers.

"Ah!" Ford pursued, "she ain't got no milder. An' my davy, wot a jore!"

Simmons began to feel that this was no longer his business. Plainly, 'Anner was this other man's wife, and he was bound in honor to aeknowledge the faet. The small devil put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford suddenly, "time's short an' this ain't business. I won't be 'ard on you, matey. I ought prop'ly to stand on my rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonual, I'll" — this with a burst of generosity — "damme, yus, I'll eompound the felony, an' take me 'ook. Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more. Five pound does it."

Simmons had n't five pounds — he had n't even five penee — and he said so. "An' I would n't think for to eome between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no aeeount. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. *I'll* 'ook it."

"No," said Ford hastily, elutehing Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three quid — come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't mueh eompensation for me goin' away forever — where the stormy winds do blow, so to say — an' never as mueh as seein' me own wife agin for better nor wuss. Between man an' man now — three quid; an' I'll shunt. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Of eourse it's fair," Simmons replied effusively. "It's more 'n fair: it's noble — downright noble, *I* eall it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good-'artedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, an' I ought n't to 'a' eome between you. I apologize. You stop an' 'ave yer proper rights. It's me as ought to shunt, an' I will." And he made a step toward the door.

"'Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door; "don't do things rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to you with no 'ome to go to, an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. It'll be dreadful. Say a eouple — there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man an' man, an' I'll stand a pot out o' the money. You ean easy raise a quid — the eloek 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it; an' I'll —"

There was a loud double-knoek at the front door. In the East End a double-knoek is always for the upstairs lodgers.

"Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons in reply, and he made a rush for the stairease.

Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window, and, just below him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and borne to him from within the door there fell upon his ear the sound of a well-remembered female voice.

"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?" asked the voice sharply.

"Awright, 'Anner — there's — there's somebody upstairs te see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the gathering dusk. And behold, it was Thomas Simmons.

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He flung into the back room, threw open the window, dropped from the wash-house roof into the back-yard, scrambled desperately over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul. And that is why Simmons's base desertion — under his wife's very eyes, too — is still an astonishment to the neighbors.

THOMAS MOSS.

Moss, Thomas, an English poet; born in 1740; died at Stourbridge, Worcestershire, December 6, 1808. He was minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. In 1769 he published a volume of miscellaneous "Poems," and in 1783 a poem entitled "The Imperfection of Human Enjoyment." Of the poems in his first volume, one, "The Beggar's Petition" has been given a place in most of the English anthologies.

The Beggar's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years:
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes — why should we repine?
'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter — once the comfort of my age! —
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife — sweet soother of my care! —
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell — lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Motherwell, William, a Scottish poet; born at Glasgow, October 13, 1797; died there, November 1, 1835. He studied in the grammar school of Paisley until he was fifteen years old, when he entered the office of the Sheriff-clerk. In 1819 he was appointed Sheriff-clerk Depute of the county of Renfrew. He retained the office for ten years, giving his leisure to editorial work and to poetry. He published "The Harp of Renfrewshire," a collection of poems, some of which were original (1819), and "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in 1827. The following year he edited the "Paisley Advertiser" and the "Paisley Magazine," and in 1830 took charge of the "Glasgow Courier," which he retained until his death, at the age of thirty-eight. In 1832 he published a collection of his poems, with the title, "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical."

Jeanie Morrison.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule —
Twa bairns and but ae heart!

'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owcr ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes, —
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;

And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I 've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I 'm dyin' for your sake!

Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane;
Oh, say you 'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It 's vain to comfort me, Willie, —
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life, —
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met;
Oh, wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wae 's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae, —
And wae 's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame, —
But oh, it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I 'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,

And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

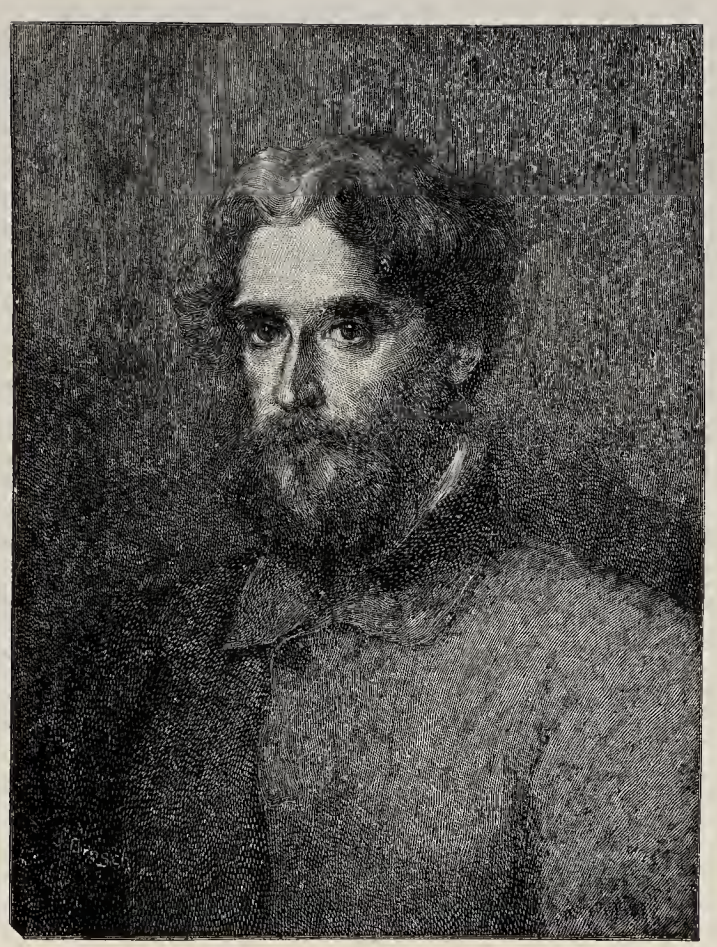
But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be, —
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair, —
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

May Morn Song.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'T is early prime:
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They 'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrups the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.
No witness there,
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

Motley, John Lothrop, an eminent American historian and diplomatist; born at Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814; died at Dorset, near Dorchester, England, May 29, 1877. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen. He subsequently studied in the German universities of Berlin and Göttingen. He wrote two novels, "Morton's Hope" (1839), and "Merry Mount," not long after, though it was not published until 1849. As early as 1846 he had begun to collect materials for a history of Holland. He went to Europe to gather further materials; and it was ten years before his first history, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was ready for the press. In 1861, shortly after the publication of the first two volumes of his "History of the United Netherlands," he was appointed United States Minister to Austria, a position which he held until 1867. In 1869 he was appointed United States Minister to England, but recalled in the following year. In 1873 he had an attack of an apoplectic character, which resulted in partial paralysis. Besides the two novels already mentioned, and many contributions to periodicals, mostly of a historical character, Mr. Motley's works are "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" (1856); "History of the United Netherlands" (Vols. I., II., 1860; Vols. III., IV., 1867); and "Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland" (1874). "John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was published in 1878; and a selection from his "Correspondence," edited by George William Curtis, in 1889.

The Reign of Terror and the Council of Blood.

(From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

The armed invasion of the Netherlands was the necessary consequence of all which had gone before. That the inevitable result had been so long deferred lay rather in the incomprehensible tardiness of Philip's character than in the circumstances of the case. Never did a monarch hold so steadfastly to a deadly purpose, or proceed so languidly and with so much circumvolution to his goal. The mask of be-

nignity, of possible clemency, was now thrown off, but the delusion of his intended visit to the provinces was still maintained. He assured the Regent that he should be governed by her advice, and as she had made all needful preparations to receive him in Zeeland, that it would be in Zeeland he should arrive.

The same two men among Philip's advisers were prominent as at an earlier day — the Prince of Eboli and the Duke of Alva. They still represented entirely opposite ideas, and in character, temper, and history, each was the reverse of the other. The policy of the Prince was pacific and temporizing; that of the Duke uncompromising and ferocious. Ruy Gomez was disposed to prevent, if possible, the armed mission of Alva, and he now openly counselled the King to fulfil his long-deferred promise, and to make his appearance in person before his rebellious subjects. The jealousy and hatred which existed between the Prince and the Duke — between the man of peace and the man of wrath — were constantly exploding, even in the presence of the King. The wrangling in the council was incessant. Determined, if possible, to prevent the elevation of his rival, the favorite was even for a moment disposed to ask for the command of the army himself. There was something ludicrous in the notion, that a man whose life had been pacific, and who trembled at the noise of arms, should seek to supersede the terrible Alva, of whom his eulogists asserted, with Castilian exaggeration, that the very name of fear inspired him with horror. But there was a limit beyond which the influence of Anna de Mendoza and her husband did not extend. Philip was not to be driven to the Netherlands against his will, nor to be prevented from assigning the command of the army to the most appropriate man in Europe for his purpose.

It was determined at last that the Netherland heresy should be conquered by force of arms. The invasion resembled both a crusade against the infidel, and a treasure-hunting foray into the auriferous Indies, achievements by which Spanish chivalry had so often illustrated itself. The banner of the cross was to be replanted upon the conquered battlements of three hundred infidel cities, and a torrent of wealth, richer than ever flowed from Mexican or Peruvian mines, was to flow in to the royal treasury from the perennial fountains of confiscation. Who so fit to be the Tancred and the Pizarro of this bicolored expedi-

tion as the Duke of Alva, the man who had been devoted from his earliest childhood, and from his father's grave, to hostility against unbelievers, and who had prophesied that treasure would flow in a stream, a yard deep, from the Netherlands as soon as the heretics began to meet with their deserts. An army of chosen troops was forthwith collected, by taking the four legions, or terzios, of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Lombardy, and filling their places in Italy by fresh levies. About ten thousand picked and veteran soldiers were thus obtained, of which the Duke of Alva was appointed general-in-chief.

Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, was now in his sixtieth year. He was the most successful and experienced general of Spain, or of Europe. No man had studied more deeply, or practised more constantly, the military science. In the most important of all arts at that epoch he was the most consummate artist. In the only honorable profession of the age, he was the most thorough and the most pedantic professor. Since the days of Demetrius Poliorcetes, no man had besieged so many cities. Since the days of Fabius Cunctator, no general had avoided so many battles, and no soldier, courageous as he was, ever attained to a more sublime indifference to calumny or depreciation. Having proved in his boyhood at Fontarabia, and in his maturity at Mühlberg, that he could exhibit heroism and headlong courage, when necessary, he could afford to look with contempt upon the witless gibes which his enemies had occasionally perpetrated at his expense. Conscious of holding his armies in his hand, by the power of an unrivalled discipline, and the magic of a name illustrated by a hundred triumphs, he could bear with patience and benevolence the murmurs of his soldiers when their battles were denied them.

He was born in 1508, of a family which boasted imperial descent. A Palaelogus, brother of a Byzantine emperor, had conquered the city of Toledo, and transmitted its appellation as a family name. The father of Ferdinando, Don Garcia, had been slain on the isle of Gerbes, in battle with the Moors, when his son was but four years of age. The child was brought up by his grandfather, Don Frederic, and trained from his tenderest infancy to arms. Hatred to the infidel, and a determination to avenge his father's blood, crying to him from a foreign grave, were the earliest of his instincts. As a youth he was distinguished for his prowess. His maiden sword was fleshed at Fontarabia, where, although but sixteen years of age, he was

considered, by his constancy in hardship, by his brilliant and desperate courage, and by the example of military discipline which he afforded to the troops, to have contributed in no small degree to the success of the Spanish arms.

In 1530, he accompanied the Emperor in his campaign against the Turk. Charles, instinctively recognizing the merit of the youth who was destined to be the life-long companion of his toils and glories, distinguished him with his favor at the opening of his career. Young, brave, and enthusiastic, Ferdinand de Toledo at this period was as interesting a hero as ever illustrated the pages of Castilian romance. His mad ride from Hungary to Spain and back again, accomplished in seventeen days, for the sake of a brief visit to his newly-married wife, is not the least attractive episode in the history of an existence which was destined to be so dark and sanguinary. In 1535, he accompanied the Emperor on his memorable expedition to Tunis. In 1546 and 1547, he was generalissimo in the war against the Smalcaldian league. His most brilliant feat of arms — perhaps the most brilliant exploit of the Emperor's reign — was the passage of the Elbe and the battle of Mühlberg, accomplished in spite of Maximilian's bitter and violent reproaches, and the tremendous possibilities of a defeat. That battle had finished the war. The gigantic and magnanimous John Frederick, surprised at his devotions in the church, fled in dismay, leaving his boots behind him, which, for their superhuman size, were ridiculously said afterwards to be treasured among the trophies of the Toledo house. The rout was total. "I came, I saw, and God conquered," said the Emperor, in pious parody of his immortal predecessor's epigram. Maximilian, with a thousand apologies for his previous insults, embraced the heroic Don Ferdinand over and over again, as, arrayed in a plain suit of blue armor, unadorned save with streaks of his enemies' blood, he returned from pursuit of the fugitives. So complete and so sudden was the victory, that it was found impossible to account for it, save on the ground of miraculous interposition. Like Joshua, in the vale of Ajalon, Don Ferdinand was supposed to have commanded the sun to stand still for a season, and to have been obeyed. Otherwise, how could the passage of the river, which was only concluded at six in the evening, and the complete overthrow of the Protestant forces, have all been accomplished within the narrow space of an April twilight? The reply of the Duke to Henry the Second of France, who questioned him subsequently

upon the subject, is well known. "Your Majesty, I was too much occupied that evening with what was taking place on the earth beneath, to pay much heed to the evolutions of the heavenly bodies." Spared as he had been by his good fortune from taking any part in the Algerine expedition, or in witnessing the ignominious retreat from Innspruck, he was obliged to submit to the intercalation of the disastrous siege of Metz in the long history of his successes. Doing the duty of a field-marshal and a sentinel, supporting his army by his firmness and his discipline when nothing else could have supported them, he was at last enabled, after half the hundred thousand men with whom Charles had begun the siege had been sacrificed, to induce his imperial master to raise the siege before the remaining fifty thousand had been frozen or starved to death.

The culminating career of Alva seemed to have closed in the mist which gathered around the setting star of the empire. Having accompanied Philip to England in 1554, on his matrimonial expedition, he was destined in the following years, as viceroy and generalissimo of Italy, to be placed in a series of false positions. A great captain engaged in a little war, the champion of the cross in arms against the successor of St. Peter, he had extricated himself, at last, with his usual adroitness, but with very little glory. To him had been allotted the mortification, to another the triumph. The lustre of his own name seemed to sink in the ocean while that of a hated rival, with new spangled ore, suddenly "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky." While he had been paltering with a dotard, whom he was forbidden to crush, Egmont had struck down the chosen troops of France, and conquered her most illustrious commanders. Here was the unpardonable crime which could only be expiated by the blood of the victor. Unfortunately for his rival, the time was now approaching when the long-deferred revenge was to be satisfied.

On the whole, the Duke of Alva was inferior to no general of his age. As a disciplinarian he was foremost in Spain, perhaps in Europe. A spendthrift of time, he was an economist of blood, and this was, perhaps, in the eye of humanity, his principal virtue. Time and myself are two, was a frequent observation of Philip, and his favorite general considered the maxim as applicable to war as to politics. Such were his qualities as a military commander. As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not

combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom. His history was now to show that his previous thrift of human life was not derived from any love of his kind. Personally he was stern and overbearing. As difficult of access as Philip himself, he was even more haughty to those who were admitted to his presence. He addressed every one with the depreciating second person plural. Possessing the right of being covered in the presence of the Spanish monarch, he had been with difficulty brought to renounce it before the German Emperor. He was of an illustrious family, but his territorial possessions were not extensive. His duchy was a small one, furnishing him with not more than fourteen thousand crowns of annual income, and with four hundred soldiers. He had, however, been a thrifty financier all his life, never having been without a handsome sum of ready money at interest. Ten years before his arrival in the Netherlands, he was supposed to have already increased his income to forty thousand a year by the proceeds of his investments at Antwerp. As already intimated, his military character was sometimes profoundly misunderstood. He was often considered rather a pedantic than a practical commander, more capable to discourse of battles than to gain them. Notwithstanding that his long life had been an almost unbroken campaign, the ridiculous accusation of timidity was frequently made against him. A gentleman at the Court of the Emperor Charles once addressed a letter to the Duke with the title of "General of his Majesty's armies in the Duchy of Milan in time of peace, and major-domo of the household in time of war." It was said that the lesson did the Duke good, but that he rewarded very badly the nobleman who gave it, having subsequently caused his head to be taken off. In general, however, Alva manifested a philosophical contempt for the opinions expressed concerning his military fame, and was especially disdainful of criticism expressed by his own soldiers. "Recollect," said he, at a little later period, to Don John of Austria, "that the first foes with whom one has to contend are one's own troops, with their clamors for an engagement at this moment, and their murmurs about results at another; with their 'I thought

that the battle should be fought;' or 'it was my opinion that the occasion ought not to be lost.' Your highness will have opportunity enough to display valor, and will never be weak enough to be conquered by the babble of soldiers."

In person he was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, adust complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving streams upon his breast.

Such being the design, the machinery was well selected. The best man in Europe to lead the invading force was placed at the head of ten thousand picked veterans. The privates in this exquisite little army, said the enthusiastic connoisseur Brantome, who travelled post into Lorraine expressly to see them on their march, all wore engraved or gilded armor, and were in every respect equipped like captains. They were the first who carried muskets, a weapon which very much astonished the Flemings, when it first rattled in their ears. The musketeers, he observed, might have been mistaken for princes, with such agreeable and graceful arrogance did they present themselves. Each was attended by his servant or esquire, who carried his piece for him, except in battle, and all were treated with extreme deference by the rest of the army, as if they had been officers. The four regiments of Lombardy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples, composed a total of not quite nine thousand of the best foot soldiers in Europe. They were commanded respectively by Don Sancho de Lodroño, Don Gonzalo de Bracamonte, Julien Romero, and Alfonso de Ulloa, all distinguished and experienced generals. The cavalry, amounting to about twelve hundred, was under the command of the natural son of the Duke, Don Ferdinando de Toledo, Prior of the Knights of St. John. Chiapin Vitelli, Marquis of Cetona, who had served the King in many a campaign, was appointed Maréchal de camp, and Gabriel Cerbelloni was placed in command of the artillery. On the way the Duke received, as a present from the Duke of Savoy, the services of the distinguished engineer, Pacheo, or Paciotti, whose name was to be associated with the most celebrated citadel of the Netherlands, and whose dreadful fate was to be contemporaneous with the earliest successes of the liberal party.

With an army thus perfect, on a small scale, in all its departments, and furnished, in addition, with a force of two thousand prostitutes, as regularly enrolled, disciplined, and distributed as the cavalry or the artillery, the Duke embarked

upon his momentous enterprise, on the 10th of May, at Carthagena. Thirty-seven galleys, under command of Prince Andrea Doria, brought the principal part of the force to Genoa, the Duke being delayed a few days at Nice by an attack of fever. On the 2d of June, the army was mustered at Alexandria de Palla, and ordered to rendezvous again at San Ambrosio at the foot of the Alps. It was then directed to make its way over Mount Cenis and through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, by a regularly arranged treble movement. The second division was each night to encamp on the spot which had been occupied upon the previous night by the vanguard, and the rear was to place itself on the following night in the camp of the corps de bataille. Thus coiling itself along almost in a single line by slow and serpentine windings, with a deliberate, deadly, venomous purpose, this army, which was to be the instrument of Philip's long deferred vengeance, stole through narrow mountain pass and tangled forest. So close and intricate were many of the defiles through which the journey led them that, had one tithe of the treason which they came to punish, ever existed, save in the diseased imagination of their monarch, not one man would have been left to tell the tale. Egmont, had he really been the traitor and conspirator he was assumed to be, might have easily organized the means of cutting off the troops before they could have effected their entrance into the country which they had doomed to destruction. His military experience, his qualifications for a daring stroke, his great popularity, and the intense hatred entertained for Alva, would have furnished him with a sufficient machinery for the purpose.

Twelve days' march carried the army through Burgundy, twelve more through Lorraine. During the whole of the journey they were closely accompanied by a force of cavalry and infantry, ordered upon this service by the King of France, who, for fear of exciting a fresh Huguenot demonstration, had refused the Spaniards a passage through his dominions. This reconnoitring army kept pace with them like their shadow, and watched all their movements. A force of six thousand Swiss, equally alarmed and uneasy at the progress of the troops, hovered likewise about their flanks, without, however, offering any impediment to their advance. Before the middle of August they had reached Thionville, on the Luxemburg frontier, having on the last day marched a distance of two leagues through a forest, which seemed expressly arranged to allow a small defensive

force to embarrass and destroy an invading army. No opposition, however, was attempted, and the Spanish soldiers encamped at last within the territory of the Netherlands, having accomplished their adventurous journey in entire safety, and under perfect discipline.

The Duchess had in her secret letters to Philip continued to express her disapprobation of the enterprise thus committed to Alva. She had bitterly complained that now when the country had been pacified by her efforts, another should be sent to reap all the glory, or perhaps to undo all that she had so painfully and successfully done. She stated to her brother in most unequivocal language, that the name of Alva was odious enough to make the whole Spanish nation detested in the Netherlands. She could find no language sufficiently strong to express her surprise that the King should have decided upon a measure likely to be attended with such fatal consequences without consulting her on the subject, and in opposition to what had been her uniform advice. She also wrote personally to Alva, imploring, commanding, and threatening, but with equally ill success. The Duke knew too well who was sovereign of the Netherlands now, his master's sister or himself. As to the effects of his armed invasion upon the temper of the provinces, he was supremely indifferent. He came as a conqueror, not as a mediator. "I have tamed people of iron in my day," said he, contemptuously, "shall I not easily crush these men of butter?"

At Thionville he was, however, officially waited upon by Berlaymont and Noircarmes, on the part of the Regent. He at this point, moreover, began to receive deputations from various cities, bidding him a hollow and trembling welcome, and deprecating his displeasure for anything in the past which might seem offensive. To all such embassies he replied in vague and conventional language; saying, however, to his confidential attendants: I am here, — so much is certain, — whether I am welcome or not is to me a matter of little consequence. At Tirlemont, on August 22, he was met by Count Egmont, who had ridden forth from Brussels to show him a becoming respect, as the representative of his sovereign. The Count was accompanied by several other noblemen, and brought to the Duke a present of several beautiful horses. Alva received him, however, but coldly, for he was unable at first to adjust the mask to his countenance as adroitly as was necessary. Behold the greatest of all the heretics, he observed to his attendants, as soon as the nobleman's

presence was announced, and in a voice loud enough for him to hear. Even after they had exchanged salutations, he addressed several remarks to him in a half jesting, half biting tone, saying among other things, that his countship might have spared him the trouble of making this long journey in his old age. There were other observations in a similar strain which might have well aroused the suspicion of any man not determined, like Egmont, to continue blind and deaf. After a brief interval, however, Alva seems to have commanded himself. He passed his arm lovingly over that stately neck, which he had already devoted to the block, and — the Count having resolved beforehand to place himself, if possible, upon amicable terms with the new Viceroy — the two rode along side by side in friendly conversation, followed by the regiment of infantry and three companies of light horse, which belonged to the Duke's immediate command. Alva, still attended by Egmont, rode soon afterwards through the Louvain gate into Brussels, where they separated for a season. Lodgings had been taken for the Duke at the house of a certain Madame de Jesse, in the neighborhood of Egmont's palace. Leaving here the principal portion of his attendants, the Captain-General, without alighting, forthwith proceeded to the palace to pay his respects to the Duchess of Parma.

For three days the Regent had been deliberating with her council as to the propriety of declining any visit from the man whose presence she justly considered a disgrace and an insult to herself. This being the reward of her eight years' devotion to her brother's commands; to be superseded by a subject, and one too who came to carry out a policy which she had urgently deprecated, it could hardly be expected of the Emperor's daughter that she should graciously submit to the indignity, and receive her successor with a smiling countenance. In consequence, however, of the submissive language with which the Duke had addressed her in his recent communications, offering, with true Castilian but empty courtesy, to place his guards, his army, and himself at her feet, she had consented to receive his visit with or without his attendants.

On his appearance in the court-yard, a scene of violent altercation and almost of bloodshed took place between his body-guard and the archers of the Regent's household, who were at last, with difficulty, persuaded to allow the mercenaries of the hated Captain-General to pass. Presenting himself at three o'clock in the afternoon, after these not very satisfactory pre-

liminaries, in the bed-chamber of the Duchess, where it was her habit to grant confidential audiences, he met, as might be supposed, with a chilling reception. The Duchess, standing motionless in the centre of the apartment, attended by Berlaymont, the Duke of Aersehot, and Count Egmont, acknowledged his salutations with calm severity. Neither she nor any one of her attendants advanced a step to meet him. The Duke took off his hat, but she, calmly recognizing his right as a Spanish grandee, insisted upon his remaining covered. A stiff and formal conversation of half an hour's duration then ensued, all parties remaining upon their feet. The Duke, although respectful, found it difficult to conceal his indignation and his haughty sense of approaching triumph. Margaret was cold, stately, and forbidding, disguising her rage and her mortification under a veil of imperial pride. Alva, in a letter to Philip, describing the interview, assured his Majesty that he had treated the Duchess with as much deference as he could have shown to the Queen, but it is probable from other contemporaneous accounts that an ill-disguised and even angry arrogance was at times very visible in his demeanor. The state council had advised the Duchess against receiving him until he had duly exhibited his powers. This ceremony had been waived, but upon being questioned by the Duchess at this interview as to their nature and extent, he is reported to have coolly answered that he really did not exactly remember, but that he would look them over, and send her information at his earliest convenience.

The next day, however, his commission was duly exhibited. In this document, which bore date January 31st, 1567, Philip appointed him to be Captain-General "in correspondence with his Majesty's dear sister of Parma, who was occupied with other matters belonging to the government," begged the Duchess to co-operate with him and to command obedience for him, and ordered all the cities of the Netherlands to receive such garrisons as he should direct.

At the official interview between Alva and Madame de Parma, at which these powers were produced, the necessary preliminary arrangements were made regarding the Spanish troops, which were now to be immediately quartered in the principal cities. The Duke, however, informed the Regent that as these matters were not within her province, he should take the liberty of arranging them with the authorities, without troubling her in the matter, and would inform her of the result of his measures at their next interview, which was to take place on August 26th.

Circular letters signed by Philip, which Alva had brought with him, were now despatched to the different municipal bodies of the country. In these the cities were severally commanded to accept the garrisons, and to provide for the armies whose active services the King hoped would not be required, but which he had sent beforehand to prepare a peaceful entrance for himself. He enjoined the most absolute obedience to the Duke of Alva until his own arrival, which was to be almost immediate. These letters were dated at Madrid on February 28th, and were now accompanied by a brief official circular, signed by Margaret of Parma, in which she announced the arrival of her dear cousin of Alva, and demanded unconditional submission to his authority.

Having thus complied with these demands of external and conventional propriety, the indignant Duchess unbosomed herself, in her private Italian letters to her brother, of the rage which had been hitherto partially suppressed. She reiterated her profound regret that Philip had not yet accepted the resignation which she had so recently and so earnestly offered. She disclaimed all jealousy of the supreme powers now conferred upon Alva, but thought that his Majesty might have allowed her to leave the country before the Duke arrived with an authority which was so extraordinary, as well as so humiliating to herself. Her honor might thus have been saved. She was pained to perceive that she was like to furnish a perpetual example to all others, who, considering the manner in which she had been treated by the King, would henceforth have but little inducement to do their duty. At no time, on no occasion, could any person ever render him such services as hers had been. For nine years she had enjoyed not a moment of repose. If the King had shown her but little gratitude, she was consoled by the thought that she had satisfied her God, herself, and the world. She had compromised her health, perhaps her life, and now that she had pacified the country, now that the King was more absolute, more powerful than ever before, another was sent to enjoy the fruit of her labors and her sufferings.

The Duchess made no secret of her indignation at being thus superseded, and as she considered the matter, outraged. She openly avowed her displeasure. She was at times almost beside herself with rage. There was universal sympathy with her emotions, for all hated the Duke, and shuddered at the arrival of the Spaniards. The day of doom for all the crimes which had ever been committed in the course of ages seemed now to have

dawned upon the Netherlands. The sword which had so long been hanging over them seemed now about to descend. Throughout the provinces, there was but one feeling of cold and hopeless dismay. Those who still saw a possibility of effecting their escape from the fatal land, swarmed across the frontier. All foreign merchants deserted the great marts. The cities became as still as if the plague-banner had been unfurled on every house-top.

Meantime the Captain-General proceeded methodically with his work. He distributed his troops through Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other principal cities. As a measure of necessity and mark of the last humiliation, he required the municipalities to transfer their keys to his keeping. The magistrates of Ghent humbly remonstrated against the indignity, and Egmont was imprudent enough to make himself the mouth-piece of their remonstrance, which, it is needless to add, was unsuccessful. Meantime his own day of reckoning had arrived.

As already observed, the advent of Alva at the head of a foreign army was the natural consequence of all which had gone before. The delusion of the royal visit was still maintained, and the affectation of a possible clemency still displayed, while the monarch sat quietly in his cabinet without a remote intention of leaving Spain, and while the messengers of his accumulated and long-concealed wrath were already descending upon their prey. It was the deliberate intention of Philip, when the Duke was despatched to the Netherlands, that all the leaders of the anti-inquisition party, and all who had, at any time or in any way, implicated themselves in opposition to the government, or in censure of its proceedings, should be put to death. It was determined that the provinces should be subjugated to the absolute domination of the council of Spain, a small body of foreigners sitting at the other end of Europe, a junta in which Netherlanders were to have no voice and exercise no influence. The despotic government of the Spanish and Italian possessions was to be extended to these Flemish territories, which were thus to be converted into the helpless dependencies of a *foreign and an absolute crown*. There was to be a reorganization of the inquisition, upon the same footing claimed for it before the outbreak of the troubles, together with a re-enactment and vigorous enforcement of the famous edicts against heresy.

Such was the scheme recommended by Granvelle and Espi-

nosa, and to be exeeuted by Alva. As part and pareel of this plan, it was also arranged at secret meetings at the house of Espinosa, before the departure of the Duke, that all the seigniors against whom the Duchess Margaret had made so many complaints, especially the Prince of Orange, with the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraaten, should be immediately arrested and brought to chastisement. The Marquis Berghen and the Baron Montigny, being already in Spain, could be dealt with at pleasure. It was also decided that the gentlemen implicated in the confederacy or compromise should at once be proceeded against for high treason, without any regard to the promise of pardon granted by the Duchess.

The general features of the great project having been thus mapped out, a few indispensable preliminaries were at once executed. In order that Egmont, Horn, and other distinguished victims might not take alarm, and thus escape the doom deliberately arranged for them, royal assurances were despatched to the Netherlands, cheering their despondency and dispelling their doubts. With his own hand Philip wrote the letter, full of affection and confidence, to Egmont, to which allusion has already been made. He wrote it *after* Alva had left Madrid upon his mission of vengeance. The same stealthy measures were pursued with regard to others. The Prince of Orange was not capable of falling into the royal trap, however cautiously baited. Unfortunately he could not communicate his wisdom to his friends.

It is difficult to comprehend so very sanguine a temperament as that to which Egmont owed his destruction. It was not the Prince of Orange alone who had prophesied his doom. Warnings had come to the Count from every quarter, and they were now frequently repeated. Certainly he was not without anxiety, but he had made his decision; determined to believe in the royal word, and in the royal gratitude for his services rendered, not only against Montmorency and De Thermes, but against the heretics of Flanders. He was, however, much changed. He had grown prematurely old. At forty-six years his hair was white, and he never slept without pistols under his pillow. Nevertheless he affected, and sometimes felt, a light-heartedness which surprised all around him. The Portuguese gentleman Robles, Seigneur de Billy, who had returned early in the summer from Spain, whither he had been sent upon a confidential mission by Madame de Parma, is said to

have made repeated communications to Egmont as to the dangerous position in which he stood. Immediately after his arrival in Brussels he had visited the Count, then confined to his home by an injury caused by the fall of his horse. "Take care to get well very fast," said De Billy, "for there are very bad stories told about you in Spain." Egmont laughed heartily at the observation, as if nothing could well be more absurd than such a warning. His friend — for De Billy is said to have felt a real attachment to the Count — persisted in his prophecies, telling him about "birds in the field sang much more sweetly than those in cages," and that he would do well to abandon the country before the arrival of Alva.

These warnings were repeated almost daily by the same gentleman, and by others, who were more and more astonished at Egmont's infatuation. Nevertheless, he had disregarded their admonitions, and had gone forth to meet the Duke at Thionville. Even then he might have seen, in the coldness of his first reception, and in the disrespectful manner of the Spanish soldiers, who not only did not at first salute him, but who murmured audibly that he was a Lutheran and traitor, that he was not so great a favorite with the government at Madrid as he desired to be.

After the first few moments, however, Alva's manner had changed, while Chiappin Vitelli, Gabriel de Serbelloni, and other principal officers received the Count with great courtesy, even upon his first appearance. The grand prior, Ferdinando de Toledo, natural son of the Duke, and already a distinguished soldier, seems to have felt a warm and unaffected friendship for Egmont, whose brilliant exploits in the field had excited his youthful admiration, and of whose destruction he was, nevertheless, compelled to be the unwilling instrument. For a few days, accordingly, after the arrival of the new Governor-General all seemed to be going smoothly. The grand prior and Egmont became exceedingly intimate, passing their time together in banquets, masquerades, and play, as joyously as if the merry days which had succeeded the treaty of Cateau Cambresis were returned. The Duke, too, manifested the most friendly dispositions, taking care to send him large presents of Spanish and Italian fruits, received frequently by the government couriers.

Lapped in this fatal security, Egmont not only forgot his fears, but unfortunately succeeded in inspiring Count Horn

with a portion of his confidence. That gentleman had still remained in his solitary mansion at Weert, notwithstanding the artful means which had been used to lure him from that "desert." It is singular that the very same person who, according to a well-informed Catholic contemporary, had been most eager to warn Egmont of his danger, had also been the foremost instrument for effecting the capture of the Admiral. The Seigneur de Billy, on the day after his arrival from Madrid, had written to Horn, telling him that the King was highly pleased with his services and character. De Billy also stated that he had been commissioned by Philip to express distinctly the royal gratitude for the Count's conduct, adding that his Majesty was about to visit the Netherlands in August, and would probably be preceded or accompanied by Baron Montigny.

Alva and his son Don Ferdinando had soon afterwards addressed letters from Gerverbiller (dated July 26th and 27th) to Count Horn, filled with expressions of friendship and confidence. The Admiral, who had sent one of his gentlemen to greet the Duke, now responded from Weert that he was very sensible of the kindness manifested towards him, but that for reasons which his secretary Alonzo de la Loo would more fully communicate, he must for the present beg to be excused from a personal visit to Brussels. The secretary was received by Alva with extreme courtesy. The Duke expressed infinite pain that the King had not yet rewarded Count Horn's services according to their merit, said that a year before he had told his brother Montigny how very much he was the Admiral's friend, and begged La Loo to tell his master that he should not doubt the royal generosity and gratitude. The governor added, that if he could see the Count in person he could tell him things which would please him, and which would prove that he had not been forgotten by his friends. La Loo had afterward a long conversation with the Duke's secretary Albornoz, who assured him that his master had the greatest affection for Count Horn, and that since his affairs were so much embarrassed, he might easily be provided with the post of governor at Milan, or viceroy of Naples, about to become vacant. The secretary added, that the Duke was much hurt at receiving no visits from many distinguished nobles whose faithful friend and servant he was, and that Count Horn ought to visit Brussels, if not to treat of great affairs, at least to visit the Captain-General as a friend. "After all this," said

honest Alonzo, "I am going immediately to Weert, to urge his lordship to yield to the Duke's desires."

This scientific manœuvring, joined to the urgent representations of Egmont, at last produced its effect. The Admiral left his retirement at Weert to fall into the pit which his enemies had been so skilfully preparing at Brussels. On the night of September 8th, Egmont received another most significative and mysterious warning. A Spaniard, apparently an officer of rank, came secretly into his house, and urged him solemnly to effect his escape before the morrow. The Countess, who related the story afterwards, always believed, without being certain, that the mysterious visitor was Julian Romero, maréchal de camp. Egmont, however, continued as blindly confident as before.

On the following day, September 9th, the grand prior, Don Ferdinando, gave a magnificent dinner, to which Egmont and Horn, together with Noircarmes, the Viscount de Ghent, and many other noblemen were invited. The banquet was enlivened by the music of Alva's own military band, which the Duke sent to entertain the company. At three o'clock he sent a message begging the gentlemen, after their dinner should be concluded, to favor him with their company at his house (the maison de Jassey), as he wished to consult them concerning the plan of the citadel, which he proposed erecting at Antwerp.

At this moment the grand prior, who was seated next to Egmont, whispered in his ear: "Leave this place, signor Count, instantly; take the fleetest horse in your stable and make your escape without a moment's delay." Egmont, much troubled, and remembering the manifold prophecies and admonitions which he had passed unheeded, rose from the table and went into the next room. He was followed by Noircarmes and two other gentlemen, who had observed his agitation, and were curious as to its cause. The Count repeated to them the mysterious words just whispered to him by the grand prior, adding that he was determined to take the advice without a moment's delay. "Ha! Count," exclaimed Noircarmes, "do not put lightly such implicit confidence in this stranger who is counselling you to your destruction. What will the Duke of Alva and all the Spaniards say of such a precipitate flight? Will they not say that your Excellency has fled from the consciousness of guilt? Will not your escape be construed into a confession of high treason?"

If these words were really spoken by Noirearmes, and that they were so, we have the testimony of a Walloon gentleman in constant communication with Egmont's friends and with the whole Catholic party, they furnish another proof of the malignant and cruel character of the man. The advice fixed forever the fate of the vacillating Egmont. He had risen from the table determined to take the advice of a noble-minded Spaniard, who had adventured his life to save his friend. He now returned in obedience to the counsel of a fellow-countryman, a Flemish noble, to treat the well-meant warning with indifference, and to seat himself again at the last banquet which he was ever to grace with his presence.

At four o'clock, the dinner being finished, Horn and Egmont, accompanied by the other gentlemen, proceeded to the "Jassy" house, then occupied by Alva, to take part in the deliberations proposed. They were received by the Duke with great courtesy. The engineer, Pietro Urbino, soon appeared and laid upon the table a large parchment containing the plan and elevation of the citadel to be erected at Antwerp. A warm discussion upon the subject soon arose, Egmont, Horn, Noirearmes, and others, together with the engineers Urbino and Pacheco, all taking part in the debate. After a short time, the Duke of Alva left the apartment, on pretext of a sudden indisposition, leaving the company still warmly engaged in their argument. The council lasted till near seven in the evening. As it broke up, Don Sancho d'Avila, captain of the Duke's guard, requested Egmont to remain for a moment after the rest, as he had a communication to make to him. After an insignificant remark or two, the Spanish officer, as soon as the two were alone, requested Egmont to surrender his sword. The Count, agitated, and notwithstanding everything which had gone before, still taken by surprise, scarcely knew what reply to make. Don Sancho repeated that he had been commissioned to arrest him, and again demanded his sword. At the same moment the doors of the adjacent apartment were opened, and Egmont saw himself surrounded by a company of Spanish musqueteers and halberdmen. Finding himself thus entrapped, he gave up his sword, saying bitterly, as he did so, that it had at least rendered some service to the King in times which were past. He was then conducted to a chamber, in the upper story of the house, where his temporary prison had been arranged. The windows were barricaded, the daylight

exeluded, the whole apartment hung with black. Here he remained fourteen days (from September 9th to the 23d). During this period, he was allowed no communieation with his friends. His room was lighted day and night with eandles, and he was servcd in strict silenee by Spanish attendants, and guarded by Spanish soldiers. The captain of the watch drew his eurtain every midnight, and aroused him from sleep that he might bc identified by the relieving officer.

Count Horn was arrestcd upon thc samc occasion by Captain Salinas, as he was proceeding through the court-yard of the house, after the brcaking up of the eouncil. He was eonfined in another chamber of the mansion, and met with a prcisely similar treatment to that experiencod by Egmont. Upon September 23d, both wcre removed under a strong guard to the castle of Ghcnt.

On this same day, two other important arrests, included and arranged in the same program, had becn successfully accomplished. Bakkcrzeel, private and confidential secretary of Egmont, and Antony Van Straalen, the rich and influential burgomaster of Antwerp, were taken almost simultaneously. At the requcst of Alva, the burgomastcr had been invited by the Duchess of Parma to repair on business to Brussels. He seemed to have feared an ambuscade, for as he got into his coach to set forth upon the journey, he was so muffled in a multiplicity of clothing, that he was scarcely to be recognized. He was no sooner, however, in the open eountry and upon a spot rcmote from human habitations, than he was suddenly beset by a band of forty soldiers undcr command of Don Alberic Lodron and Don Sancho dc Lodroño. These offieers had been watching his movements for many days. The capture of Bakkerzeel was accomplishcd with cqual adroitness at about the same hour.

Alva, while he sat at the council board with Egmont and Horn, was secrctly informed that those important personages, Bakkerzeel and Straalcn, with the private secrctary of the Admiral, Alonzo de la Loo, in addition, had been thus successfully arrested. He eould with difficulty conecal his satisfaetion, and lcft the apartmcnt immediately that the trap might be sprung upon the two principal vietims of his treaehery. He had himself arranged all the details of these two important arrests, while his natural son, the Prior Don Ferdinando, had been compelled to superintend the proceedings. The plot had

been an exeellent plot, and was accomplished as sueeessfully as it had been sagaciously conceived. None but Spaniards had been employed in any part of the affair. Offieers of high rank in his Majesty's army had performed the part of spies and polieemen with much adroitness, nor was it to be expeeted that the duty would seem a disgraee, when the Prior of the Knights of Saint John was superintendent of the operations, when the Captain-General of the Netherlands had arranged the whole plan, and when all, from subaltern to viceroy, had received minute instruetions as to the contemplated treachery from the great ehief of the Spanish polieo, who sat on the throne of Castile and Aragon.

No sooner were these gentlemen in eustody than the seeretary Albornoz was despatehed to the house of Count Horn, and to that of Bakkerzeel, where all papers were immediately seized, inventoried, and plaeed in the hands of the Duke. Thus, if amid the most secret eommunications of Egmont and Horn, or their correspondents, a single treasonable thought should be lurking, it was to go hard, but it might be twisted into a cord strong enough to strangle them all.

The Duke wrote a triumphant letter to his Majesty that very night. He apologized that these important captures had been deferred so long, but stated that he had thought it desirable to secure all these leading personages at a single stroke. He then narrated the masterly manner in which the operations had been eondueted. Certainly, when it is remembered that the Duke had only reached Brussels upon August 23d, and that the two Counts were securely lodged in prison on September 9th, it seemed a superfluous modesty upon his part thus to excuse himself for an apparent delay. At any rate, in the eyes of the world and of posterity, his zeal to earry out the bloody commands of his master was sufficiently swift.

The consternation was universal throughout the provinees when the arrests became known. Egmont's great popularity and distinguished services plaeed him so high above the mass of citizens, and his attachment to the Catholie religion was moreover so well known, as to make it obvious that no man could now be safe, when men like him were in the power of Alva and his myrmidons. The animosity to the Spaniards increased hourly. The Duchess affected indignation at the arrest of the two nobles, although it nowhere appears that she attempted a word in their defenee, or lifted, at any subsequent

A SITTING OF ALVA'S "BLOOD COUNCIL"

moment, a finger to save them. She was not anxious to wash her hands of the blood of two innoeent men; she was only offended that they had been arrested without her permission. The Duke had, it is true, sent Berlaymont and Mansfeld to give her information of the fact, as soon as the capture had been made, with the plausible excuse that he preferred to save her from all the responsibility and all the unpopularity of the measure. Nothing, however, could appease her wrath at this and every other indication of the contempt in which he appeared to hold the sister of his sovereign. She complained of his eonduct daily to every one who was admitted to her presenee. Herself oppressed by a sense of personal indignity, she seemed for a moment to identify herself with the cause of the oppressed provinees. She seemed to imagine herself the champion of their liberties, and the Netherlanders, for a moment, seemed to participate in the delusion. Beeause she was indignant at the insolenee of the Duke of Alva to herself, the honest citizens began to give her credit for a sympathy with their own wrongs. She expressed herself determined to move about from one city to another, until the answer to her demand for dismissal should arrive. She allowed her immediate attendants to abuse the Spaniards in good set terms upon every oeeasion. Even her private ehaplain permitted himself, in preaching before her in the palace ehapel, to denounce the whole nation as a race of traitors and ravishers, and for this offenee was only reprimanded, much against her will, by the Duchess, and ordered to retire for a season to his convent. She did not attempt to disguise her dissatisfaction at every step whieh had been taken by the Duke. In all this there was much petulance, but very little dignity, while there was neither a spark of real sympathy for the oppressed millions, nor a throb of genuine womanly emotion for the impending fate of the two nobles. Her principal grief was that she had paeified the provinces, and that another had now arrived to reap the glory; but it was difficult, while the unburied bones of many heretics were still hanging, by her deerce, on the rafters of their own dismantled ehurches, for her suceessfully to enact the part of a benignant and merciful Regent. But it was very true that the horrors of the Duke's administration have been propitious to the fame of Margaret, and perhaps more so to that of Cardinal Granvelle. The faint and struggling rays of humanity whieh oeeasionally illumined the course of their gov-

ernment, were destined to be extinguished in a chaos so profound and dark, that these last beams of light seemed clearer and more bountiful by the contrast.

The Count of Hoogstraaten, who was on his way to Brussels, had, by good fortune, injured his hand through the accidental discharge of a pistol. Detained by this casualty at Cologne, he was informed, before his arrival at the capital, of the arrest of his two distinguished friends, and accepted the hint to betake himself at once to a place of safety.

The loyalty of the elder Mansfeld was beyond dispute even by Alva. His son Charles had, however, been imprudent, and, as we have seen, had even affixed his name to the earliest copies of the Compromise. He had retired, it is true, from all connection with the confederates, but his father knew well that the young Count's signature upon that famous document would prove his death-warrant, were he found in the country. He therefore had sent him into Germany before the arrival of the Duke.

The King's satisfaction was unbounded when he learned this important achievement of Alva, and he wrote immediately to express his approbation in the most extravagant terms. Cardinal Granvelle, on the contrary, affected astonishment at a course which he had secretly counselled. He assured his Majesty that he had never believed Egmont to entertain sentiments opposed to the Catholic religion, nor to the interests of the Crown, up to the period of his own departure from the Netherlands. He was persuaded, he said, that the Count had been abused by others, *although, to be sure, the Cardinal had learned with regret what Egmont had written on the occasion of the baptism of Count Hoogstraaten's child.* As to the other persons arrested, he said that no one regretted their fate. The Cardinal added that he was *supposed to be himself the instigator of these captures*, but that he was not disturbed by that, or by other imputations of a similar nature.

In conversation with those about him, he frequently expressed regret that the Prince of Orange had been too crafty to be caught in the same net in which his more simple companions were inextricably entangled. Indeed, on the first arrival of the news, that men of high rank had been arrested in Brussels, the Cardinal eagerly inquired if the Taciturn had been taken, for by that term he always characterized the Prince. Receiving a negative reply, he expressed extreme

disappointment, adding, that if Orange had escaped, they had taken nobody, and that his capture would have been more valuable than that of every man in the Netherlands.

Peter Titelmann, too, the famous inquisitor, who, retired from active life, was then living upon Philip's bounty, and encouraged by friendly letters from that monarch, expressed the same opinion. Having been informed that Egmont and Horn had been captured, he eagerly inquired if "wise William" had also been taken. He was, of course, answered in the negative. "Then will our joy be but brief," he observed. "Woe unto us for the wrath to come from Germany."

On July 12, of this year, Philip wrote to Granvelle to inquire the particulars of a letter which the Prince of Orange, *according to a previous communication of the Cardinal*, had written to Egmont on the occasion of the baptism of Count Hoogstraaten's child. On August 17, the Cardinal replied, by setting the King right as to the error which he had committed. The letter, as he had already stated, was not written by Orange, *but by Egmont*, and he expressed his astonishment that Madame de Parma had not yet sent it to his Majesty. The Duchess must have seen it, because her confessor had shown it to the person who was Granvelle's informant. In this letter, the Cardinal continued, the statement had been made by Egmont to the Prince of Orange *that their plots were discovered*, that the King was making armaments, that they were unable to resist him, and that therefore it had become necessary *to dissemble* and to accommodate themselves as well as possible to the present situation, while *waiting for other circumstances under which to accomplish their designs.* Granvelle advised, moreover, that Straalen, who had been privy to the letter, and perhaps the amanuensis, should be forthwith arrested.

The Cardinal was determined not to let the matter sleep, notwithstanding his protestation of a kindly feeling towards the imprisoned Count. Against the statement that he knew of a letter which amounted to a full confession of treason, out of Egmont's own mouth — a fact which, if proved, and perhaps, if even insinuated, would be sufficient with Philip to deprive Egmont of twenty thousand lives — against these constant recommendations to his suspicious and sanguinary master, to ferret out this document, if it were possible, it must be confessed that the churchman's vague and hypocritical expressions on the side of mercy were very little worth.

Certainly these seeds of suspicion did not fall upon a barren soil. Philip immediately communicated the information thus received to the Duke of Alva, charging him on repeated occasions to find out what was written, either by Egmont or by Straalen, at Egmont's instigation, stating that such a letter was written at the time of the Hoogstraaten baptism, that it would probably illustrate the opinions of Egmont at that period, and that the letter itself, which the confessor of Madame de Parma had once had in his hands, ought, if possible, to be procured. Thus the very language used by Granvelle to Philip was immediately repeated by the monarch to his representative in the Netherlands, at the moment when all Egmont's papers were in his possession, and when Egmont's private secretary was undergoing the torture, in order that secrets might be wrenched from him which had never entered his brain. The fact that no such letter was found, that the Duchess had never alluded to any such document, and that neither a careful scrutiny of papers, nor the application of the rack, could elicit any satisfactory information on the subject, leads to the conclusion that no such treasonable paper had ever existed, save in the imagination of the Cardinal. At any rate, it is no more than just to hesitate before affixing a damning character to a document, in the absence of any direct proof that there ever was such a document at all. The confessor of Madame de Parma told another person, who told the Cardinal, that either Count Egmont, or Burgomaster Straalen, by command of Count Egmont, wrote to the Prince of Orange thus and so. What evidence was this upon which to found a charge of high treason against a man whom Granvelle affected to characterize as otherwise neither opposed to the Catholic religion, nor to the true service of the King? What vulpine kind of mercy was it on the part of the Cardinal, while making such deadly insinuations, to recommend the imprisoned victim to clemency?

The unfortunate envoys, Marquis Bergen and Baron Montigny, had remained in Spain under close observation. Of those doomed victims who, in spite of friendly remonstrances and of ominous warnings, had thus ventured into the lion's den, no retreating footmarks were ever to be seen. Their fate, now that Alva had at last been despatched to the Netherlands, seemed to be sealed, and the Marquis Bergen, accepting the augury in its most evil sense, immediately afterwards had

siekened unto death. Whether it were the siekness of hope deferred, suddenly ehanging to despair, or whether it were a still more potent and unequivoeal poison whieh eame to the relief of the unfortunate nobleman, will perhaps never be aseertained with eertainty. The seerets of those terrible prison-houses of Spain, where even the eldest begotten son, and the wedded wife of the monareh, were soon afterwards believed to have been the vietims of his dark revenge, ean never perhaps be aeeurately known, until the grave gives up its dead, and the buried erimes of eenturies are revealed.

It was very soon after the departure of Alva's fleet from Carthagena that the Marquis Bergen felt his end approaehing. He sent for the Prinee of Eboli, with whom he had always maintained intimate relations, and whom he believed to be his disinterested friend. Relying upon his faithful breast, and trusting to reeeive from his eyes alone the pious drops of sympathy whieh he required, the dying noble poured out his long and last eomplaint.

He eharged him to tell the man whom he would no longer eall his king, that he had ever been true and loyal, that the bitterness of having been eonstantly suspeeted, when he was conseious of entire fidelity, was a sharper sorrow than eould be lightly believed, and that he hoped the time would eome when his own truth and the artifiees of his enemies would be brought to light. He elosed his parting message by predieting that after he had been long laid in the grave, the impeaehments against his eharaeter would be at last, although too late, retraeted.

So spake the unhappy envoy, and his friend replied with words of eonsolation. It is probable that he even ventured, in the King's name, to grant him the liberty of returning to his home; the only remedy, as his physieians had repeatedly stated, whieh eould possibly be applied to his disease. But the devilish hypoerisy of Philip, and the abjeet perfidy of Eboli, at this juneture, almost surpass belief. The Prinee eame to press the hand and to elose the eyes of the dying man whom he ealled his friend, having first earefully studied a billet of most minute and seeret instruetions from his master as to the deportment he was to observe upon this solemn oeeasion and afterwards. This paper, written in Philip's own hand, had been delivered to Eboli on the very day of his visit to Bergen, and bore the superseription that it was not to be read nor opened till the

messenger who brought it had left his presence. It directed the Prince, if it should be evident that the Marquis was past recovery, to promise him, in the King's name, the permission of returning to the Netherlands. Should, however, a possibility of his surviving appear, Eboli was only to hold out a hope that such permission might eventually be obtained. In case of the death of Bergen, the Prince was immediately to confer with the Grand Inquisitor and with the Count of Feria, upon the measures to be taken for his obsequies. It might seem advisable, in that event, to exhibit the regret which the King and his ministers felt for his death, and the great esteem in which they held the nobles of the Netherlands. At the same time, Eboli was further instructed to confer with the same personages as to the most efficient means for preventing the escape of Baron Montigny; to keep a vigilant eye upon his movements, and to give general instructions to governors and to postmasters to intercept his flight, should it be attempted. Finally, in case of Bergen's death, the Prince was directed to despatch a special messenger, apparently on his own responsibility, and as if in the absence and without the knowledge of the King, to inform the Duchess of Parma of the event, and to urge her immediately to take possession of the city of Bergen-op-Zoom, and of all other property belonging to the Marquis, until it should be ascertained whether it were not possible to convict him, after death, of treason, and to confiscate his estates accordingly.

Such were the instructions of Philip to Eboli, and precisely in accordance with the program was the horrible comedy enacted at the death-bed of the envoy. Three days after his parting interview with his disinterested friend, the Marquis was a corpse. Before his limbs were cold, a messenger was on his way to Brussels, instructing the Regent to *sequestrate his property, and to arrest, upon suspicion of heresy, the youthful kinsman and niece, who, by the will of the Marquis*, were to be united in marriage and to share his estate. The whole drama, beginning with the death scene, was enacted according to order. Before the arrival of Alva in the Netherlands, the property of the Marquis was in the hands of the Government, awaiting the confiscation, which was but for a brief season delayed, while on the other hand Baron Montigny, Bergen's companion in doom, who was not, however, so easily to be carried off by home-sickness, was closely confined in the alcazar of Segovia, never to leave a

Spanish prison alive. There is something pathetic in the delusion in which Montigny and his brother, the Count Horn, both indulged, each believing that the other was out of harm's way, the one by his absence from the Netherlands, the other by his absence from Spain, while both, involved in the same meshes, were rapidly and surely approaching their fate.

In the same despatch of September 9, in which the Duke communicated to Philip the capture of Egmont and Horn, he announced to him his determination to establish a new court for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles. This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the Council of Troubles, but it soon acquired the terrible name by which it will be forever known in history, of the Blood-Council. It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistracies up to the supreme councils of the provinces, were forbidden to take cognizance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles. The council of state, although it was not formally disbanded, fell into complete desuetude, its members being occasionally summoned into Alva's private chambers in an irregular manner, while its principal functions were usurped by the Blood-Council. Not only citizens of every province, but the municipal bodies and even the sovereign provincial estates themselves, were compelled to plead, like humble individuals, before this new and extraordinary tribunal. It is unnecessary to allude to the absolute violation which was thus committed of all charters, laws and privileges, because the very creation of the council was a bold and brutal proclamation that those laws and privileges were at an end. The constitution or maternal principle of this suddenly erected court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new bishops, the Inquisition, or the Edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breaking, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the Request by the nobles, and "either through sympathy or surprise" to have asserted that the King did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties, or to have maintained that this present tribunal was bound to respect in any manner any laws or any charters. In these brief and simple, but comprehensive terms, was the crime of high treason defined.

The punishment was still more briefly, simply, and comprehensively stated, for it was instant death in all cases. So well too did this new and terrible engine perform its work, that, in less than three months from the time of its erection, eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings; some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number; nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of faltering in its dread career.

Yet, strange to say, this tremendous court, thus established upon the ruins of all the ancient institutions of the country, had not been provided with even a nominal authority from any source whatever. The King had granted it no letters patent or charter, nor had even the Duke of Alva thought it worth while to grant any commissions, either in his own name or as Captain-General, to any of the members composing the board. The Blood-Council was merely an informal club, of which the Duke was perpetual president, while the other members were all appointed by himself.

Of these subordinate councillors, two had the right of voting, subject, however, in all cases to his final decision, while the rest of the number did not vote at all. It had not, therefore, in any sense, the character of a judicial, legislative, or executive tribunal, but was purely a board of advice by which the bloody labors of the Duke were occasionally lightened as to detail, while not a feather's weight of power or of responsibility was removed from his shoulders. He reserved for himself the final decision upon all causes which should come before the council, and stated his motives for so doing with grim simplicity. "Two reasons," he wrote to the King, "have determined me thus to limit the power of the tribunal; the first that, not knowing its members, I might be easily deceived by them; the second, that *the men of law* only condemn *for crimes which are proved;* whereas your Majesty knows that affairs of state are governed by different rules from *the laws which they have here.*"

It being, therefore, the object of the Duke to compose a body of men who would be of assistance to him in condemning for crimes which could *not* be proved, and in slipping over statutes which were not to be recognized, it must be confessed that he was not unfortunate in the appointments which he made to the office of councillors. In this task of appointment he had the assistance of the experienced Viglius. That learned jurisconsult, with characteristic lubricity, had evaded the dangerous honor for himself, but he nominated a number of persons from

whom the Duke selected his list. The sacerdotal robes which he had so recently and so "craftily" assumed, furnished his own excuse, and in his letters to his faithful Hopper he repeatedly congratulated himself upon his success in keeping himself at a distance from so bloody and perilous a post.

It is impossible to look at the conduct of the distinguished Frisian at this important juncture without contempt. Bent only upon saving himself, his property, and his reputation, he did not hesitate to bend before the "most illustrious Duke," as he always denominated him, with fulsome and fawning homage. While he declined to dip his own fingers in the innocent blood which was about to flow in torrents, he did not object to officiate at the initiatory preliminaries of the great Netherland holocaust. His decent and dainty demeanor seems even more offensive than the jocularity of the real murderers. Conscious that no man knew the laws and customs of the Netherlands better than himself, he had the humble effrontery to assert that it was necessary for him at that moment silently to submit his own unskilfulness to the superior judgment and knowledge of others. Having at last been relieved from the stone of Sisyphus, which, as he plaintively expressed himself, he had been rolling for twenty years; having, by the arrival of Tisnacq, obtained his discharge as President of the state council, he was yet not unwilling to retain the emoluments and the rank of President of the privy council, although both offices had become sinecures since the erection of the Council of Blood. Although his life had been spent in administrative and judicial employments, he did not blush upon a matter of constitutional law to defer to the authority of such jurisconsults as the Duke of Alva and his two Spanish bloodhounds, Vargas and Del Rio. He did not like, he observed, in his confidential correspondence, to gainsay the Duke, when maintaining that, in cases of treason, the privileges of Brabant were powerless, although he mildly doubted whether the Brabantines would agree with the doctrine. He often thought, he said, of remedies for restoring the prosperity of the provinces, but in action he only assisted the Duke, to the best of his abilities, in arranging the Blood-Council. He wished well to his country, but he was more anxious for the favor of Alva. "I rejoice," said he, in one of his letters, "that the most illustrious Duke has written to the King in praise of my obsequiousness; when I am censured here for so reverently cherishing him, it is a consolation that my services to the King and to the governor

are not unappreciated there." Indeed the Duke of Alva, who had originally suspected the President's character, seemed at last overcome by his indefatigable and cringing homage. He wrote to the King, in whose good graces the learned Doctor was most anxious at that portentous period to maintain himself, that the President was very serviceable and diligent, and that he deserved to receive a crumb of comfort from the royal hand. Philip, in consequence, wrote in one of his letters a few lines of vague compliment, which could be shown to Viglius, according to Alva's suggestion. It is, however, not a little characteristic of the Spanish court and of the Spanish monarch, that, on the very day before, he had sent to the Captain-General a few documents of very different import. In order, as he said, that the Duke might be ignorant of nothing which related to the Netherlands, he forwarded to him copies of the letters written by Margaret of Parma from Brussels, three years before. These letters, as it will be recollected, contained an account of the secret investigations which the Duchess had made as to the private character and opinions of Viglius — at the very moment when he apparently stood highest in her confidence — and charged him with heresy, swindling, and theft. Thus the painstaking and time-serving President, with all his learning and experience, was successively the dupe of Margaret and of Alva, whom he so obsequiously courted, and always of Philip, whom he so feared and worshipped.

With his assistance, the list of blood-councillors was quickly completed. No one who was offered the office refused it. Noircarmes and Berlaymont accepted with very great eagerness. Several presidents and councillors of the different provincial tribunals were appointed, but all the Netherlanders were men of straw. Two Spaniards, Del Rio and Vargas, were the only members who could vote; while their decisions, as already stated, were subject to reversal by Alva. Del Rio was a man without character or talent, a mere tool in the hands of his superiors, but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality.

No better man could have been found in Europe for the post to which he was thus elevated. To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain, because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian, but, in his manhood, he found no pleasure but in murder. He exe-

cuted Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted Duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision where the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten, and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. "Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra, ergo debent omnes patibulare," was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of a man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries.

Among the ciphers who composed the rest of the board, the Flemish Councillor Hessels was the one whom the Duke most respected. He was not without talent or learning, but the Duke only valued him for his cruelty. Being allowed to take but little share in the deliberations, Hessels was accustomed to doze away his afternoon hours at the council table, and when awakened from his nap in order that he might express an opinion on the case then before the court, was wont to rub his eyes and call out "Ad patibulum, ad patibulum" ("to the gallows with him, to the gallows with him"), with great fervor, but in entire ignorance of the culprit's name or the merits of the case. His wife, naturally disturbed that her husband's waking and sleeping hours were alike absorbed with this hangman's work, more than once ominously expressed her hope to him, that he, whose head and heart were thus engrossed with the gibbet, might not one day come to hang upon it himself; a gloomy prophecy which the Future most terribly fulfilled.

The Council of Blood, thus constituted, held its first session on September 20th, at the lodgings of Alva. Springing completely grown and armed to the teeth from the head of its inventor, the new tribunal — at the very outset in possession of all its vigor — forthwith began to manifest a terrible activity in accomplishing the objects of its existence. The counsellors having been sworn to "eternal secrecy as to anything which should be transacted at the board, and having likewise made oath to denounce any one of their number who should violate

the pledge," the court was considered as organized. Alva worked therein seven hours daily. It may be believed that the subordinates were not spared, and that their office proved no sinecure. Their labors, however, were not encumbered by antiquated forms. As this supreme and only tribunal for all the Netherlands had no commission or authority save the will of the Captain-General, so it was also thought a matter of supererogation to establish a set of rules and orders such as might be useful in less independent courts. The forms of proceeding were brief and artless. There was a rude organization by which a crowd of commissioners, acting as inferior officers of the council, were spread over the provinces, whose business was to collect information concerning all persons who might be incriminated for participation in the recent troubles. The greatest crime, however, was to be rich, and one which could be expiated by no virtues, however signal. Alva was bent upon proving himself as accomplished a financier as he was indisputably a consummate commander, and he had promised his master an annual income of 500,000 ducats from the confiscations which were to accompany the executions.

It was necessary that the blood torrent should flow at once through the Netherlands, in order that the promised golden river, a yard deep, according to his vaunt, should begin to irrigate the thirsty soil of Spain. It is obvious, from the fundamental laws which were made to define treason at the same moment in which they established the council, that any man might be at any instant summoned to the court. Every man, whether innocent or guilty, whether Papist or Protestant, felt his head shaking on his shoulders. If he were wealthy, there seemed no remedy but flight, which was now almost impossible, from the heavy penalties affixed by the new edict upon all carriers, shipmasters and wagoners who should aid in the escape of heretics.

A certain number of these commissioners were particularly instructed to collect information as to the treason of Orange, Louis Nassau, Brederode, Egmont, Horn, Culemberg, Vanden Berg, Bergen, and Montigny. Upon such information the proceedings against those distinguished seigniors were to be summarily instituted. Particular councillors of the Court of Blood were charged with the arrangement of these important suits, but the commissioners were to report in the first instance to the Duke himself, who afterwards returned the paper into the hands of his subordinates.

With regard to the inferior and miscellaneous cases which were daily brought in incredible profusion before the tribunal, the same preliminaries were observed, by way of aping the proceedings in courts of justice. Alva sent the cart-loads of information which were daily brought to him, but which neither he nor any other man had time to read, to be disposed of by the board of councillors. It was the duty of the different subalterns, who, as already stated, had no right of voting, to prepare reports upon the cases. Nothing could be more summary. Information was lodged against a man, or against a hundred men, in one document. The Duke sent the papers to the council, and the inferior councillors reported at once to Vargas. If the report concluded with a recommendation of death to the man, or the hundred men, in question, Vargas instantly approved it, and the execution was done upon the man, or the hundred men, within forty-eight hours. If the report *had any other conclusion*, it was immediately sent back for revision, and the reporters were overwhelmed with reproaches by the President.

Such being the method of operation, it may be supposed that the councillors were not allowed to slacken in their terrible industry. The register of every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Netherlands showed the daily lists of men, women, and children thus sacrificed at the shrine of the demon who had obtained the mastery over this unhappy land. It was not often that an individual was of sufficient importance to be tried — if trial it could be called — by himself. It was found more expeditious to send them in batches to the furnace. Thus, for example, on January 4th, eighty-four inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned; on another day, ninety-five miscellaneous individuals, from different places in Flanders; on another, forty-six inhabitants of Malines; on another, thirty-five persons from different localities; and so on.

The evening of Shrovetide, a favorite holiday in the Netherlands, afforded an occasion for arresting and carrying off a vast number of doomed individuals at a single swoop. It was correctly supposed that the burghers, filled with wine and wassail, to which perhaps the persecution under which they lived lent an additional and horrible stimulus, might be easily taken from their beds in great numbers, and be delivered over at once to the council. The plot was ingenious, the net was spread accordingly. Many of the doomed were, however,

luckily warned of the terrible termination which was impending over their festival, and bestowed themselves in safety for a season. A prize of about five hundred prisoners was all which rewarded the sagacity of the enterprise. It is needless to add that they were all immediately executed. It is a wearisome and odious task to ransack the mouldy records of three centuries ago, in order to reproduce the obscure names of the thousands who were thus sacrificed. The dead have buried their dead, and are forgotten. It is likewise hardly necessary to state that the proceedings before the council were all *ex parte*, and that an information was almost inevitably followed by a death-warrant. It sometimes happened even that the zeal of the councillors outstripped the industry of the commissioners. The sentences were occasionally in advance of the docket. Thus upon one occasion a man's case was called for trial, but before investigation was commenced it was discovered that he had been already executed. A cursory examination of the papers proved, moreover, as usual, that the culprit had committed no crime. "No matter for that," said Vargas, jocosely, "if he has died innocent, it will be all the better for him when he takes his trial in the other world."

But, however the councillors might indulge in these gentle jests among themselves, it was obvious that innocence was in reality impossible, according to the rules which had been laid down regarding treason. The practice was in accordance with the precept, and persons were daily executed with senseless pretexts, which was worse than executions with no pretexts at all. Thus Peter de Wit of Amsterdam was beheaded, because at one of the tumults in that city he had persuaded a rioter *not to fire* upon a magistrate. This was taken as sufficient proof that he was a man in authority among the rebels, and he was accordingly put to death. Madame Juriaen, who in 1566 had struck with her slipper a little wooden image of the Virgin, together with her maid-servant, who had witnessed without denouncing the crime, were both drowned by the hangman in a hogshead placed on the scaffold.

Death, even, did not in all cases place a criminal beyond the reach of the executioner. Egbert Meynartzoon, a man of high official rank, had been condemned, together with two colleagues, on an accusation of collecting money in a Lutheran church. He died in prison of dropsy. The sheriff was

indignant with the physician, because, in spite of cordials and strengthening prescriptions, the culprit had slipped through his fingers before he had felt those of the hangman. He consoled himself by placing the body on a chair, and having the dead man beheaded in company with his colleagues.

Thus the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the nation, within a few months after the arrival of Alva, seemed hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffolds, the gallows, the funeral piles, which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the incessant executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies.

Thus the Netherlands were crushed, and but for the stringency of the tyranny which had now closed their gates, would have been depopulated. The grass began to grow in the streets of those cities which had recently nourished so many artisans. In all those great manufacturing and industrial marts, where the tide of human life had throbbed so vigorously, there now reigned the silence and the darkness of midnight. It was at this time that the learned Viglius wrote to his friend Hopper, that all venerated the prudence and gentleness of the Duke of Alva. Such were among the first-fruits of that prudence and that gentleness.

The Duchess of Parma had been kept in a continued state of irritation. She had not ceased for many months to demand her release from the odious position of a cipher in a land where she had so lately been sovereign, and she had at last obtained it. Philip transmitted his acceptance of her resignation by the same courier who brought Alva's commis-

sion to be governor-general in her place. The letters to the Duchess were full of conventional compliments for her past services, accompanied, however, with a less barren and more acceptable acknowledgment, in the shape of a life income of 14,000 ducats instead of the 8000 hitherto enjoyed by her Highness.

In addition to this liberal allowance, of which she was never to be deprived, except upon receiving full payment of 140,000 ducats, she was presented with 25,000 florins by the estates of Brabant, and with 30,000 by those of Flanders.

With these substantial tokens of the success of her nine years' fatigue and intolerable anxiety, she at last took her departure from the Netherlands, having communicated the dissolution of her connection with the provinces by a farewell letter to the Estates dated December 9th, 1567. Within a few weeks afterwards, escorted by the Duke of Alva across the frontier of Brabant, attended by a considerable deputation of Flemish nobility into Germany, and accompanied to her journey's end at Parma by the Count and Countess of Mansfeld, she finally closed her eventful career in the Netherlands.

The horrors of the succeeding administration proved beneficial to her reputation. Upon the dark ground of succeeding years the lines which recorded her history seemed written with letters of light. Yet her conduct in the Netherlands offers but few points of approbation, and many for indignant censure. That she was not entirely destitute of feminine softness and sentiments of bounty, her parting despatch to her brother proved. In that letter she recommended to him a course of clemency and forgiveness, and reminded him that the nearer kings approach to God in station, the more they should endeavor to imitate Him in His attributes of benignity. But the language of this farewell was more tender than had been the spirit of her government. One looks in vain, too, through the general atmosphere of kindness which pervades the epistle, for a special recommendation of those distinguished and doomed seigniors, whose attachment to her person and whose chivalrous and conscientious endeavors to fulfil her own orders, had placed them upon the edge of that precipice from which they were shortly to be hurled. The men who had restrained her from covering herself with disgrace by a precipitate retreat from the post of danger, and who had imperilled their lives by obedience to her express

instructions, had been long languishing in solitary confinement, never to be terminated except by a traitor's death — yet we search in vain for a kind word in their behalf.

Meantime the second civil war in France had broken out. The hollow truce by which the Guise party and the Huguenots had partly pretended to deceive each other was hastened to its end, among other causes, by the march of Alva to the Netherlands. The Huguenots had taken alarm, for they recognized the fellowship which united their foes in all countries against the Reformation, and Condé and Coligny knew too well that the same influence which had brought Alva to Brussels would soon create an exterminating army against their followers. Hostilities were resumed with more bitterness than ever. The battle of St. Denis — fierce, fatal, but indecisive — was fought. The octogenarian hero, Montmorency, fighting like a foot soldier, refusing to yield his sword, and replying to the respectful solicitations of his nearest enemy by dashing his teeth down his throat with the butt-end of his pistol, the hero of so many battles, whose defeat at St. Quintin had been the fatal point in his career, had died at last in his armor, bravely but not gloriously, in conflict with his own countrymen, led by his own heroic nephew. The military control of the Catholic party was completely in the hand of the Guises; the Chancellor de l'Hôpital had abandoned the court after a last and futile effort to reconcile contending factions, which no human power could unite; the Huguenots had possessed themselves of Rochelle and of other strong places, and, under the guidance of adroit statesmen and accomplished generals, were pressing the Most Christian monarch hard in the very heart of his kingdom.

As early as the middle of October, while still in Antwerp, Alva had received several secret agents of the French monarch, then closely beleaguered in his capital. Cardinal Lorraine offered to place several strong places of France in the hands of the Spaniard, and Alva had written to Philip that he was disposed to accept the offer, and to render the service. The places thus held would be a guarantee for his expenses, he said, while in case King Charles and his brother should die, "their possession would enable Philip to assert his own claim to the French crown in right of his wife, the *Salic law being merely a pleasantry.*"

The Queen dowager, adopting now a very different tone from that which characterized her conversation at the Bayonne interview, wrote to Alva, that, if for want of 2000 Spanish mus-

keteers, which she requested him to furnish, she should be obliged to succumb, she chose to disculpate herself in advance before God and Christian princes for the peace which she should be obliged to make. The Duke wrote to her in reply, that it was much better to have a kingdom ruined in preserving it for God and the king by war, than to have it kept entire without war, to the profit of the devil and of his followers. He was also reported on another occasion to have reminded her of the Spanish proverb — that the head of one salmon is worth those of a hundred frogs. The hint, if it were really given, was certainly destined to be acted upon.

Meantime, Alva was not unmindful of the business which had served as a pretext in the arrest of the two Counts. The fortifications of the principal cities were pushed on with great rapidity. The memorable citadel of Antwerp in particular had already been commenced in October under the superintendence of the celebrated engineers, Pacheco and Gabriel de Cerbelloni. In a few months it was completed, at a cost of one million four hundred thousand florins, of which sum the citizens, in spite of their remonstrances, were compelled to contribute more than one quarter. The sum of four hundred thousand florins was forced from the burghers by a tax upon all hereditary property within the municipality. Two thousand workmen were employed daily in the construction of this important fortress, which was erected, as its position most plainly manifested, not to protect, but to control the commercial capital of the provinces. It stood at the edge of the city, only separated from its walls by an open esplanade. It was the most perfect pentagon in Europe, having one of its sides resting on the Scheld, two turned towards the city, and two towards the open country. Five bastions, with walls of hammered stone, connected by curtains of turf and masonry, surrounded by walls measuring a league in circumference, and by an outer moat fed by the Scheld, enclosed a spacious enceinte, where a little church, with many small lodging-houses, shaded by trees and shrubbery, nestled among the bristling artillery, as if to mimic the appearance of a peaceful and pastoral village. To four of the five bastions, the Captain-General, with characteristic ostentation, gave his own names and titles. One was called the Duke, the second Ferdinando, a third Toledo, a fourth Alva, while the fifth was baptized with the name of the ill-fated engineer, Pacheco. The water-gate was decorated with the escutcheon of Alva, surrounded by his Golden Fleece

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

July 10, 1584

(*From a rare Print of that time*)

collar, with its pendent lamb of God; a symbol of blasphemous irony, which still remains upon the fortress, to recall the image of the tyrant and murderer. Each bastion was honeycombed with casemates and subterranean storehouses, and capable of containing within its bowels a vast supply of provisions, munitions, and soldiers. Such was the celebrated citadel built to tame the turbulent spirit of Antwerp, at the cost of those whom it was to terrify and to insult.

Assassination of William of Orange.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, entered his dining-room. . . .

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground-floor, opened into a little square vestibule which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the court-yard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half way up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

ELLEN LOUISE (CHANDLER) MOULTON.

Moulton, Ellen Louise (Chandler), an American novelist and poet; born at Pomfret, Conn., April 10, 1835. At fifteen she began to contribute to periodicals, under the name of "Ellen Louise." In 1855 she published "This, That, and the Other," a volume made of stories, essays, and poems. She has contributed largely, in prose and verse, to various periodicals. Her books are "Juno Clifford," a novel (1855); "My Third Book" (1859); "Bed-Time Stories" (1873); "Some Women's Hearts" (1874); "More Bed-Time Stories" (1875); "Poems" (1877); "Swallow Flights and Other Poems" (1878); "New Bed-Time Stories" (1880); "Random Rambles" (1881); "Firelight Stories" (1883); "Ourselves and Our Neighbors" (1887); "In the Garden of Dreams" (1890); "Stories Told at Twilight" (1890); "Swallow Flights" (1892); "In Childhood's Country" (1896); "Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere" (1896).

Has Lavish Summer Brought the Rose?

Has lavish Summer brought the Rose?
  Why did my heart not know,
When every lavish wind that blows
  Made haste to tell me so?

And all the birds went mad with glee,
  And sang from morn till night:
And then the stars came out to see
  What made the world so bright?

But I missed something from the time,
  And so I did not guess
The meaning of the summer's rhyme
  Or the warm wind's caress.

Can gladness be where She is not?
  Can roses bud and blow?
Does all the world but me forget
  What now we must forego?

I care not for the day's kind grace —
The magic of the night —
Since with them comes no more the face
That was the June's delight.

Come, Sleep!

Come, Sleep, and kiss mine eyelids down —
Let me forget
Hope's treachery, and Fortune's frown,
And Life's vain fret.

And would you hold me fast, dear Sleep,
I need not wake,
Since they are dead who used to weep
For my poor sake.

At Rest.

Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky —
The proud procession of the stars go by —
The white moon sway the sea, and woo the shore —
The morning lark to the far Heaven soar —
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh —
The summer roses bud and bloom and die —
Will Life and Life's delight for me be o'er?

Nay! I shall be, in my low, silent home,
Of all Earth's gracious ministries aware —
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloam,
Yet done with striving, and foreclosed of care —
"At Rest, at Rest!" — what better thing to say?

When We Confront the Vastness of the Night.

When we confront the vastness of the Night,
And meet the gaze of her eternal eyes,
How trivial seem the garnered gains we prize;
The laurel wreath we flaunt to envious sight;
The flower of Love we pluck for our delight;
The mad sweet music of the heart that cries
An instant on the listening air, then dies —
How short the day of all things dear and bright!

The Everlasting mocks our transient strife;
The pageant of the Universe whirls by
This little sphere with petty turmoil rife —
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a sigh —
This brief delusion that we call our life,
Where all we can accomplish is to die.

Were but my Spirit Loosed upon the Air.

Were but my spirit loosed upon the air —
By some High Power that could Life's chain unbind
Set free to seek what most it longs to find —
To no proud court of kings would I repair;
I would but climb once more a narrow stair
When day was wearing late, and dusk was kind,
And one should greet me to my failings blind,
Content so I but shared his twilight there.

Nay, well I know he waits not as of old —
I could not find him in the old-time place —
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
Through worlds unknown, in far celestial race,
Whose mystic round no traveller has told —
From star to star — until I see his face.

When I Wander Away with Death.

This life is a fleeting breath,
And whither and how shall I go
When I wander away with Death
By a path that I do not know?

Shall I find the throne of the Moon,
And kneel with her lovers there,
To pray for a cold sweet boon
From her beauty cold and fair?

Or shall I make haste to the Sun,
And warm at his passionate fire
My heart by sorrow undone,
And sick with a vain desire?

Shall I steal into Twilight-Land,
When the Sun and the Moon are low,
And hark to the furtive band
Of the winds that whispering go —

Telling and telling again,
And crooning with scornful mirth
The secrets of women and men
They overheard on the Earth ?

Will the dead birds sing once more;
And the nightingale's note be sad
With the passion and longing of yore,
And the thrushes with joy go mad ?

Nay, what though they carol again,
And the flowers spring to life at my feet,
Can they heal the sting of my pain,
Or quicken a dead heart's beat ?

What care I for Moon or for stars,
Or the Sun on his royal way —
Only somewhere beyond Earth's bars
Let me find Love's long-lost day.

Lazy Tours.[1]

A LAZY TOUR IN SPAIN.

The only bit of real estate I ever owned was "a Castle in Spain." I have long been familiar with its aspect. I have seen its shining turrets in the crimson of sunset skies. I have heard faint music, on winds blowing from the East, which I felt sure was caught from harps in its high windows; and mysterious scents have reached me now and then, wafted, doubtless, from its far-off gardens.

From my childhood I had longed to visit my Spanish estates as pertinaciously as Columbus longed to set forth from those shores of Spain to discover this far-off new world in which I thus discontentedly abode. But tales of expense, difficulty, and danger have been rife about the pleasant paths of Spain.

"You will find it such a fatiguing journey," said one. "The hotels are poor, the railway trains crawl, and you 'll be poisoned with garlic."

"And you 'll not be free from danger," said another. "Bandits have been banished from the rest of the civilized world to

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Roberts Brothers. Used by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

survive in Spain. They may take possession of your train any fine day. You 'll still find the 'robber purse,' which Washington Irving speaks of, a neeessary preeaution."

"And then the expense," croaked a third. "You can't go without a eourier, and he 'll pillage you right and left."

"And then you 'll never find your eastle, you know." But it was only Mrs. Gradgrind who said that; and I did not mind Mrs. Gradgrind.

Suddenly, in Paris, I made up my mind to go. Four other rash ladies eame to the same resolution; and we looked about for a eourier. We ehose him at last for his pious faee. He was the Viear of Wakefield, in German, — at least, that is how he impressed me; but the Wise Woman of our party said he was a Sunday-sehool superintendent off home duty, and disposed to treat us with a sort of paternal eare, as if we had been the lambs of his flock.

It was a frowning Oetober morning when we left Paris, and by the time we got to Tours it rained most spitefully. We defied the rain, however, and drove about the town, and back and forth across the beautiful river, which flows through Tours as the Arno flows through Florenee. We went to the eathedral, and lingered under the great tent-like eedar of Lebanon in the Arehbishop's garden, and then drove out through the sullen rain to that Plessis la Tour which the readers of "Quentin Durward" know.

The next day it rained still, and it rained all day long, while on we journeyed. We drove through a pouring rain at night to our hotel in Bordeaux, and started away from it the next morning in the same eheerful eondition of the weather. But the sky had eleared before we got to Biarritz; and after that the sun shone on us for seven weeks to eome, with only one brief and appropriate interruption.

Biarritz the beautiful! No wonder the Empress Eugenie built her villa there in the days of her glory. Part of that villa is a restaurant now, and looks like "a banquet hall deserted," — or it did in the late Oetober when the Biarritz season was eoming to an end; but there is hardly a more superb view in Europe than ean be seen from its windows. Biarritz, like Tours, is a plaee to go baek to; but we had little time to linger there. Were we not *en route* for Spain, the country of beauty and of bandits, of love and of fear?

Whatever fault may be found with Madrid as to its situa-

tion, it must be eoneeded that it has one of the finest pieture galleries in the world. One of the finest, did I say? I pause to ask myself if I ever reeeived as mueh pleasure from any other. It should have volumes written about it instead of a mere brief mention in the uneritieal diary of a lazy tourist. Here Titian and Coello and Velasquez have handed down to us sueh living portraits of the Spanish sovereigns of the House of Austria that we know them all by heart, beginning with Charles V. and his dog. To have lived in this world and to die without having ever seen the pietures of Velasquez, — that, truly, were an evil fate. You ean see Raphael, Titian, and even Murillo to exeellent advantage in many other galleries; but here in this Museo at Madrid is almost the entire work of Velasquez.

What is the sombre, splendid eharm of this wonderful Andalusian? Partly, I think, that he dared to tell the truth as no other man has told it before or sinee. What other painter of royal portraits ever made them as revealing as the Day of Judgment? Here they are, these kings and queens, weak when they were weak, sensual when they were sensual; so human that you almost see the blood throb in their veins. These buffoons are the eourt fools of all time: this Æsop, — what is there in his faee, with its sensitive humility, its innoeent shrewdness, its pathetie patienee, that I eannot look at it exeept through a mist? I do not like Velasquez in the few instanees when he paints religious subjeets. He was a realist, not an idealist; and he should have left the holy people to Murillo, who has so depieted the girlish sweetness of her whom the Spirit of God overshadowed that it is no wonder Spain gave him the name of the Painter of Coneeptions.

I knew little of Goya until I found him in this gallery. He was the painter of bull-fights, and peasants, and Spanish ladies who flirted behind their fans, — a fiery Aragonese, whose delight in bull-fights was so great that, during the latest years of his life, while residing at Bordeaux, he would go onee a week to Madrid to see a bull-fight, and return without stopping even to salute his old friends.

What is this eruel, faseinating sport, that it ean have taken sueh a hold on the Spanish people, we asked ourselves; and then we began to say diffidently to eaeh other that, being here, perhaps it would be well to see it for ourselves. The Wise Woman had protested against it with sueh lofty seorn that, for dear eonsisteney's sake, as I think, she stayed at home; but

the rest of us went, and with us our Vicar of Wakefield with his bland and patriarchal smile.

The amphitheatre is an immense place, round like the Roman Colosseum, and the ring is surrounded by "terraced granite," and crowned with galleries. Six bulls were doomed to die for our entertainment, but I only out-stayed the taking off of three of them. It was the last grand bull-fight of the season, and the audience was a brilliant one. The young king and queen looked down from their box of state; old Isabella was there with her daughters; and adjacent boxes were occupied by lords and ladies of high degree.

The first bull was very meek. His sole desire seemed to be to be let alone. The picadores, or mounted spearsmen, pricked him with their lances, and he looked at them with an injured air, as if he would fain have said: "How can you? I am a well-intentioned bull, and I deserve nothing of this sort." One was divided between disgust at his want of spirit and indignation that a creature so harmless and kindly should be foredoomed to death. He waked up slightly when the banderilleros came in with their darts and their gay cloaks; but, all through, one felt that he was being butchered to make a Spanish holiday, without at all taking his own part; and even the matador, whose office it was to give him his death-wound, performed at his task a little scornfully, as if it were hardly worth the trouble.

The second bull was a different fellow altogether. As a young American on my left expressed it, he was "all there." He had a sullen, determined, desperate nature. He gored two horses to death, literally in an instant, just uplifting them and running them through with his mighty horns. He made sullen plunges at the banderilleros, and he pushed the great matador himself to the end of his resources; but at last he lay there dead, and the team of mules dragged him out of the arena. He was as black as an undertaker's horse; and he had been solemn and indignant and scornfully defiant all the way through.

The third bull was a little red one, as fiery and aggressive a creature as can possibly be imagined. He did not chance to hurt the horses, but he made swift plunges at the cloaked banderilleros, which it took all their skill to escape; and once he even leaped the barrier, and caused a precious consternation among the audience for a moment. This brilliant creature

made hot work for the banderilleros, and held even the matador for a long time at bay; but at last he gamely died, and the black mules dragged him away, as they had done his brothers before him.

By this time I thought I knew enough about bull-fights, and I left the king and queen and their court to behold the other three combats without me, and went away to walk on the prado and reflect. My sympathies were all with the bulls. They were the only creatures who had no least show of fair play. They alone were doomed with absolute certainty from the start. Even the horses might escape; and at worst their torture was but for a moment. The men were only in just enough danger to make the thing exciting, and there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that they would come off scathless; but the bull, let him bear himself never so bravely, was to be made an end of.

There was one feature of the spectacle that was so picturesque that, at the risk of being called inhuman, I must own to enjoying it. When the banderilleros came in with their gay cloaks and their darts, it was a pretty sight to see their encounter with the bull. They would give him a little prick, just enough to attract his attention, and he would turn to attack them. One second they were there, behind their satin cloaks, and the next they were safely over the barrier, and their enemy, making his plunge against them, found nothing. And then, if you had seen his contempt for such artful dodging! "Surely," he said to himself, "this butterfly-looking creature, all green and gold, *was* here, and where *is* he?" And then he would look round, and see another gorgeous mantle, and make another vain spring against the empty air. There is no denying that the grace and agility of these men was a pretty sight. Their figures were faultless. Their dazzling costumes glittered in the sun; and their movements were grace itself. I kept thinking of a line of Harriet Spofford's, —

"Ye riders bronze your airy motion,"

and I thought if but these motions could be bronzed, we should have such a group of statues as the world has not yet seen.

LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

Mühlbach, Louise, pseudonym of Clara (Müller) Mundt, a German novelist; born at Neubrandenburg, January 2, 1814; died in Berlin, September 26, 1873. She was the daughter of the Oberbürghermaster of Neubrandenburg. While in Italy, in 1836, she met Theodore Mundt, to whom she was married in 1838. They lived in Berlin until he was appointed professor in the University of Breslau. Mundt died in Berlin in 1861, and from that time until her death his wife resided there. Her numerous books were of three classes: romantic stories, holding moral or social themes, stories of every day life, and historical novels. They became very popular and were translated into several languages. Among them are "First and Last Love" (1838); "Voyage Birds" (1840); "Fortune and Money" (1842); "Gisela" (1843); "Eva" (1844); "Sketches of Travel" (1846); "Court Histories" (1847); "Aphra Behn" (1849); "Berlin and Sans Souci," "The Nursling of Society" (1850); "Frederick the Great and his Court" (1853); "Joseph II. and his Court" (1858); "Queen Hortense," "Andreas Hofer," "Old Fritz and the New Era," "The Empress Josephine," "Napoleon and Blücher" (1858–59): "Two Paths," "Archduke Johann and His Times" (1860–62); "Letters from Switzerland," "Louisa of Prussia and Her Times," "Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr" (1864); "Germany in Storm and Stress" (1867); "From Solferino to Königgrätz" (1869–70); "Letters from Egypt" (1871); and "From Königgrätz to Chiselhurst" (1873).

The Plan of Escape.

(From "Marie Antoinette and Her Son.")

During the whole evening Mistress Tison did not leave her place behind the glass door for a moment, and at each stolen glance which the queen cast thither she always encountered the malicious, glaring eyes of the keeper, directed at her with an impudent coolness.

At last came the hour of going to bed — the hour to which the queen looked impatiently forward. At night she was at least alone and unguarded. After the death of the king, it had

been found superfluous to trouble the officials with the wearisome night-watches, and they were satisfied, after darkness had set in and the candles were lighted, with locking the three doors which led to the inner rooms.

Did Marie Antoinette weep and moan at night, did she talk with her sister, did she walk disconsolately up and down her room? — the republic granted her the privilege. She could, during the night at least, have a few hours of freedom and of solitude.

But during the night Marie Antoinette did not weep or moan; this night her thoughts were not directed to the sad past, but to the future; for the first ray of hope which had fallen upon her path for a long time now encountered her.

"To escape, to be free!" she said, and the shadow of a smile flitted over her face. "Can you believe it? Do you consider it possible, sister?"

"I should like to believe it," whispered Elizabeth, "but there is something in my heart that reminds me of Varennes, and I only pray to God that He would give us strength to bear all the ills they inflict upon us. We must, above all things, keep our calmness and steadfastness, and be prepared for the worst as well as the best."

"Yes, you are right, we must do that," said Marie Antoinette, collecting herself. "When one has suffered as we have, it is almost more difficult to hope for good fortune than to prepare for new terrors. I will compel myself to be calm. I will read Toulan's plan once more, and will impress it word for word upon my memory, so as to burn the dangerous sheet as soon as possible."

"And while you are doing that I will unwind the ball that Toulan brought us, and which certainly contains something heavy," said the princess.

"What a grand, noble heart! what a lofty character has our friend Toulan!" whispered the queen. "His courage is inexhaustible, his fidelity is invincible, and he is entirely unselfish. How often have I implored him to express one wish to me that I might gratify, or allow me to give him a draft of some amount! He is not to be shaken — he wants nothing, he will take nothing. Ah, Elizabeth, he is the first friend, of all who ever drew toward me, who made no claims and was contented with a kind word. When I implored him yesterday to tell me in what way I could do him a service, he said: 'If you want to make me happy,

regard me always as your most devoted and faithful servant, and give me a name that you give to no one besides. Call me Fidèle, and if you want to give me another remembrancer than that which will always live in my heart, present me, as the highest token of your favor, with the little gold smelling-bottle which I saw you use in the Logograph box on that dreadful day.' I gave him the trinket at once. He kneeled down in order to receive it, and when he kissed my hand his hot tears fell upon it. Ah, Elizabeth, no one of those to whom in the days of our happiness I gave jewels, and to whom I gave hundreds of thousands, cherished for me so warm thanks as Toulan — no, as Fidèle — for the poor, insignificant little remembrancer."

"God is good and great," said the princess, who, while the the queen was speaking, was busily engaged in unwinding the thread; "in order that we might not lose faith in humanity and confidence in man, He sent us in His mercy this noble, true-hearted one, whose devotion, disinterestedness, and fidelity were to be our compensation for all the sad and heart-rending experiences which we have endured. And, therefore, for the sake of this one noble man let us pardon the many from whom we have received only injury; for it says in the Bible that, for the sake of one righteous man, many sinners shall be forgiven, and Toulan is a righteous man."

"Yes, he is a righteous man, blessings on him!" whispered the queen. Then she took the paper in her hand, and began to read the contents softly, repeating every sentence to herself, and imprinting every one of those hope-bringing words upon her memory; and while she read, her poor, crushed heart gradually began to beat with firmer confidence, and to embrace the possibility of realizing the plan of Toulan and finding freedom in flight.

During this time Princess Elizabeth had unwound the thread of the ball, and brought to light a little packet enveloped in paper.

"Take it, my dear Antoinette," she said, "it is addressed to you."

Marie Antoinette took it and carefully unfolded the paper. Then she uttered a low, carefully-suppressed cry, and, sinking upon her knees, pressed it with its contents to her lips.

"What is it, sister?" cried the princess, hurrying to her. "What does Toulan demand?"

The queen gave the paper to the princess. "Read," she said — "read it, sister."

Elizabeth read: "Your majesty wishes to possess the relics which King Louis left to you. They consist of the wedding-ring of his majesty, his little seal, and the hair which the king himself cut off. These three things lay on the chimney piece in the closed sitting-room of the king. The supervisor of the Temple took them from Clery's hand, to whom the king gave them, and put them under seal. I have succeeded in getting into the sitting-room; I have opened the sealed packet, taken out the sacred relics, put articles of similar character in their place, and sealed it up again. With this letter are the relics which belong to your majesty, and I swear by all that is sacred and dear to me — I swear by the head of my queen,— that they are the true articles which the blessed martyr, King Louis XVI., conveyed to his wife in his testament. I have stolen them for the exalted heir of the crown, and I shall one day glory in the theft before the throne of God."

"See, Elizabeth," said the queen, unfolding the little things, each one of which was carefully wrapped in paper — "see, there is his wedding-ring. There on the inside are the four letters, 'M. A. A. A., 19th April, 1770.' The day of our marriage! — a day of joy for Austria as well as for France! Then — but I will not think of it. Let me look further. Here is the seal! The cornelian engraved on two sides. Here on one side the French arms; as you turn the stone, the portrait of our son the Dauphin of France, with his helmet on his head. Oh! my son, my poor dear child, will your loved head ever bear any other ornament than a martyr's crown; will God grant you to wear the helmet of the warrior, and to battle for your rights and your throne? How pleased my husband was when on his birthday I brought him this seal! how tenderly his looks rested upon the portrait of his son, his successor! and now — oh, now! King Louis XVI. cruelly, shamefully murdered, and he who ought to be the King of France, Louis XVII., is nothing but a poor imprisoned child — a king without a crown, without hope, without a future!"

"No, no, Antoinette," whispered Elizabeth, who had kneeled before the queen and had tenderly put her arms around her — "no, Antoinette, do not say that your son has no hope and no future. Build upon God, hope that the undertaking which we are to-morrow to execute will lead to a fortunate result, that we shall flee from here, that we shall be free, that we shall be able to reach England. Oh, yes, let us hope that Toulan's fine and

bold plan will succeed, and then it may one day be that the son of my dear brother, grown to be a young man, may put the helmet on his head, gird himself with the sword, reconquer the throne of his fathers, and take possession of it as King Louis XVII. Therefore let us hope, sister."

"Yes, therefore let us hope," whispered the queen, drying her tears. "And here at last," she continued, opening the remaining paper, "here is the third relic, the hair of the king! — the only thing which is left us of the martyr king, the unfortunate husband of an unfortunate wife, the pitiable king of a most pitiable people! Oh, my king! they have laid your poor head that bore this white hair — they have laid it upon the scaffold, and the axe, the dreadful axe — "

The queen uttered a loud shriek of horror, sprang up, and raised both her hands in conjuration to Heaven, while a curse just trembled on her lips. But Princess Elizabeth threw herself into her arms, and pressed on the cold, quivering lips of the queen a long, fervent kiss.

"For God's sake, sister," she whispered, "speak softly. If Tison heard your cry, we are lost. Hush! it seems to me I hear steps; hide the things. Let us hurry into bed. Oh, for God's sake, quick!"

She huddled the papers together, and put them hastily into her bosom, while Marie Antoinette, gathering up the relics, dashed into her bed.

"She is coming," whispered Elizabeth, as she slipped into her bed. "We must pretend to be asleep."

And in fact Princess Elizabeth was right. The glass-door, which led from the sleeping-room of the children to the little corridor, and from there to the chamber of Mistress Tison, was slowly and cautiously opened, and she came with a lamp in her hand into the children's room. She stood near the door, listening and spying around. In the beds of the children she could hear the long-drawn, calm breathing, which indicated peaceful slumbers; and in the open, adjoining apartment, in which the two ladies slept, nothing was stirring.

"But I did hear a sound plainly," muttered Tison. "I was awakened by a loud cry, and when I sat up in bed I heard people talking."

She stole to the beds of the children, and let the light fall upon their faces. "They are sleeping soundly enough," she muttered, "they have not cried or spoken, but we will see

how it is in the other room." Slowly, with the lamp in her hand, she crept into the neighboring apartment. The two ladies lay motionless upon their beds, closing their eyes quickly when Mistress Tison crossed the threshold, and praying to God for courage and steadfastness.

Tison went first went to the bed of Princess Elizabeth and let the lamp fall full upon her face. The glare seemed to awaken her. "What is it?" she cried, "what has happened? sister, what has happened? where are you, Marie Antoinette?"

"Here, here I am, Elizabeth," cried the queen, rising suddenly up in bed, as if awakened. "Why do you call me, and who is here?"

"It is I," muttered Tison, angrily. "That is the way if one has a bad conscience! One is startled then with the slightest sound."

"We have no bad conscience," said Elizabeth, gently, "but you know that if we are awakened from sleep we cry out easily, and we might be thinking that some one was waking us to bring us happy tidings."

"I hope so," cried Tison with a scornful laugh, "happy news for you! that means unhappy and sad news for France and for the French people. No, thank God! I did not waken you to bring you any good news."

"Well," said the queen, gently, "tell us why you have wakened us and what you have to communicate to us."

"I have nothing at all to communicate to you," growled Tison, "and you know best whether I woke you or you were already awake, talking and crying aloud. Hist! it is not at all necessary that you answer; I know well enough that you are capable of lying. I tell you my ears are open and my eyes too. I let nothing escape me; you have talked and you have cried aloud, and if it occurs again I shall report it to the supervisor and have a watch put here in the night again, that the rest of us may have a little quiet in the night-time, and not have to sleep like the hares, with our eyes open."

"But," said the princess gently, "but dear woman —"

"Hush!" interrupted Tison, commandingly, "I am not your 'dear woman,' I am the wife of Citizen Tison, and I want none of your confidence, for confidence from such persons as you are might easily bring me to the scaffold."

She now passed through the whole room with her slow, stealthy tread, let the light fall upon every article of furniture

and the floor, examined all the objects that lay upon the table, and then, after, one last threatening look at the beds of the two ladies, went slowly out. She stopped again at the cribs of the children, and looked at them with a touch of gentleness. "How quietly they sleep!" she whispered. "They lie there exactly as they lay before. One would think they were smiling in their sleep — I suppose they are playing with angels. I should like to know how angels come into this old, horrid Temple, and what Simon's wife would say if she knew they came in here at night without her permission. See, see," she continued, "the boy is laughing again, and spreading out his hands, as if he wanted to catch the angels. Ah! I should like to know if my dear little Solange is sleeping as soundly as these children, and whether she smiles in her sleep and plays with angels; I should like to know if she dreams of her parents, my dear little Solange, and whether she sometimes sees her poor mother, who loves her so and yearns toward her so tenderly that —"

She could not go on; tears extinguished her utterance, and she hastened out, to silence her longings on the pillow of her bed.

The ladies listened a long time in perfect silence; then, when everything was still again, they raised themselves up softly, and began to talk to each other in the faintest of whispers, and to make their final preparations for the flight of the morrow. They rose and drew from the various hiding-places the garments which they were to use, placed the various suits together, and then tried to put them on. A fearful, awful picture, such as a painter of hell, such as Breugel could not surpass in horror! — a queen and a princess, two tender, pale, harmless women, busied, deep in the night, as if dressing for a masquerade, in transforming themselves into those very officials who had led the king to the scaffold, and who, with their pitiless iron hands, were detaining the royal family in prison!

There they stood, a queen, a princess, clad in the coarse threadbare garments of republican officials, the tri-colored sashes of the "one indivisible republic" around their bodies, their heads covered with the three-cornered hats, on which the tri-colored cockade glittered. They stood and viewed each other with sad looks and heavy sighs. Ah, what bright, joyous laughter would have sprung from the lips of the queen in the days of her happiness, if she had wanted to hide her beauty in such attire for some pleasant masquerade at Trianon! What charming sport it would have been then and there! How would her friends and

courtiers have laughed! How they would have admired the queen in her original costume, which might well have been thought to belong to the realm of dreams and fantasies! A tri-colored cockade — a figment of the brain — a tri-colored sash — a merry dream! The lilies rule over France, and will rule forever!

No laughter resounded in the desolate room, scantily lighted with the dim taper — no laughter as the queen and the princess put on their strange, fearful attire. It was no masquerade, but a dreadful, horrible reality; and as they looked at each other, wearing the costume of revolutionists, tears started from the eyes of the queen; the princess folded her hands and prayed; and she too could not keep back the drops that slowly coursed over her cheeks.

The lilies of France are faded and torn from the ground! From the palace of the Tuileries waved the tri-color of the republic, and in the palace of the former Knights Templars is a pale, sad woman, with gray hair and sunken eyes, a broken heart, and a bowed form. This pale, sad shadow of the past is Marie Antoinette, once the Queen of France, the renowned beauty, the first woman in a great kingdom, now the widow of an executed man, she herself probably with one foot —

No, no, she will be saved! God has sent her a deliverer, a friend, and this friend, this helper in her need, has made everything ready for her flight.

The Separation.

(From "Marie Antoinette and Her Son.")

Slowly and heavily the hours of the next day rolled on. Where was Toulan? Why did he not come? The queen waited for him the whole of that long, dreadful day in feverish expectation. She listened to every sound, to every approaching step, to every voice that echoed in the corridor. At noon Toulan had purposed to come to take his post as guard. At six, when the time of lighting the lamps should arrive, the disguises were to be put on. At seven the carefully and skilfully planned flight was to be made.

The clock in the tower of the Temple had already struck four. Toulan had not yet come, and the guards of the day had not yet been relieved. They had had a little leisure at noon for dinner, and during the interim Simon and Tison were on guard and had kept the queen on the rack with their mockery and their abusive words. In order to avoid the language and the looks of

these men, she had fled into the children's room, to whom the princess, in her trustful calmness and unshaken equanimity, was assigning their lessons. Marie Antoinette wanted to find protection here from the dreadful anxiety that tortured her, as well as from the ribald jests and scurrility of her keepers. But Mistress Tison was there, standing near the glass window, gazing in with a malicious grin, and working in her wonted, quick way upon the long stocking, and knitting, knitting, so that you could hear the needles click together.

The queen could not give way to a word or look. That would have created suspicion, and would, perhaps, have caused an examination to be made. She had to bear all in silence, she had to appear indifferent and calm; she had to give pleasant answers to the dauphin's innocent questions, and even compel a smile to her lips when the child, reading in her looks, by the instinct of love, her great excitement, tried to cheer her up with pleasant words.

It struck five, and still Toulan did not come. A chill crept over her heart, and in the horror which filled her she first became conscious how much love of life still survived in her, and how intensely she had hoped to find a possibility of escape.

Only one last hour of hope left! If it should strike six, and he should not come, all would be lost! The doors of her prison would be closed forever — never opening again excepting to allow Marie Antoinette to pass to the guillotine.

Mistress Tison had gone, and her cold, mocking face was no longer visible behind the glass door. The guards in the anteroom had also gone, and had closed the doors behind them. The queen was, therefore, safe from being watched at least! She could fall upon her knees, she could raise her hands to God and wrestle with Him in speechless prayer for pity and deliverance. She could call her children to herself, and press them to her heart, and whisper to them that they must be composed if they should see something strange, and not wonder if they should have to put on clothing that they were not accustomed to.

"Mamma," asked the dauphin, in a whisper, "are we going to Varennes again?"

The queen shuddered in her inmost soul at this question, and hid her quivering face on the faithful breast of the princess.

"Oh, sister, I am suffocating with anxiety," she said. "I feel that this hour is to decide the lives of us all, and it seems to me as if Death were already stretching out his cold hand toward

me. We are lost, and my son, my unhappy son, will never wear any other than the martyr's crown, and — "

The queen was silent, for just then the tower-clock began to strike, slowly, peacefully, the hour of six! The critical moment! The lamplight must come now! If it were Toulan, they might be saved. Some unforeseen occurrence might have prevented his coming before; he might have borrowed the suit of the bribed lamplighter in order to come to them. There was hope still — one last, pale ray of hope!

Steps upon the corridor! Voices that are audible!

The queen, breathless, with both hands laid upon her heart, which was one instant still, and then beat with redoubled rapidity, listened with strained attention to the opening of the door of the anteroom. Princess Elizabeth approached her, and laid her hand on the queen's shoulder. The two children, terrified by some cause which they could not comprehend, clung to the hand and the body of their mother, and gazed anxiously at the door.

The steps came nearer, the voices became louder. The door of the anteroom is opened — and there is the lamplighter. But it is not Toulan — no, not Toulan! It is the man who comes every day, and the two children are with him as usual.

A heavy sigh escaped from the lips of the queen, and, throwher arms around the dauphin with a convulsive motion, she murmured: —

"My son, oh, my dear son! May God take my life if He will but spare thine!"

Where was Toulan? Where had he been all this dreadful day? Where was Fidèle the brave, the indefatigable?

On the morning of the day appointed for the flight, he left his house, taking a solemn leave of his Marguerite. At this parting hour he told her for the first time that he was going to enter upon the great and exalted undertaking of freeing the queen and her children, or of dying for them. His true, brave young wife had suppressed her tears and her sighs to give him her blessing, and to tell him that she would pray for him, and that if he should perish in the service of the queen, she would die too, in order to be united with him above.

Toulan kissed the beaming eyes of his Marguerite with deep feeling, thanked her for her true-hearted resignation, and told her that he never loved her so much as in this hour when he was leaving her to meet his death, it might be, in the service of another lady.

"At this hour of parting," he said, "I will give you the dearest and most sacred thing that I possess. Take this little gold smelling-bottle. The queen gave it to me, and upon the bit of paper that lies within it Marie Antoinette wrote with her own hand, 'Remembrancer for Fidèle.' Fidèle is the title of honor which my queen has given me for the little service which I have been able to do for her. I leave this little gift for you as that which, next to your love, is the most sacred and precious thing to me on earth. If I die, preserve it for our son, and give it to him on the day when he reaches his majority. Tell him of the time when I made this bequest to him, in the hope that he would make himself worthy of it, and live and die as a brave son of his country, a faithful subject and servant of his king, who, God willing, will be the son of Marie Antoinette. Tell him of his father; say to him that I dearly loved you and him, but that I had devoted my life to the service of the queen, and that I gave it freely and gladly, in conformity with my oath. I have not told you about these things before, dear Marguerite — not because I doubted your fidelity, but because I did not want you to have to bear the dreadful burden of expectation, and because I did not want to trouble your noble soul with these things. And now I only tell you this much: I am going away to try to save the queen. If I succeed, I shall come back for a moment this evening at ten o'clock. If I remain away, if you hear nothing from me during the whole night, then —"

"Then what?" asked Marguerite, throwing her arms around him, and looking into his face anxiously. "Say, what then?"

"Then I shall have died," he said, softly, "and our child will be an orphan! Do not weep, Marguerite! Be strong and brave, show a cheerful face to our neighbors, our friends, and the spies! But observe every thing! Listen to every thing! Keep the outer door open all the time, that I may be able to slip in at any moment. Have the little secret door in my room open too, and the passage-way down into the cellar always free, that I may slip down there if need be. Be ready to receive me at any time, to hide me, and, it may possibly be, others who may come with me!"

"I shall expect you day and night," she whispered, "so long as I live!"

"And now, Marguerite," he said, pressing her tenderly to his heart, "one last kiss! Let me kiss your eyes, your beautiful dear eyes, which have always glanced with looks of love, and which have always given me new inspiration. Farewell, my dear wife, and God bless you for your love and fidelity!"

"Do not go, my precious one! Come once more to the cradle of our boy and give him a parting kiss!"

"No, Marguerite, that would unman me, and to-day I must be strong and master of myself. Farewell, I am going to the Temple!"

And, without looking at his wife again, he hurried out into the street, and turned his steps toward his destination. But just as he was turning the very next corner Lepitre met him, pale, and displaying great excitement in his face.

"Thank God!" he said, "thank God that I have found you. I wanted to hasten to you. We must flee directly — all is discovered. Immediate flight alone can save us!"

"What is discovered?" asked Toulan. "Speak, Lepitre, what is discovered?"

"For God's sake, let us not be standing here on the streets!" ejaculated Lepitre. "They have certainly sent out the constables to arrest us. Let us go into this house here; it contains a passage through to the next street. Now, listen! We are reported. Simon's wife has carried our names to the Committee of Public Safety as suspicious persons. Tison's wife has given out that the queen and her sister-in-law have won us both over, and that through our means she is kept informed about every thing that happens. The carpet-manufacturer, Arnault, has just been publicly denouncing us both, saying that Simon's wife has reported to him that we both have conducted conversation with the prisoners in low tones of voice, and have thereby been the means of conveying some kind of cheering information to the queen. On that, our names were stricken from the list of official guards at the Temple, and we are excluded from the new ward committee that is forming to-day."

"And is that all?" asked Toulan, calmly. "Is that all the bad news that you bring? Then the projected flight is not discovered, is it? Nothing positive is known against us? Nothing more is known than the silly and unfounded denunciations of two old women?"

"For God's sake, do not use such idle words as these!" replied Lepitre. "We are suspected, our names are stricken from the ward list. Is not that itself a charge against us? And are not those who come under suspicion always condemned? Do not laugh, Toulan, and shake your head! Believe me, we are lost if we do not flee; if we do not leave Paris on the spot and conceal ourselves somewhere. I am firmly resolved on this, and in

an hour I shall have started, disguised as a *sans-culotte.* Follow my example, my friend. Do not throw away your life foolhardily. Follow me!"

"No," said Toulan, "I shall stay. I have sworn to devote my life to the service of the queen, and I shall fulfill my oath so long as breath remains in my body. I must not go away from here so long as there is a possibility of assisting her. If flight is impracticable to-day, it may be effected at some more favorable time, and I must hold myself in readiness for it."

"But they will take you, I tell you," said Lepitre, with a downcast air. "You will do no good to the queen, and only bring yourself to harm."

"Oh, nonsense! they will not catch me so soon," said Toulan, confidently. "Fortune always favors the bold, and I will show you that I am brave. Go, my friend, save yourself, and may God give you long life and a contented heart! Farewell, and be careful that they do not discover you."

"You are angry with me, Toulan," said Lepitre. "You consider me cowardly. But I tell you, you are foolhardy, and your folly will plunge you into destruction."

"I am not angry with you, Lepitre, and you shall not be with me. Every one must do as best he can, and as his heart and his head dictate to him. One is not better for this, and another the worse. Farewell, my friend! Take care for your own safety, for it is well that some faithful ones should still remain to serve the queen, and I know that you will serve her when she needs your help."

"Then give me your hand in parting, my friend. And if at last you come to the conclusion to flee, come to Normandy, and in the village of Lerne, near Dieppe, you will find me, and my father will receive you, and you shall be treated as if you were my brother."

"Thanks, my friend, thanks! One last shake of the hand. There! Now you are away, and I remain here."

Toulan went out into the street, walked along with a cheerful face, and repaired at once to the hall where the Committee of Safety were sitting.

"Citizens and brothers," he said, in a loud, bold voice, "I have just been informed that I have been brought under suspicion and denounced. Friends have warned me to betake to flight. But I am no coward, I have no bad conscience, and therefore do not fly, but come here and ask you, is this true? Is it possible that you regard me as no patriot, and as a traitor?"

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE

From a Painting by C. L. Müller

"Yes," answered President Hobart, with a harsh, hard voice, "you are under suspicion, and we mistrust you. This shameful seducer, this she-wolf Marie Antoinette, has cast her foxy eyes upon you, and would doubtless succeed if you are often with her. We have therefore once for all taken your name from the list of the official guards in the Temple, and you will no longer be exposed to the wiles of the Austrian woman. But besides this, as the second denunciation has been made against you to-day, and as it is asserted that you are in relations with aristocrats and suspected persons, we have considered it expedient, in view of the common safety, to issue a warrant for your apprehension. An officer has just gone with two soldiers to your house, to arrest you and bring you hither. You have simply anticipated the course of law by surrendering yourself. Officer, soldiers, here!"

The persons summoned appeared, and put Toulan under arrest, preparatory to taking him to prison.

"It is well," said Toulan, with a noble calmness. "I know that the time will come when you will regret having so abused a true patriot; and I hope, for the peace of your consciences, that there will be a time then to undo the evil which you are doing to me to-day, and that my head will then be on my shoulders, that my lips may be able to testify to you what my heart now dictates, that I forgive you! You are in error about me, yet I know that you are acting not out of enmity to me, but for the weal of the country, and out of love for the great, united republic. As the true and tenderly loving son of this noble, exalted mother, I forgive you for giving ear to my unrighteous accusers, and, even if you shed my innocent blood, my dying wish will be a blessing on the republic."

"Those are noble and excellent words," said Hobart, coldly, "but if deeds speak in antagonism to words, we cannot let the latter beguile us out of our sense, but we must give heed to justice."

"That is the one only thing that I ask," cried Toulan, brightly. "Let justice be done, my brothers, and I shall very soon be free, and shall come out from an investigation like a spotless lamb. I make no resistance. Come, my friends, take me to prison! I only ask for permission to be escorted first to my house, to procure a few articles of clothing to use during my imprisonment. But I urge pressingly that my articles may be sealed up in my presence. For when the man of the house is

not at home, it fares badly with the safety of his property, and I shall be able to feel at ease only when the seal of the republic is upon my possessions. I beg you therefore to allow my papers and valuables to be sealed in my presence. You will thus be sure that my wife and my friends have not removed anything which might be used against me, and my innocence will shine out the more clearly. I beg you therefore to comply with my wish."

The members of committee consulted with one another in low tones, and the chairman then announced to Toulan that his wish would be complied with, and that an escort of soldiers might accompany him to his house, to allow him to procure linen and clothing, and to seal his effects and papers in their presence.

Toulan thanked them with cheerful looks, and went out into the street between the two guards. As they were on the way to his house, he talked easily with them, laughed and joked; but in his own thoughts he said to himself, "You are lost! hopelessly lost, if you do not escape now. You are the prey of the guillotine, if the gates of the prison once close upon you; therefore escape, escape or die." While he was thus laughing and talking with the soldiers, and meanwhile thinking such solemn thoughts, his sharp black eyes were glancing in all directions, looking for a friend who might assist him out of his trouble.

And fortune sent him such a friend! — Ricard, Toulan's most trusted counsellor, the abettor of his plans.

Toulan called him with an animated face, and in loud tones told him that he had been denounced, and therefore arrested; and that he was only allowed to go to his house to procure some clothing.

"Come along, Ricard," he said. "They are going to put my effects under seal, and you have some papers and books on my writing-table. Come along, and take possession of your own things, so that they may not be sealed up as mine."

Ricard nodded assent, and a significant look told Toulan that his friend understood him, and that his meaning was, that Ricard should take possession of papers that might bring Toulan under suspicion. Continuing their walk, they spoke of indifferent matters, and at last reached Toulan's house. Marguerite met them with calm bearing. She knew that every cry, every expression of anxiety and trouble, would only imperil the condition of her husband, and her love gave her power to master herself.

"Ah! are you there, husband?" she said, with a smile, how hard to her no one knew. "You are bringing a great deal of company."

"Yes, Marguerite," said Toulan, with a smile, "and I am going to keep on with this pleasant company to prison."

"Oh!" she cried, laughing, "that is a good joke! Toulan, the best of patriots, in prison! Come, you ought not to joke about serious matters."

"It is no joke," said one of the guards, solemnly. "Citizen Toulan is arrested, and is here only to procure some articles of clothing, and have his effects put under seal."

"And to give back to his friend Ricard the books and papers that belong to him," said Toulan. "Come let us go into my study, friends."

"There are my books and papers," cried Ricard, as they went into the next room. He sprang forward to the writing-table, seized all the papers lying upon it, and tried to thrust them into his coat-pocket. But the two soldiers checked him, and undertook to resist his movement. Ricard protested, a loud exchange of words took place — in which Marguerite had her share — insisting that all the papers on the table belonged to Ricard, and she should like to see the man who could have the impudence to prevent his taking them.

Louder and louder grew the contention; and when Ricard was endeavoring again to put the papers into his pocket, the two soldiers rushed at him to prevent it. Marguerite tried to come to his assistance, and in the effort, overthrew a little table which stood in the middle of the room, on which was a water-bottle and some glasses. The table came down, a rattle of broken glass followed, and amid the noise and outcries, the controversy and violence, no one paid attention to Toulan; no one saw the little secret door quietly open, and Toulan glide from view.

The soldiers did not notice this movement, but Marguerite and Ricard understood it well, and went on all the more eagerly with their cries and contentions, to give Toulan time to escape by the secret passage.

And they were sucessful. When the two guards had, after long searching, discovered the secret door through which the escape had been effected, and had rushed down the hidden stairway, not a trace of him was to be seen.

Toulan was free! Unhindered, he hastened to the little attic, which he had, some time before, hired in the house adja-

cent to the Temple, put on a suit of clothes which he had prepared there, and remained concealed the whole day.

As Marie Antoinette lay sleepless upon her bed in the night that followed this vain attempt at flight, and was torturing herself with anxious doubts whether Fidèle had fallen a victim to his devotion, suddenly the tones of a huntsman's horn broke the silence; Marie Antoinette raised herself up and listened. Princess Elizabeth had done the same: and with suspended breath they both listened to the long-drawn and plaintive tones which softly floated in to them on the wings of the night. A smile of satisfaction flitted over their pale, sad faces, and a deep sigh escaped from their heavy hearts.

"Thank God! he is saved," whispered Marie Antoinette. "Is not that the melody that was to tell us that our friend is in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sister, that is the one! So long as we hear this signal, we shall know that Toulan is living still, and that he is near us."

And in the following weeks the prisoners of the Temple often had the sad consolation of hearing the tones of Toulan's horn; but he never came to them again, he never appeared in the anteroom to keep guard over the imprisoned queen.

Toulan did not flee! He had the courage to remain in Paris; he was constantly hoping that an occasion might arise to help the queen escape; he was constantly putting himself in connection with friends for this object, and making plans for the flight of the royal captives.

But exactly what Toulan hoped for stood as a threatening phantom before the eyes of the Convention — the flight of the prisoners in the Temple. They feared the queen even behind those thick walls, behind the four iron doors that closed upon her prison! They feared still more this poor child of seven years, this little king without crown and without throne, the son of him who had been executed. The Committee of Safety knew that people were talking about the little king in the Temple, and that touching anecdotes about him were in circulation. A bold, reckless fellow had appeared who called himself a prophet, and had loudly announced upon the streets and squares, that the lilies would bloom again, and that the sons of Brutus would fall beneath the hand of the little king whose throne was in the Temple. They had, it is true, arrested the prophet and dragged him to the guillotine, but his prophecies had found an echo here and there, and an interest in the little prince had been awakened

in the people. The noble and enthusiastic men known as the Girondists were deeply solicitous about the young royal martyr, and the application of this expression to the little dauphin, made in the earnest and impassioned speeches before the Convention, melted all hearers to tears and called out a deep sympathy.

The Convention saw the danger, and at once resolved to be free from it. On the 1st of July, 1793, that body issued a decree with the following purport: "The Committee of Public Safety ordains that the son of Capet be separated from his mother, and be delivered to an instructor, whom the general director of the communes shall appoint."

The queen had no suspicion of this. Now that Toulan was no longer there, no news came to her of what transpired beyond the prison, and Fidèle's horn-signals were the only sounds of the outer world that reached her ear.

The evening of the 3d of July had come. The little prince had gone to bed, and had already sunk into a deep sleep. His bed had no curtains, but Marie Antoinette had with careful hands fastened a shawl to the wall, and spread it out over the bed in such a manner that the glare of the light did not fall upon the closed eyes of the child and disturb him in his peaceful slumbers. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and the ladies had that day waited unwontedly long before going to bed. The queen and Princess Elizabeth were busied in mending the clothing of the family, and Princess Theresa, sitting between the two, had been reading to them some chapters out of the Historical Dictionary. At the wish of the queen, she had now taken a religious book, Passion Week, and was reading some hymns and prayers out of it.

Suddenly, the quick steps of several men were heard in the corridor. The bolts flew back, the doors were opened, and six officials came in.

"We are come," cried one of them, with a brutal voice, "to announce to you the order of the committee, that the son of Capet be separated from his mother and his family."

At these words the queen rose, pale with horror. "They are going to take my child from me!" she cried. "No, no, that is not possible. Gentlemen, the authorities cannot think of separating me from my son. He is still so young and weak, he needs my care."

"The committee has come to this determination," answered the official, "the Convention has confirmed it, and we shall carry it into execution directly."

"I cannot allow it," cried Marie Antoinette in desperation. "In the name of Heaven, I conjure you not to be so cruel!"

Elizabeth and Theresa mingled their tears with those of the mother. All three had placed themselves before the bed of the dauphin; they clung to it, they folded their hands, they sobbed; the most touching cries, the most humble prayers trembled on their lips, but the guards were not at all moved.

"What is all this whining for?" they said. "No one is going to kill your child; give him to us of your own free will, or we shall have to take him by force."

They strode up to the bed. Marie Antoinette placed herself with extended arms before it, and held the curtain firmly; it however detached itself from the wall and fell upon the face of the dauphin. He awoke, saw what was going on, and threw himself with loud shrieks into the arms of the queen. "Mamma, dear Mamma, do not leave me!" She pressed him trembling to her bosom, quieted him, and defended him against the cruel hands that were reached out for him.

In vain, all in vain! The men of the republic have no compassion on the grief of a mother! "By free will or by force he must go with us."

"Then promise me at least that he shall remain in the tower of the Temple, that I may see him every day."

"We have nothing to promise you, we have no account at all to give you. Parbleu, how can you take on and howl so, merely because your child is taken from you? Our children have to do more than that. They have every day to have their heads split open with the balls of the enemies that you have set upon them."

"My son is still too young to be able to serve his country," said the queen, gently, "but I hope that if God permits it, he will some day be proud to devote his life to Him."

Meanwhile the two princesses, urged on by the officials had clothed the gasping, sobbing boy. The queen now saw that no more hope remained. She sank upon a chair, and summoning all her strength, she called the dauphin to herself, laid her hands upon his shoulders, and pale, immovable, with widely-opened eyes, whose burning lids were cooled by no tear, she gazed upon the quivering face of the boy, who had fixed his great blue eyes, swimming with tears, upon the countenance of his mother.

"My child," said the queen, solemnly, "we must part.

Remember your duties when I am no more with you to remind you of them. Never forget the good God who is proving you, and your mother who is praying for you. Be good and patient, and your Father in heaven will bless you."

She bent over, and with her cold lips pressed a kiss upon the forehead of her son, then gently pushed him toward the turnkey. But the boy sprang back to her again, clung to her with his arms, and would not go.

"My son, we must obey. God wills it so."

A loud, savage laugh was heard. Shuddering, the queen turned around. There at the open door stood Simon, and with him his wife, their hard features turned maliciously toward the pale queen. The woman stretched out her brown, bare arms to the child, grasped him, and pushed him before her to the door.

"Is she to have him?" shrieked Marie Antoinette. "Is my son to remain with this woman?"

"Yes," said Simon, with a grinning smile, as he put himself, with his arms akimbo, before the queen — "yes, with this woman and with me, her husband, little Capet is to remain, and I tell you he shall receive a royal education. We shall teach him to forget the past, and only to remember that he is a child of the one and indivisible republic. If he does not come to it, he must be brought to it, and my old cobbler's straps will be good helpers in this matter."

He nodded at Marie Antoinette with a fiendish smile, and then followed the officials, who had already gone out. The doors were closed again, the bolts drawn, and within the chamber reigned the stillness of death. The two women put their arms around one another, kneeled upon the floor, and prayed.

From this day on, Marie Antoinette had no hope more; her heart was broken. Whole days long she sat fixed and immovable, without paying any regard to the tender words of her sister-in-law and the caresses of her daughter, without working, reading, or busying herself in any way. Formerly she had helped to put the rooms in order, and mend the clothes and linen; now she let the two princesses do this alone and serve her.

Only for a few hours each day did her countenance lighten at all, and the power of motion return to this pale, marble figure. Those were the hours when she waited for her son, as he went with Simon every day to the upper story and the platform of the tower. She would then put her head to the door and listen

to every step and all the words that he directed to the turnkey as he passed by.

Soon she discovered a means of seeing him. There was a little crack on the floor of the platform on which the boy walked. The world revolved for the queen only around this little crack, and the instant in which she could see her boy.

At times, too, a compassionate guard who had to inspect the prison brought her tidings of her son, told her that he was well, and that he had learned to play ball, and that by his friendly nature he won every one's love. Then Marie Antoinette's countenance would lighten, a smile would play over her features and linger on her pale lips as long as they were speaking of her boy. But oh! soon there came other tidings about the unhappy child. His wailing tones, Simon's threats, and his wife's abusive words penetrated even the queen's apartments, and filled her with the anguish of despair. And yet it was not the worst to hear him cry, and to know that the son of the queen was treated ill; it was still more dreadful to hear him sing with a loud voice, accompanied by the laugh and the bravoes of Simon and his wife, revolutionary and obscene songs — to know that not only his body but his soul was doomed to destruction.

At first the queen, on hearing these dreadful songs, broke out into lamentations, cries, and loud threats against those who were destroying the soul of her child. Then a gradual paralysis crept over her heart, and when, on the 2d of August, she was taken from the Temple to the prison, the pale lips of the queen merely whispered, "Thank God, I shall not have to hear him sing any more!"

The Death of the Queen.

(From "Marie Antoinette and her Son.")

The Bartholomew's night of the murderous Catharine de Medicis, and her mad son, Charles IX., now found in France its horrible and bloody repetition; but the night of horror which we are now to contemplate was continued on into the day, and did not shrink even before the light.

The sun shone down upon the streams of blood which flowed through the streets of Paris, and upon the pack of wild dogs that swarmed in uncounted numbers on the thoroughfares of the city, and lived on this blood, which gave back even to the tame their natural wildness. The sun shone down upon the

scaffold that rose like a threatening monster upon the Place de la Révolution, and upon the dreadful axe which daily severed so many noble forms, and then rose from the block glittering and menacing.

The sun shone on that day, too, when Marie Antoinette ascended the scaffold, as her husband had done before, and so passed to her rest, from all the pains and humiliations of her last years.

That day was the 16th of October, 1793. For two months Marie Antoinette looked forward to it as to a joyful deliverance. It was two months from the time when she was transferred from the Temple to the prison, and she knew that those who were confined in the latter place only left it to gain the freedom, not that man gives, but which God grants to the suffering — the freedom of death!

Marie Antoinette longed for the deliverance. How far behind her now lay the days of her happy, joyous youth! how long ago the time when the tall, grave woman, her face full of pride and yet of resignation, had been charming Marie Antoinette, the very impersonation of beauty, youth, and love, carrying out in Trianon the idyl of romantic country life — in the excess of her gayety going disguised to the public opera-house ball, believing herself so safe amid the French people that she could dispense with the protection of etiquette — hailed with an enthusiastic admiration then, as she was now saluted with the savage shouts of the enraged people!

No, the former queen, Marie Antoinette, who, in the gilded saloons of Versailles and in the Tuileries, had received the homage of all France, and with a smiling face and perfect grace of manner acknowledged all the tribute that was brought to her, had no longer any resemblance to the widow of Louis Capet, sitting before the revolutionary tribunal, and giving earnest answers to the questions which were put to her. She arranged her toilet that day — but how different was the toilet of the Widow Capet from that which Queen Marie Antoinette had once displayed! At that earlier time, she, the easy, light-hearted daughter of fortune, had shut herself up for hours with her intimate companion, Madame Berthier, the royal milliner, planning a new ball-dress, or a new *fichu;* or her Leonard would lavish all the resources of his fancy and his art inventing new styles of head-dress, now decorating the beautiful head of the queen with towering masses of auburn hair; now braiding it so

as to make it enfold little war-ships, the sails of which were finely woven from her own locks; now laying out a garden filled with fruits and flowers, butterflies and birds of paradise.

The "Widow Capet" needed no milliner and no hair-dresser in making her toilet. Her tall, slender figure was enveloped with the black woolen dress which the republic had given her at her request, that she might commemorate her deceased husband. Her neck and shoulders, which had once been the admiration of France, were now concealed by a white muslin kerchief, which her keeper Bault had given her out of sympathy. Her hair was uncovered, and fell in long, natural locks on both sides of her pale, transparent face. Her hair needed no powder now; the long, sleepless nights and the sorrowful days have whitened it more than any powder could do; and the widow of Louis Capet, though but thirty-eight years old, had the gray locks of a woman of seventy.

In this toilet Marie Antoinette appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, from the 6th to the 13th of October. Nothing royal was left about her but her look and her proud bearing.

The people, pressing in dense masses into the spectators' seats, did not weary of seeing the queen in her humiliation and in her mourning robe, and constantly demanded that Marie Antoinette should rise from the woven rush chair on which she was sitting, that she should allow herself to be stared at by this throng, brought there not out of compassion, but curiosity.

Once, as she rose in reply to the demand of the public, she was heard to whisper, as to herself: "Ah, will these people not soon be satisfied with my sufferings?" At another time, her pale, dry lips murmured, "I am thirsty!" but no one around her dared to have compassion on this cry of distress; every one looked perplexed at the others, and no one dared give her a glass of water. At last one of the *gens d'armes* ventured to do it, and Marie Antoinette thanked him with a look that brought tears into his eyes, and that perhaps caused him to fall on the morrow under the guillotine as a traitor.

The *gens d'armes* who guarded the queen, they alone had the courage to show her compassion. One night, when she was conducted from the session-room to her prison, Marie Antoinette felt herself so exhausted, so overcome, that she murmured to herself, as she staggered on, "I cannot see, I cannot walk any farther." The guard who was walking by her side gave her his

arm, and, supported by him, Marie Antoinette reeled up the stone steps that led to her prison.

At last, in the night intervening between the 14th and 15th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, her sentenee was pronounced — "Death! execution by the guillotine!"

Marie Antoinette received it with unshakable ealmness, while the tumult of the excited mob was hushed as by magie, and while many faees even of the exasperated fishwives grew pale!

Marie Antoinette remained ealm; gravely and coldly she rose from her seat, and with her own hands opened the balustrade in order to leave the hall to return to her prison!

Finally, on the morning of the 16th of October, her sufferings were allowed to end, and she was permitted to take refuge in the grave. It made her almost joyful; she had suffered so mueh, that to die was for her really blessedness.

She employed the still hours of the night before her death in writing to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, and her letter was at the same time her testament. But the widow of Louis Capet had no riches, no treasures to convey. She had nothing more that she could eall her own but her love, her tears, and her farewell greetings. These she left to all who had loved her. She sent a speeial word to her brothers and sisters, and bade them farewell.

"I had friends," she says, "and the thought that I am to be forever separated from them, and their sorrow for me, is the most painful thing in this hour; they shall at least know that I thought of them the last moment."

After Marie Antoinette had ended this letter, whose writing was here and there blotted with her tears, she turned her thoughts to the last remembrances she could leave to her children — a remembranee which should not be profaned by the hand of the executioner. This was her long hair, whose silver locks, the only ornament that remained to her, was at the same time the sad record of her sorrows.

Maric Antoinette, with her own hands, despoiled herself of this ornament, and eut off her long back-hair, that it might be a last gift to her children, her relations, and friends. Then, after a period of meditation, she prepared herself for the last great eeremony of her career — her death. She felt herself exhausted, worn out, and recognized her need of some physical support during the hard way which lay before her. She asked for nourishment, and ate with some relish the wing of a fowl

that was brought to her. After that she made her toilet — the toilet of death!

At the request of the queen, the wife of the turnkey gave her one of her own chemises, and Marie Antoinette put it on. Then she arrayed herself in the same garments which she had worn at her trial, with this single change — that over the black woollen dress, which she had often mended with her own hand, she now wore a cloak of white *piqué*. Around her neck she tied a simple kerchief of white muslin, and as she would not be allowed to ascend the scaffold with uncovered head, she put on a plain linen cap, such as was in general use among the people. Black stockings covered her feet, and over these were shoes of black woollen stuff.

Her toilet was at last ended; she was done with all earthly things! Ready to meet her death, she lay down on her bed and slept.

She was still sleeping when it was announced to her that a priest was there, ready to meet her, if she wanted to confess. But Marie Antoinette had already unveiled her heart before God: she wanted none of those priests of reason whom the republic had appointed after it had banished or guillotined the priests of the Church.

"As I am not mistress of my own will," she had written to her sister Elizabeth, "I shall have to submit if a priest is brought to me; but I solemnly declare that I will not speak a word to him, and that I shall treat him as a person with whom I wish to have no relations."

And Marie Antoinette kept her word; she did not refuse to allow Geroid to enter; but when he asked her if she wished to receive the consolations of religion from him, she declined.

Then, in order to warm her feet, which were cold, she walked up and down her little room. As it struck seven the door opened. It was Samson, the public executioner, who entered!

A slight thrill passed through the form of the queen. "You have come very early, sir; could you not delay a little?" When Samson denied her request, Marie Antoinette put on her calm, cold manner. She drank, without resistance, a cup of chocolate which was brought to her; she remained possessed, and wore her wonted air of dignity as they bound her hands behind her with thick cords.

At eleven o'clock she left her room, passed through the

MARIE ANTOINETTE ON HER WAY TO EXECUTION

From a Painting by F. Flameng

corridor, and ascended the car, which was waiting for her before the prison door. No one accompanied her, no one bade her a last farewell, not a look of pity or compassion was bestowed upon her by her keepers.

Alone, between the rows of *gens d'armes* that were placed along the sides of the corridor, the queen advanced, Samson walking behind her, carrying the end of the rope with which the queen's hands were bound, and behind him his two assistants and the priest. This is the retinue of the queen, the daughter of an emperor, on the way to her execution!

It may be that at this hour thousands are on their knees, offering their fervent prayers to God in behalf of Marie Antoinette, whom, in their hearts, they continued to call "the queen;" it may be that thousands are pouring out tears of compassion for her who now mounts the wretched car, and sits down on the board which is bound by ropes to the sides of the vehicle. But those who are praying and weeping have withdrawn to the solitude of their own apartments, and only God can see their tears and hear their cries. The eyes which witnessed the queen in this last drive were not allowed to shed a tear; the words which followed her on her last way could express no compassion.

All Paris knew the hour of the execution, and the people were ready to witness it. On the streets, at the windows, on the roofs, immense masses had congregated, and the whole Place de la Révolution (now the Place de la Concorde) was filled with a dark, surging crowd.

And now the drums of the guards stationed before the Conciergerie began to beat. The great white horse (which drew the car in which the queen sat, side by side with the priest, and facing backward), was driven forward by a man who was upon his back. Behind Marie Antoinette were Samson and his assistants.

The queen was pale, all the blood had left her cheeks and lips, but her eyes were red! Poor queen, she bore even then the marks of much weeping! But she could shed no tears then! Not a single one obscured her eye as her look ranged, gravely and calmly, over the mass, up the houses to the very roofs, then slowly down, and then away over the boundless sea of human faces.

Her face was as cold and grave as her eyes, her lips were firmly compressed; not a quiver betrayed whether she was suffer-

ing, and whether she shrank from the thousand and ten thousand scornful and curious looks which were fixed upon her. And yet Marie Antoinette saw it all! She saw a woman raise a child, she saw the child throw her a kiss with its little hand! At that the queen gave way for an instant, her lips quivered, her eyes were darkened with a tear! This solitary sign of human sympathy reanimated the heart of the queen, and gave her a little fresh life.

But the people took good care that Marie Antoinette should not carry this one drop of comfort to the end of her journey. The populace thronged around the car, howled, groaned, sang ribald songs, clapped their hands, and pointed their fingers in derision at Madame Veto.

The queen, however, remained calm, her gaze wandering coldly over the vast multitude; only once did her eyes flash on the route. It was as she passed the Palais Royal, where Philippe Egalité, once the Duke d' Orleans, lived, and read the inscription which he had caused to be placed over the main entrance of the palace.

At noon the car reached its destination. It came to a halt at the foot of the scaffold; Marie Antoinette dismounted, and then walked slowly and with erect head up the steps.

Not once during her dreadful ride had her lips opened, not a complaint had escaped her, not a farewell had she spoken. The only adieu which she had to give on earth was a look — one long, sad look — directed toward the Tuileries; and as she gazed at the great pile her cheeks grew paler, and a deep sigh escaped from her lips.

Then she placed her head under the guillotine, — a momentary, breathless silence followed.

Samson lifted up the pale head that had once belonged to the Queen of France, and the people greeted the sight with the cry "Long live the republic!"

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

Muhlenberg, William Augustus, an American clergyman, hymn-writer, and hymnologist, born in Philadelphia, September 16, 1796; died in New York, April 8, 1877. He was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1814; took orders in the Episcopal Church, and in 1821 became rector of St. James's Church, Lancaster, Pa. In 1828 he founded a school at Flushing, Long Island, which he conducted until 1845, when he became rector of the Free Church of the Holy Communion, New York, which had been ereeted by his sister Mrs. Rogers. He was active in establishing St. Luke's Hospital, which was opened in 1859, he being its first pastor and superintendent, retaining that position until his death. He published many tracts, sermons, and hymns.

I Would not Live Alway.

I would not live alway — live alway below,
Oh, no, I 'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway. I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway — thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain
Scarce the victory's mine e'er I 'm captive again.

E'en the rupture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway. No, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep I 'll, too, bow my head;
Oh, peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed!
And then the glad dawn to follow that night,
When the sunlight of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway — away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, his blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! What is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above!
Aye, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore!

JAMES FULLARTON MUIRHEAD.

Muirhead, James Fullarton, a British author; born in Scotland about forty years ago. He is the general editor of the English editions of Baedeker's Handbooks and the author of the one upon the United States. In the preparation of this latter work he spent three years in travelling about this country; and since its publication his time has been divided between England and the United States. A few years ago he married a sister of Honorable Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston. "The Land of Contrasts, a Briton's View of his American Kin," was published in 1898.

An Appreciation of the American Woman.[1]

(From "The Land of Contrasts.")

The American woman, too, has had more time than the American man to cultivate the more amiable — if you will, the more showy — qualities of American civilization. The leisured class of England consists of both sexes, that of America practically of one only. The problem of the American man so far has mainly been to subduc a new continent to human uses, while the woman has been sacrificing on the altar of the Graces. Hencc the wider culture and the more liberal views are often found in the sex from which the European does not expect them: hence the woman of New York and other American cities is often conspicuously superior to her husband in looks, manners, and general intelligence. This has been denied by champions of the American man; but the observation of the writer, whatever it may be worth, would deny the denial.

The way in which an expression such as "Ladies' Cabin" is understood in the United States has always seemed to me very typical of the position of the gentler sex in that country. In England, when we see an inscription of that kind, we assume that the enclosure referred to is for ladies *only*. In America, unless the "only" is emphasized, the "Ladies' Drawing Room"

[1] Copyright, 1898, by Lamson, Wolffe, & Co. Used by permission.

or the "Ladies' Waiting Room" extends its hospitality to all those of the male sex who are ready to behave as gentlemen and temporarily forego the delights of tobacco. Thus half of the male passengers of the United States journey, as it were, under the ægis of woman, and think it no shame to be enclosed in a box labelled with her name.

Put roughly, what chiefly strikes the stranger in the American woman is her candor, her frankness, her hail-fellow-well-met-edness, her apparent absence of consciousness of self or of sex, her spontaneity, her vivacity, her fearlessness. If the observer himself is not of a specially refined or delicate type, he is apt at first to misunderstand the cameraderie of an American girl, to see in it suggestions of a possible coarseness of fibre. If a vain man, he may take it as a tribute to his personal charms, or at least to the superior claims of a representative of old-world civilization. But even to the obtuse stranger of this character it will ultimately become obvious — as to the more refined observer *ab initio* — that he can no more (if as much) dare to take a liberty with the American girl than with his own countrywoman. The plum may appear to be more easily handled, but its bloom will be found to be as intact and as ethereal as in the jealously guarded hothouse fruit of Europe. He will find that her frank and charming companionability is as far removed from masculinity as from coarseness; that the points in which she differs from the European lady do not bring her nearer either to a man on the one hand, or to a common woman on the other. He will find that he has to readjust his standards; to see that divergence from the best type of woman hitherto known to him does not necessarily mean deterioration; if he is of an open and susceptible mind, he may even come to the conclusion that he prefers the transatlantic type!

Unless his lines in England have lain in *very* pleasant places, the intelligent Englishman in enjoying his first experience of transatlantic society will assuredly be struck by the sprightliness, the variety, the fearless individuality of the American girl, by her power of repartee, by the quaint appositeness of her expressions, by the variety of her interests, by the absence of undue deference to his masculine dignity. If in his newly landed innocence he ventures to compliment the girl he talks with on the purity of her English and assumes that she differs in that respect from her companions, she will patriotically repel the suggested accusation of her countrywomen by assuring him,

without the ghost of a smile, "that she has had special advantages, inasmuch as an English missionary had been stationed near her tribe." If she prefers Martin Tupper to Shakespeare, or Strauss to Beethoven, she will say so without a tremor. Why should she hypocritically subordinate her personal instincts to a general theory of taste? Her independence is visible in her very dress; she wears what she thinks suits her (and her taste is seldom at fault), not merely what happens to be the fashionable freak of the moment. What Englishman does not shudder when he remembers how each of his womankind — the comely and the homely, the short and the long, the stout and the lean — at once assumed the latest form of hat, apparently utterly oblivious to the question of whether it suited her special style of beauty or not? Now, an American girl is not built that way. She wishes to be in the fashion just as much as she can; but if a special item of fashion does not set her off to advantage, she gracefully and courageously resigns it to those who can wear it with profit. But honor where honor is due! The English girl generally shows more sense of fitness in the dress for walking and travelling; she, consciously or unconsciously, realizes that adaptability for its practical purpose is essential in such a case.

The American girl, as above said, strikes one as individual, as varied. In England when we meet a girl in a ball-room we can generally — not always — "place" her after a few minutes' talk; she belongs to a set of which you remember to have already met a volume or two. In some continental countries the patterns in common use seem reduced to three or four. In the United States every new girl is a new sensation. Society consists of a series of surprises. Expectation is continually piqued. A and B and C do not help you to induce D; when you reach Z you *may* imagine you find a slight trace of reincarnation. Not that the surprises are invariably pleasant. The very force and self-confidence of the American girl doubly and trebly underline the undesirable. Vulgarity that would be stolid and stodgy in Middlesex becomes blatant and aggressive in New York.

The American girl is not hampered by the feeling of class distinction, which has for her neither religious nor historical sanction. The English girl is first the squire's daughter, second a good church-woman, third an English subject, and fourthly a woman. Even the best of them cannot rise wholly superior to the all-pervading, and, in its essence, vulgarizing,

superstition that some of her fellow-creatures are not fit to come between the wind and her nobility. Those who reject the theory do so by a self-conscious effort which in itself is crude and a strain. The American girl is, however, born into an atmosphere of unconsciousness of all this, and, unless she belongs to a very narrow coterie, does not reach this point of view either as believer or antagonist. This endues her, at her best, with a sweet and subtle fragrance of humanity that is, perhaps, unique. Free from any sense of inherited or conventional superiority or inferiority, as devoid of the brutality of condescension as of the meanness of toadyism, she combines in a strangely attractive way the charm of eternal womanliness with the latest aroma of a progressive century. It is, doubtless, this quality that M. Bourget has in view when he speaks of the incomparable delicacy of the American girl, or M. Paul Blouët, when he asserts that "you find in the American woman a quality which, I fear, is beginning to disappear in Paris and is almost unknown in London, — a kind of spiritualized politeness, a tender solicitude for other people, combined with strong individuality."

There is one type of girl, with whom even the most modest and most moderately eligible of bachelors must be familiar in England, who is seldom in evidence in the United States, — she whom the American aborigines might call the "Girl-Anxious-to-be-Married." What right-minded man in any circle of British society has not shuddered at the open pursuit of young Crœsus? Have not our novelists and satirists reaped the most ample harvest from the pitiable spectacle and all its results? A large part of the advantage that American society has over English rests in the comparative absence of this phenomenon. Man there does not and cannot bear himself as the cynosure of the female eye; the art of throwing the handkerchief has not been included in his early curriculum. The American dancing man does not dare to arrive just in time for supper or to lounge in the doorway while dozens of girls line the walls in faded expectation of a waltz. The English girl herself can hardly be blamed for this state of things. She has been brought up to think that marriage is the be-all and end-all of her existence. "For my part," writes the author of "Cecil, the Coxcomb," "I never blame them when I see them capering and showing off their little monkey-tricks, for conquest. The fault is none of theirs. It is part of an erroneous

system." Lady Jeune expresses the orthodox English position when she asserts flatly that "to deny that marriage is the object of woman's existence is absurd." The anachronistic survival of the laws of primogeniture and entail practically makes the marriage of the daughter the only alternative for a descent to a lower sphere of society. In the United States the proportion of girls who strike one as obvious candidates for marriage is remarkably small. This *may* be owing to the art with which the American woman conceals her lures, but all the evidence points to its being in the main an entirely natural and unconscious attitude. The American girl has all along been so accustomed to associate on equal terms with the other sex, that she naturally and inevitably regards him more in the light of a comrade than of a possible husband. She has so many resources, and is so independent, that marriage does not bound her horizon.

Her position, however, is not one of antagonism to marriage. If it were, I should be the last to commend it. It rather rests on an assurance of equality, on the assumption that marriage is an honorable estate — a rounding and completing of existence — for man as much as for woman. Nor does it mean, I think, any lack of passion and the deepest instincts of womanhood. All these are present and can be wakened by the right man at the right time. Indeed, the very fact that marriage (with or without love) is not incessantly in the foreground of an American girl's consciousness probably makes the awakening all the more deep and tender because comparatively unanticipated and unforesecn.

The marriages between Amerian heiresses and European peers do not militate seriously against the above view of American marriage. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the doings of a few wealthy people in New York are not characteristic of American civilization. The "New York Times" was entirely right when it said, in commenting upon the frank statement of the bridegroom in a recent alliance of this kind that it had been *arranged* by friends of both parties: "A few years ago this frankness would have cost him his bride, if his 'friends' had chosen an American girl for that distinction, and even now it would be resented to the point of a rupture of the engagement by most American girls."

The American girl may not be in reality better educated than her British sister, nor a more profound thinker; but her

mind is indisputably more agile and elastic. In fact, a slow-going Britisher has to go through a regular course of training before he can follow the rapid transitions of her train of associations. She has the happiest faculty in getting at another's point of view and in putting herself in his place. Her imagination is more likely to be over-active than too sluggish. One of the most popular classes of the "Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home" is that devoted to imaginary travels in Europe. She is wonderfully adaptable, and makes herself at ease in an entirely strange *milieu* almost before the transition is complete. Both M. Blouët and M. Bourget notice this, and claim that it is a quality she shares with the Frenchwoman. The wife of a recent President is a stock illustration of it — a girl who was transferred in a moment from what we should call a quiet "middle-class" existence to the apex of publicity, and comported herself in the most trying situations with the ease, dignity, unconsciousness, taste, and graciousness of a born princess.

The innocence of the American girl is neither an affectation, or a prejudiced fable, or a piece of stupidity. The German woman, quoted by Mr. Bryce, found her American compeer *furchtbar frei*, but she had at once to add *und furchtbar fromm*. "The innocence of the American girl passes abysses of obscenity without stain or knowledge." She may be perfectly able to hold her own under any circumstances, but she has little of that detestable quality which we call "knowing." The immortal Daisy Miller is a charming illustration of this. I used sometimes to get into trouble with American ladies, who "hoped I did not take Daisy Miller as a type of the average American girl," by assuring them that "I did not — that I thought her much too good for that." And in truth there seemed to me a lack of subtlety in the current appreciation of the charming young lady from Schenectady, who is much *finer* than many readers give her credit for. And on this point I think I may cite Mr. Henry James himself as a witness on my side, since, in a dramatic version of the tale published in the "Atlantic Monthly" (Vol. 51, 1883), he makes his immaculate Bostonian, Mr. Winterbourne, marry Daisy with a full consciousness of all she was and had been. As I understand her, Miss Daisy Miller, in spite of her somewhat unpropitious early surroundings, was a young woman entirely able to appreciate the very best when she met it. She

at once recognized the superiority of Winterbourne to the men she had hitherto known, and she also recognized that her "style" was not the "style" of him or of his associates. But she was very young, and had all the unreasonable pride of extreme youth; and so she determined not to alter her behavior one jot or tittle in order to attract him — nay, with a sort of bravado, she exaggerated those very traits which she knew he disliked. Yet all the time she had the highest appreciation of his most delicate refinements, while she felt also that he ought to see that at bottom she was just as refined as he, though her outward mask was not so elegant. I have no doubt whatever that, as Mrs. Winterbourne, she adapted herself to her new *milieu* with absolute success, and yet without loss of her own most fascinating individuality.

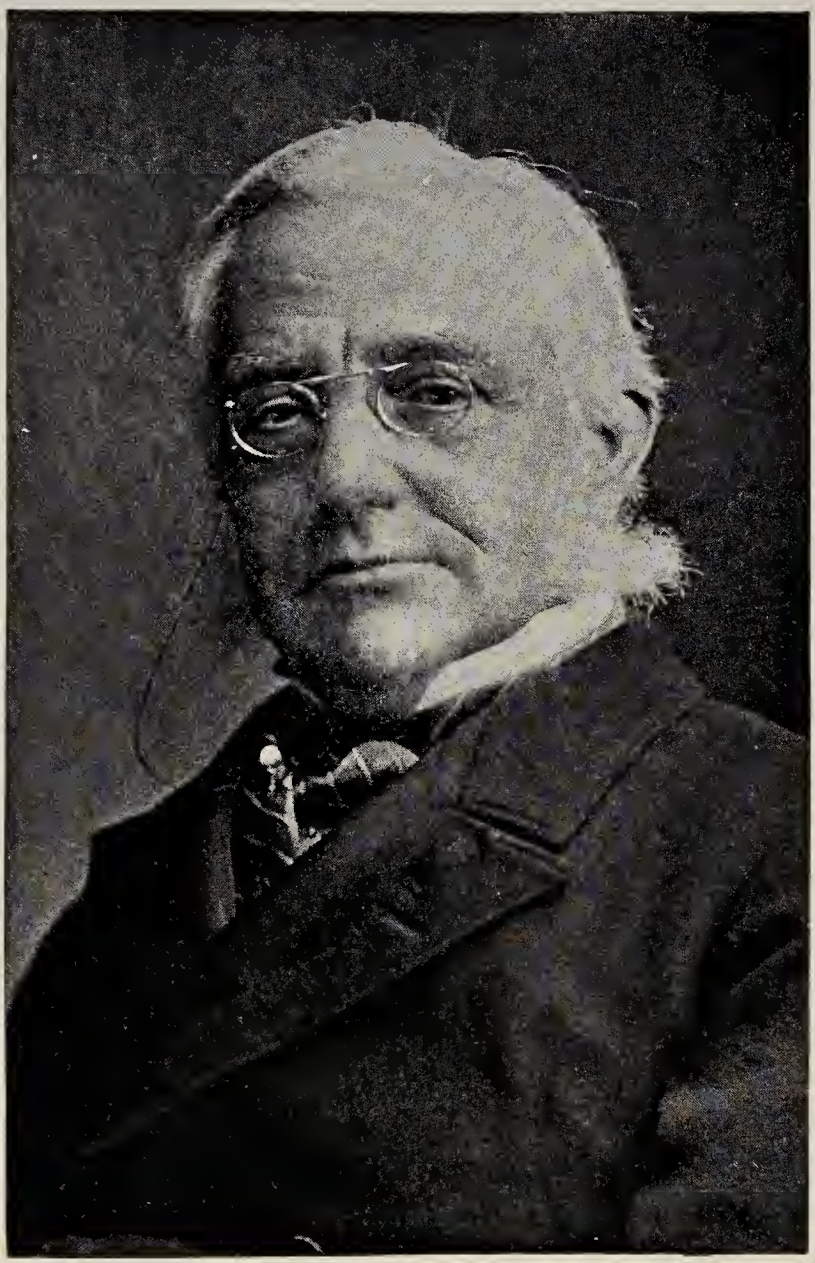
FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

Müller, Friedrich Maximilian, a German philologist and Sanskrit scholar; born at Dessau, December 6, 1823. He studied philology at Leipsic, where he took his degree in 1843. Subsequently he went to Paris to continue his study of the Sanskrit and cognate languages, and especially to fit himself for editing the "Rig-Veda," the great Sanskrit poem. In 1846 he went to England for the same purpose. The first volume of the "Rig-Veda" appeared in 1849, the sixth and last in 1874. In 1850 the University of Oxford invited him to deliver courses of lectures on Comparative Philology. In 1854 he was elected Taylorian Professor; in 1856 was made a curator of the Bodleian Library, and in 1858 a Fellow of All Souls' College. In 1868 the university founded a new professorship of Comparative Philology, Max Müller being expressly named as the first professor. He resigned the professorship in 1875, intending to return to Germany; but the university induced him to remain for the purpose of editing "The Sacred Books of the East," of which sixty volumes have been published. Notable among his works are "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863; "The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions in India," delivered in the Chapter-House of Westminster in 1878. He has written largely in magazines and reviews. Many of these have been from time to time collected in a series of volumes entitled "Chips from a German Workshop." Among his later works are "The Science of Thought" (1887); "Biographies of Words" (1888); "Natural Religion" (1890); "Physical Religion" (1891); "Authropological Religion" (1892); "India: What can it Teach us?" (1893). In 1857 he published a novel entitled "Deutsche Liebe."

On the Migration of Fables.

(From "Chips from a German Workshop.")

"Count not your chickens before they be hatched" is a well-known proverb in English; and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful



MAX MÜLLER.

fable, "La Laitière et le Pot au Lait." We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs — so does Perrette; and alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the "Phædon," occupied himself in prison, during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables — or as he calls them, the myths — of Æsop.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668; and it is well known that the subjects of most of these fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists, — if we may adopt this word "fabuliste," which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables; and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book; and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition, La Fontaine says: "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay, the Indian sage."

If then La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the untaught, the uncared-for, the outcast, spoke to them as we still speak to children, in fables and parables. Many of these fables and parables must

have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology; and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognized place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brahmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskirt is the "Pañkatantra," literally the Pentateuch or Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of "Hitopadesa" *i. e.*, Salutary Advice. Both these books have been published in England and Germany, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections; and dates in the history of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date of the "Pañkatantra" at least, by means of a translation into ancient Persian, which was made about five hundred and fifty years after Christ, though even then we can only prove that a collection somewhat like the "Pañkatantra" must have existed at that time; but we cannot refer the book, in exactly that form in which we now possess it, to that distant period.

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of "Pañkatantra," we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story: —

"There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvakripana, which means 'a born miser.' He had collected a quantity of rice by begging [this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants], and after having dined of it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, 'Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then with the

goats I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then with the cows I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somaśarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and full of anger, I shall call to my wife, "Take the baby; take him!" But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somaśarman.'"

I shall at onee proeeed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the "Hitopadeśa." The "Hitopadeśa" professes to be taken from the "Pañkatantra" and some other books; and in this ease it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how mueh freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built eastles in the air.

"In the town of Devîkoṭṭa there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devaśarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice he kept his stick in his hand, and began to think: 'Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries [kapardaka]. I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel-nuts and dresses till I become enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging.' While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces, and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, 'He who rejoices over plans

for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots.'"

In spite of the change of a Brahman into a milkmaid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here in the stories of the "Pañkatantra" and "Hitopadesa" the first germs of La Fontaine's fable. But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment, and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brahman born again as the brisk milkmaid, *cotillon simple et souliers plats?*

It seems a startling case of longevity, that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honor and its undisputed sway in every school-room of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well attested that even the most skeptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories viséd at every place through which they have passed, and, as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle.* The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of the fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country, and in the nineteenth century, teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom,— nay, of a more than worldly wisdom, — from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brahmans, from heretics and idolaters; and that wise words spoken a thousand — nay, two thousand — years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in that soil which is most precious before God and man, — the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher, has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian — a "nigger" as some people would call him — and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-Euro-

pean languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history; and that it was never quite forgotten, either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is, whether the Aryans, when they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends, which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slavs, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are in most cases gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations who had worshipped the same gods should also have preserved some common legend of demigods or heroes — nay, even in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case however becomes much more problematical when we ask whether stories also — fables told with a decided moral purpose — formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends; and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how, in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendor of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth of the Dawn in gold and jewels, and her readiness to shower them upon her worshippers, the modern German proverb "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde"[1] seems to have a kind of mythological ring; and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home.

[1] "The morning hour has gold in its mouth" = "Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

In order to gain a eommanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and wateh from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous eolleetion of fables, the "Kalila and Dimnah," whieh we still possess. The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Saey, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatehbull, formerly professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who, after the fall of the Omeyyades, beeame a eonvert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office at the court of the Khalifs. Being in possession of important secrets of State, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered. In the prefaee, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzûyeh, the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the King of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The King of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom; and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihr, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He travelled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Persian, and brought it back to the Court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honor, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This aeeount, probably written by himself, is extremely eurious. It is a kind of "Religio Mediei" of the sixth century; and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him,—in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this Persian physieian to India. It has the sanction of Firdûsi, in the great Persian epie, the "Shah Nâmch;" and it is eonsidered by some as more original than the one just quoted. Aeeording to it, the Persian physieian read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medieine with which the dead eould be restored to life. At the command of the King he went to

India in search of those trees and herbs; but after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power to restore men to life, had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense; and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins. Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables,—the "Kalila and Dimnah."

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési, in which the names of Bidpai and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan; and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the "Pañkatantra" as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables: for the Arabic translation, the "Kalilah and Dimnah," contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the "Pañkatantra;" and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the "Pañkatantra" in the *textus ornatior*. . . .

In this Arabic translation, the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows:—

"A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter [oil] and honey; of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, 'I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats; which producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a great flock.' He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. 'At the expiration of the term I will buy,' said he, 'a hundred black cattle, in the pro-

portion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plow it with the beasts, and put it into tillage; so that before five years are over, I shall no doubt have realized a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly offended parent.' At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face."

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions; but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. One might suppose that at the time when the book was translated from Sanskrit into Pehlevi, or from Pehlevi into Arabic, the Sanskrit story was exactly like the Arabic story, and that it was changed afterwards. But another explanation is equally admissible; viz., that the Pehlevi or the Arabic translator wished to avoid the offensive behavior of the husband kicking his wife, and therefore substituted the son as a more deserving object of castigation.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif Almansur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was a contemporary of Abderrahman, who ruled in Spain; and that both were but little anterior to Harun al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire

of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carlovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew of the name of Symeon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. . . . The Greek text has been published, though very imperfectly, under the title of "Stephanites and Ichnelates." Here our fable is told as follows: —

"It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thought thus within himself: 'I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings, ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick!' With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard."

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West. . . .

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels, through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. . . .

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey. . . . Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brahman or the religious man. What we want to know is, who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have as yet traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, — one in the eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century, — all reaching Europe, some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of "Perrette," or of the "Brahman," to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must therefore try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe; and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called "Calila é Dymna." In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Beziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of "Æsopus Alter."

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were in fact more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons, homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatized, localized, till at last it is almost impossible to recognize their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his "Gargantua," gives a long description of how a man might conquer the whole world. At the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read: —

"There was here present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, — a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards, — named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said:

'J'ay grand peur que toute ceste entreprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au laict* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n'eut de quoy disner.'" (I fear me that this great undertaking will turn out like the farce of the pot of milk, which made the shoemaker rich in imagination till he broke the pot, and had to go without his dinner.)

This is clearly our story; only the Brahman has as yet been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Fortunately we can make at least one step further, — a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid. The book I refer to is written in Latin, and is called "Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus;" in English, the "Dialogue of Creatures Moralized." It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell, and afterwards reprinted in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

"Dialogo C. — For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciii.: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravisshed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: 'Goo we, goo we.' Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have."

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brahman, maintained it against all comers. We find her as Doña Truhana in the famous "Conde Lucanor," the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel who died in 1347; the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise; though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the "Contes et Nouvelles" of Bonaventure des Periers, published in the sixteenth century, — a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her, after La Fontaine, in all the languages of Europe.

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahmanic writers of a later age, carried by Barzûyeh from India to the court of Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the Emperors at Constantinople. Some of them no doubt perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes; few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

Abolishing some Languages.

I have expressed my belief that the time will come when not only the various alphabets and systems of spelling, but many of the languages themselves which are now spoken in Europe —

to say nothing of the rest of the world — will have to be improved away from the face of the earth and abolished.

I know that nothing rouses the ire of a Welshman or a Gael so much as to assert the expediency — nay, the necessity — of suppressing the teaching of their language at school. It seems madness to hint that it would be a blessing to every child born in Holland, in Portugal, or in Denmark — nay, in Sweden and even in Russia — if instead of learing a language which is for life a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, they were at once to learn one of the great historical languages which confer intellectual and social fellowship with the world. If as a first step in the right direction four languages only — namely English, French, German, Italian (or, possibly Spanish) — were taught at school, the saving of time (and what is more precious than time?) would be infinitely greater than what has been effected by railways and telegraphs.

But I know that no name in any of the doomed languages would be too strong to stigmatize such folly. We should be told that a Japanese only could conceive such an idea; that for a people deliberately to give up its language was a thing never heard of before; that a nation would cease to be a nation if it changed its language; that it would, in fact, commit the "happy despatch," *à la Japonaise*. All this may be true; but I hold that language is meant to be an instrument of communication, and that, in the struggle for life, the most efficient instrument of communication must certainly carry the day as long as "natural selection," or as we formerly called it "reason," rules the world.

The following figures may be of use in forming an opinion as to the fate of the great languages of Europe: —

In 1873 *Portuguese* was spoken (in Portugal and Brazil) by about 14,000,000 people; *Italian* by 26,000,000; *French* (in France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc.) by 40,000,000; *Spanish* (in Spain and South America) by 44,000,000; *German* by 44,000,000; *Russian* by 56,000,000; *English* (in Europe, America, Australia, and the colonies) by 79,000,000.

According to De Candolle, the population doubles as follows: In America (among the German races) in 25 years; in South America in 28 years; in England in 56 years; in Russia in 100 years; in Spain in 112 years; in Italy in 135 years; in France in 140 years. Therefore in two hundred years — barring accidents — Italian will be spoken by about 54,000,000; French by 72,000,000; German by 158,000,000; Spanish (in

Europe by 37,000,000; in South Ameriea by 468,000,000) by 505,000,000; English (in Europe by 179,000,000; in the United States and the British dependeneies by 1,659,000,000) by 1,838,000,000.

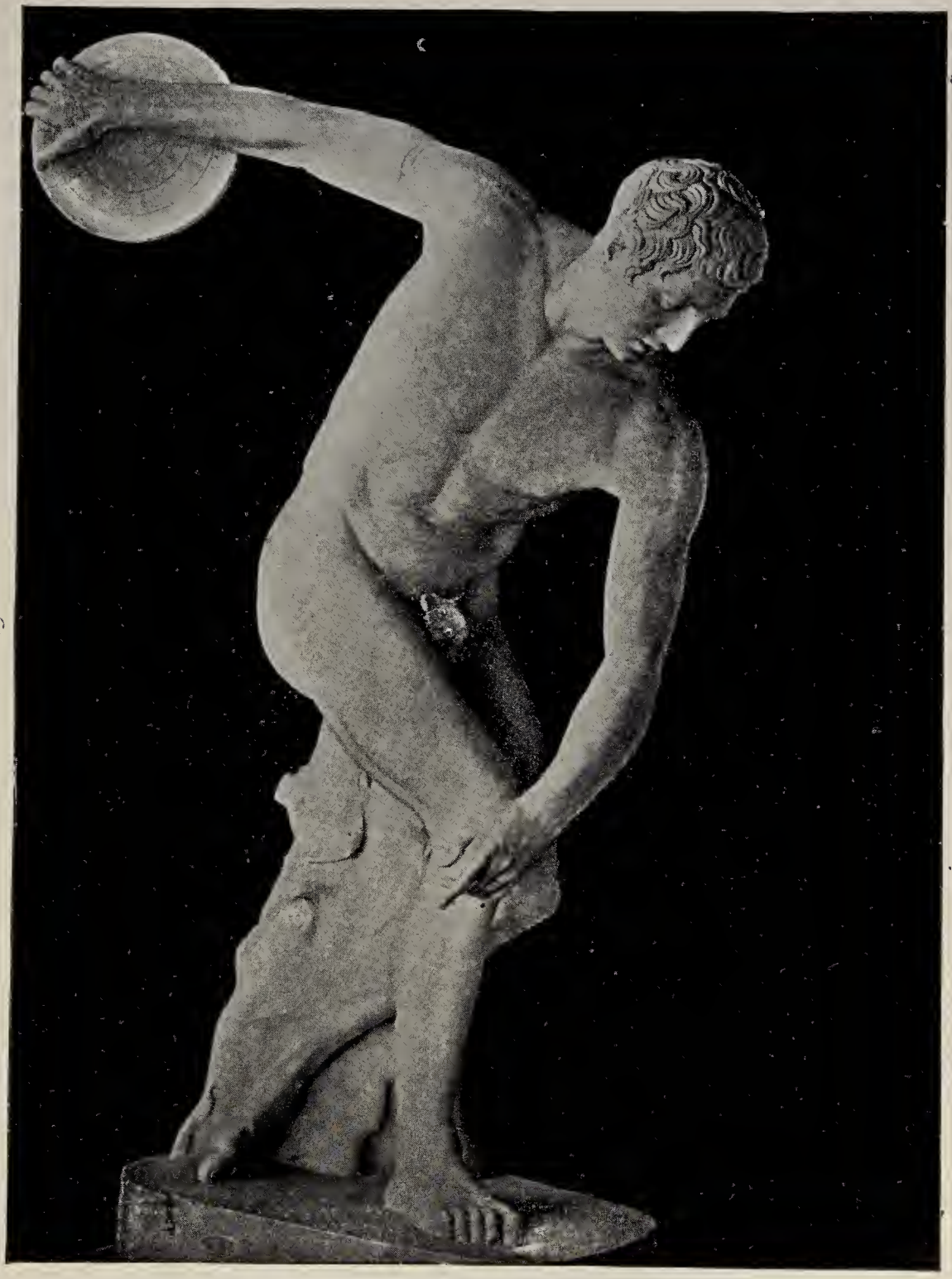
But I shall say no more on this; for as it is I know I shall never hear the end of it, and shall go down to posterity — if for nothing else — at least for this, the most suicidal folly in a student of language; a folly eomparable only to that of Leibnitz, who actually eonceived the possibility of one universal language.

The Dawn as a Source of Mythology.

The dawn is really one of the riehest sourees of Aryan mythology; and another elass of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplifieation of the more aneient stories, telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. . . .

There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn, even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wisdom. . . . The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondeney and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man, like a forlorn ehild, fixing his eyes with breathless anxiety upon the east, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. . . . The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are ealled the bright floeks of the dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession — the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves — when the first rays shoot forth like the brilliant horses racing round the whole eourse of the horizon — when the elouds begin to color up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters! Not only the east, but the west, and the south, and the north, the whole temple of heaven, is illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights, in response, his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words whieh express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart. . . .

If the people of antiquity ealled those eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones ("deva"), the dawn was



THE DISCOBOLUS

the first-born among all the gods — Protogeneia — dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in naked splendor, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realize that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy — if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon those powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say the sun *must* rise was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars performed their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labors. . . .

Sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend; nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the far west rises before his mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where "his fathers went before him," and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a "new life" with "Yama and Varuna." Or he might look upon the sun, not as a short-

lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away. And hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay — of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet — how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view, and gives its own color to the mysterious play of nature.

Reforms in Spelling.

Spelling and the reforms of spelling are problems which concern every student of the Science of Language. It does not matter whether language be English, German, or Dutch. In every written language the problem of reforming its antiquated spelling must sooner or later arise; and we must form some clear notion whether anything can be done to remove or alleviate a complaint inherent in the very life of a language. If my friends tell me that the idea of a reform in spelling is entirely Quixotic; that it is a mere waste of time to try to influence a whole nation to surrender its historical orthography, and to write phonetically, I bow to their superior wisdom as men of the world.

But, as I am not a man of the world, but rather an observer of the world, my interest in the subject, my convictions as to what is right and wrong, remain just the same. If I read the

history of the world rightly, the victory of reason over unreason and the whole progress of our race have generally been achieved by such fools as ourselves "rushing in where angels fear to tread;" for after a time the track becomes beaten, and even the angels are no longer afraid. I hold and have confessed much more Quixotic theories on language than this belief — that what has been done before by Spaniards and Dutchmen — what is at this very moment being done by Germans — namely to reform their corrupt spelling — may be achieved even by Englishmen and Americans.

WILHELM MÜLLER.

Müller, Wilhelm, a German lyric poet, father of the preceding; born at Dessau, October 7, 1794; died there, September 30, 1827. He entered the University of Berlin in 1812. In 1817 he began a two years' tour on the Continent, and on his return to Dessau became a teacher in the Normal School. He translated into German Marlowe's "Faustus" and Fauriel's "Modern Greek Popular Songs," published a collection in ten volumes of poems of the seventeenth century, and wrote many original poems, the first volume of which, entitled "Blumenlese aus den Minnesängen," appeared in 1816. He published "Lyrische Spaziergänge" in 1827. After his death a new volume, "Vermischte Schriften," was published, and in 1837 a collection of his poems was edited by Schwab. Another volume, "Ausgewählte Gedichte," appeared in 1864.

Mine.

Brooklet, cease that song of thine!
Mill-wheels, stop your whirr and whine!
All ye merry wood-songsters fine,
Make no sign;
Silent be and close your eyne!
Every line
I'll design —
It shall but *one* rhyme enshrine:
For the miller's lovely maid is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, are there then no fairer flowers thine?
Sunlight, canst thou then no brighter shine?
Ah, alone I must repine
With that sweetest of all words, "Mine,"
Understood by none in all this world divine!

Withered Flowers.

Ah, all ye flowers
That she once gave,
Ye shall be buried
With me in the grave.

THE "BROOKLET"

Why gaze ye sadly
  Upon me so,
As if with pity
  Ye saw my woe?

Ah, all ye flowers
  Of pale regret,
Ah, all ye flowers,
  How came ye wet?

But tears can't freshen
  The flowers like rain,
Cannot make dead passion
  To bloom again.

The winter 's dying,
  And spring will appear,
And flowers will blossom
  Around me here.

And flowers will cover
  My new-made grave, —
Ah, all the flowers
  That she once gave!

And when she wanders
  The church-yard through,
And softly murmurs,
  "*His* love was true!" —

Then, all ye flowers,
  Oh bloom, oh blow!
For May is coming,
  And gone is the snow.

The Miller and the Brook.

THE MILLER.

When a heart so constant
  Must break and must die,
The lilies all withered
  And broken lie.

In clouds then the full moon
  Must veil her head,
And hide from all mortals
  The tears she doth shed.

In heaven the angels
Their eyes gently close:
They 're sobbing and soothing
The soul to repose.

THE BROOK.

When love has o'ermastered
Its hopes and fears,
A new star, bright shining,
In heaven appears.

Then blossom three roses,
Half white, half red,
That never shall wither
In garden bed.

And in heaven the angels
Their pinions will clip,
And earthwards each morning
Will fairily trip.

THE MILLER.

Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Thou 'rt faithful and true;
Ah, brooklet, but thou know'st not
What love can do.

Ah, down there, far down there,
'T is cool and deep.
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Now sing me to sleep.

Cradle Song of the Brook.

Sweetly sleep, sweetly sleep!
I 'll thy vigil keep!
Wanderer, so weary, thou 'rt now at home.
Securely rest
Asleep on my breast,
Till the brooklets mingle with ocean foam.

Thy bed shall be cool
In moss-lined pool,
In the chamber of sparkling blue crystal clear;
Come, wavelets, wave,
His cradle lave,
Soothe him and rock him, my comrade so dear.

When the sound of horn
From the greenwood's borne,
I will rush and I 'll gush, that thou mayst not hear.
Peep ye not through,
Little flow'rets blue!
You make all the dreams of my sleeper so drear.

Away, away
From my margin stay,
Wicked maiden, lest from thy shadow he wake!
But throw me down,
Thy kerchief brown,
So for his eyes I 'll a bandage make!

Now good-night, now good-night!
Till all 's made right,
Forget all thy hopes, and forget thy fate!
The moon shines bright,
The mists take flight,
And the heaven above me how wide and how great!

Vineta.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman, who at twilight hour,
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lower,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah! a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world in loveliness decaying
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free
Where I hear those angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

The Scarf.

It was a king's fair daughter,
Tall, lily-fair, blue-eyed,
Who spun a silvern girdle
Throughout the long summertide.

Upon a high chair seated
Before her castle door,
In the clear and liquid moonlight
She weaved from hour to hour.

Passed daily knights of valor,
Of valor one and all,
And each within him queried:
"To whom shall this scarf fall?"

She looked not up from her labor;
No questions answered she;
She wrought her name in the border
In black embroidery.

There came a wild storm raging,
From the mountains hither hurled,
Which the scarf tore from its framework
And into the deep sea hurled.

Unmoved remained the maiden,
As if 't were a thing of nought;
She rose from her seat, and slowly
The depths of her chamber sought.

From out of a boudoir closet
A black mourning robe she drew; —
Whoe'er for a light scarf merely
Such heavy mourning knew?

Three days and three nights stayed she
In her gloomy garb arrayed;
In the third night's depths the watchman
A loud alarum made.

At the gate conveyed a herald
This message from afar:
"The ship of the king's great navy
On the high sea scattered are.

"And the wild waves in their fury
Have dashed upon the shore
Full many an o'erwhelmed hero,
Full many a hero's store."

The king's fair daughter standeth
Beside her window there:
"On thy arm what is 't that flutters,
Herald, in the moonlight clear?"

"It is a wrought scarf silvern
I bring from the ocean's strand,
Where from a knight I wrested
The gaud out of his strong hand."

"Of this thou 'dst not be boasting
Should that knight living be!
Bear back to him thy booty —
Back to the deep blue sea.

"And when thou shalt entomb him,
Let this scarf buried be,
And then beside his pallet
Let one spot be left free."

Pastoral Song.

SHEPHERD.

Adieu, adieu, belov'd one;
And reach to me thy hand:
My herd I must be driving
Into a lower land.

The stubblefield is vacant
Where late hath hay been mown;
Here let us with blue ribbons
Bind Love and Truth in one.

Upon the hat I 'll wear them,
Thou 'lt wear them on the breast;
And when thy heart beats 'gainst them,
Shall I feel sadly blest.

When look'st thou from the mountain
Into the dark'ning night,
A fire thou wilt see burning,
Which thy belov'd keeps bright.

And when the flames reach higher,
And brighter grows their glow,
Then think 't is his heart yearning
To mount up from below.

SHEPHERDESS.

Adieu, adieu, belov'd one;
How show I thee my heart!
Within its still, small chamber
It locks both zest and smart.

When mine eyes from my window
Down in the wide field stray,
No tears from their depths falling
My feeling shall betray.

A fire when I see burning
Bright in the dense, dark night,
I 'll bless the station yonder
That my belov'd keeps bright.

And when the flames mount higher,
And brighter grows their glow,
I 'll cradle all my sorrows
Within their fiery flow.

Do not the fire extinguish,
Belov'd, ere breaks the light:
I could not gain my slumber
If I should miss thy light.

SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE.

I 've on the Rhine a sweetheart fine,
A sweetheart on the Spree,
A third at hand in Switzerland,
A fourth upon the sea.

And where I stay or whither stray,
In castle, town, or field,
I find a sweetheart in my way,
The fairest earth doth yield.

And would you all my secret hear,
Ye wandering lover-band?
Come near, come near, and lend an ear,
And soon you 'll understand.

My heart doth e'er a sweetheart bear
Through earth's ways, up and down.
Thus find I one, thus have I one,
In castle, field, and town.

O, welcome, sweetheart on the Rhine!
How far is 't to the sea?
Adieu, my love in Switzerland!
Our parting pains not me.

The Sunken City.

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave —
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old, melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams —
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my mighty dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From full many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirits' luminous land!

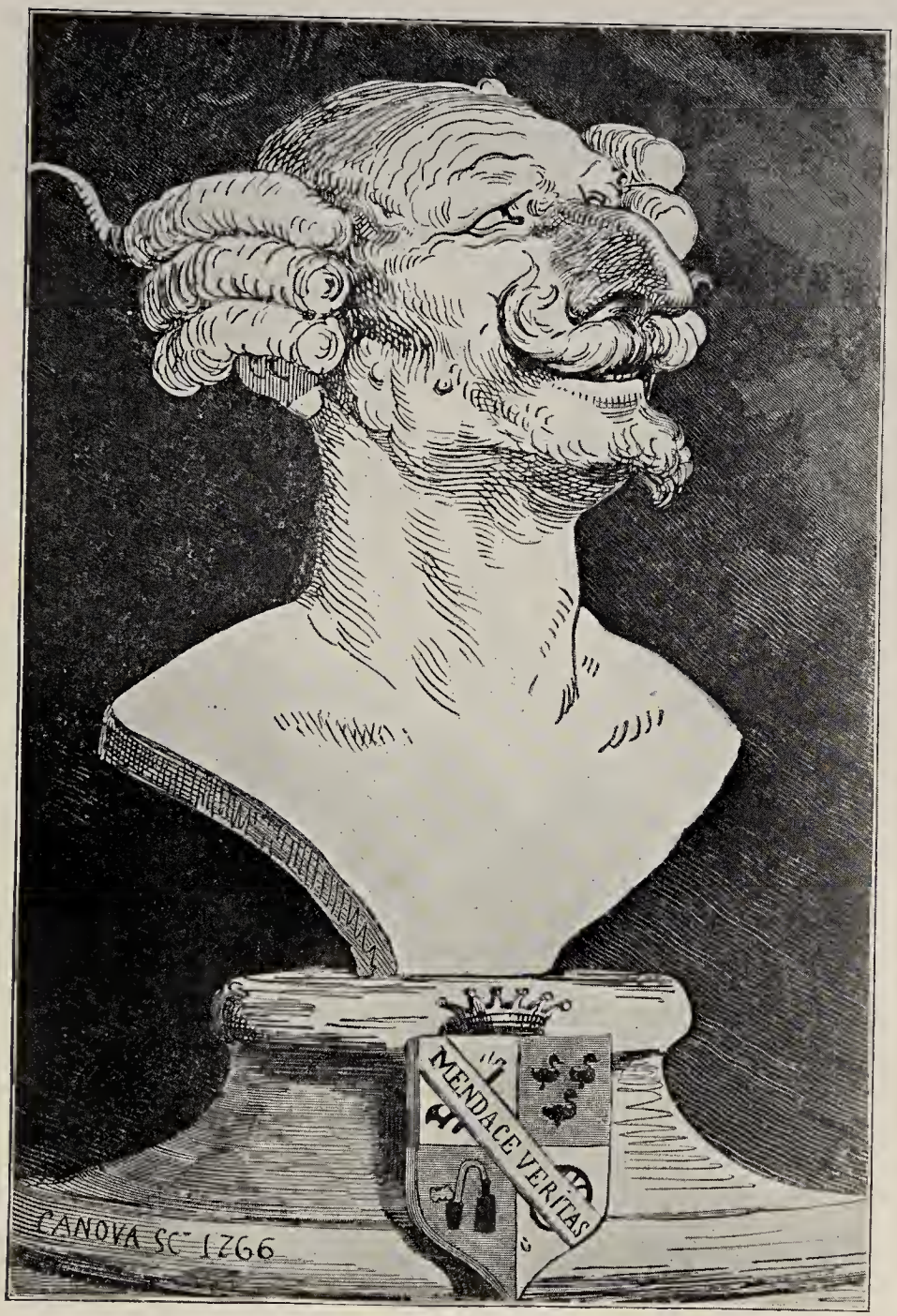
MUNCHAUSEN.

Munchausen, Hieronymus Karl Friedrich, Baron von; born in Bodenwerder, Hanover, Germany, May 11, 1720; died there, February 22, 1797. For many years he served as a cavalry officer in the Russian army, and passed the latter part of his life in his native town. He delighted in relating marvellous stories of his adventures in the campaign against the Turks in 1737–39, and this gained him the reputation of being one of the greatest liars that ever lived. These stories are said to have been first compiled by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a man of letters, born in Hanover in 1737, who was discharged from his offices of professor of archæology and curator of the museum in Cassel on the charge of stealing medals. He fled to England and engaged in literary pursuits in London, where he published these stories anonymously, under the title, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia" (1785).

Travels of Baron Munchausen.

THE BARON RELATES HIS ADVENTURES ON A VOYAGE TO NORTH AMERICA.

I embarked at Portsmouth in a first rate English man-of-war, of one hundred guns, and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon heaving the lead we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathom. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board; a poor fellow, who was aloft furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and



BARON VON MÜNCHAUSEN

(Friedrich Karl Hieronymus)

lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them; my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking, asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him, for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose, that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe, some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathom of the cable, concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. (Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled, with a great degree of inflammation.) This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot: while the whale was running away with the ship she sprung a leak, and the water poured in so fast that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking; it was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found it a large hole about a foot diameter; you will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought! in short, I sat down over it, and could have dispensed with it had it been larger; nor will you be surprised when I inform you I am descended from Dutch parents. [The Baron's ancestors have but lately settled there; in another part of his adventures he boasts of royal blood.]

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cold, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

MEETS AN UNEXPECTED COMPANION.

I was onee in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Mediterranean: I was bathing in that pleasant sea near Marseilles one summer's afternoon, when I diseovered a very large fish, with his jaws quite extended, approaehing me with the greatest veloeity; there was no time to be lost, nor eould I possibly avoid him. I immediately redueed myself to as small a size as possible, by elosing my feet and plaeing my hands also near my sides, in whieh position I passed direetly between his jaws, and into his stomaeh, where I remained some time in total darkness, and eomfortably warm, as you may imagine; at last it oeeurred to me, that by giving him pain he would be glad to get rid of me: as I had plenty of room, I played my pranks, sueh as tumbling, hop, step and jump, ete., but nothing seemed to disturb him as mueh as the quiek motion of my feet in attempting to danee a hornpipe; soon after I began he put me out by sudden fits and starts: I persevered; at last he roared horribly, and stood up almost perpendieularly in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed, by whieh he was diseovered by the people on board an Italian trader, then sailing by, who harpooned him in a few minutes. As soon as he was brought on board I heard the erew eonsulting how they should eut him up, so as to preserve the greatest quantity of oil. As I understood Italian, I was in most dreadful apprehensions lest their weapons employed in this business should destroy me also; therefore I stood as near the eentre as possible, for there was room enough for a dozen men in this ereature's stomaeh, and I naturally imagined they would begin with the extremities: however my fears were soon dispersed, for they began by opening the bottom of the belly. As soon as I pereeived a glimmering of light I ealled out lustily to be released from a situation in whieh I was now almost suffoeated. It is impossible for me to do justiee to the degree and kind of astonishment whieh sat upon every eountenanee at hearing a human voiee issue from a fish, but more so at seeing a naked man walk upright out of his body; in short, gentlemen, I told them the whole story, as I have done you, whilst amazement struek them dumb.

After taking some refreshment, and jumping into the sea to eleanse myself, I swam to my elothes, whieh lay where I had left them on the shore. As near as I ean ealeulate, I was near four hours and a half eonfined in the stomaeh of this animal.

PAYS A VISIT DURING THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR TO HIS OLD FRIEND GENERAL ELLIOT.

During the late siege of Gibraltar I went with a provision-fleet, under Lord Rodney's command, to see my old friend General Elliot, who has, by his distinguished defence of that place, acquired laurels that can never fade. After the usual joy which generally attends the meeting of old friends had subsided, I went to examine the state of the garrison, and view the operations of the enemy, for which purpose the general accompanied me. I had brought a most excellent refracting telescope with me from London, purchased of Dollond, by the help of which I found the enemy were going to discharge a thirty-six pounder at the spot where we stood. I told the general what they were about; he looked through the glass also, and found my conjectures right. I immediately, by his permission, ordered a forty-eight pounder to be brought from a neighboring battery, which I placed with so much exactness (having long studied the art of gunnery) that I was sure of my mark.

I continued watching the enemy till I saw the match placed at the touch-hole of their piece; at that very instant I gave the signal for our gun to be fired also.

About midway between the two pieces of cannon the balls struck each other with amazing force, and the effect was astonishing! The enemy's ball recoiled back with such violence as to kill the man who had discharged it, by carrying his head fairly off, with sixteen others which it met with in its progress to the Barbary coast, where its force, after passing through three masts of vessels that then lay in a line behind each other in the harbor, was so much spent, that it only broke its way through the roof of a poor laborer's hut, about two hundred yards inland, and destroyed a few teeth an old woman had left, who lay asleep upon her back with her mouth open. The ball lodged in her throat. Her husband soon after came home, and endeavored to extract it; but finding that impracticable, by the assistance of a rammer he forced it into her stomach. Our ball did excellent service; for it not only repelled the other in the manner just described, but proceeding as I intended it should, it dismounted the very piece of cannon that had just been employed against us, and forced it into the hold of the ship, where it fell with so much force as to break its way through the bottom. The ship immediately filled and sank, with above a thousand Spanish

sailors on board, besides a considerable number of soldiers. This, to be sure, was a most extraordinary exploit; I will not, however, take the whole merit to myself: my judgment was the principal engine, but chance assisted me a little; for I afterwards found that the man who charged our forty-eight pounder put in, by mistake, a double quantity of powder, else we could never have succeeded so much beyond all expectation, especially in repelling the enemy's ball.

General Elliot would have given me a commission for this singular piece of service; but I declined everything except his thanks, which I received at a crowded table of officers at supper on the evening of that very day.

As I am very partial to the English, who are beyond all doubt a brave people, I determined not to take my leave of the garrison till I had rendered them another piece of service, and in about three weeks an opportunity presented itself. I dressed myself in the habit of a *Popish priest*, and at one o'clock in the morning stole out of the garrison, passed the enemy's lines, and arrived in the middle of their camp, where I entered the tent in which the Prince d'Artois was, with the commander-in-chief, and several other officers, in deep council, concerting a plan to storm the garrison next morning. My disguise was my protection; they suffered me to continue there, hearing everything that passed, till they went to their several beds. When I found the whole camp, and even the sentinels, were wrapped up in the arms of Morpheus, I began my work, which was that of dismounting all their cannon (above three hundred pieces), from forty-eight to twenty-four pounders, and throwing them three leagues into the sea. Having no assistance, I found this the hardest task I ever undertook, except swimming to the opposite shore with the famous Turkish piece of ordnance, described by Baron de Tott in his Memoirs, which I shall hereafter mention. I then piled all the carriages together in the centre of the camp, which, to prevent the noise of the wheels being heard, I carried in pairs under my arms; and a noble appearance they made, as high at least as the rock of Gibraltar. I then lighted a match by striking a flint stone, situated twenty feet from the ground (in an old wall built by the Moors when they invaded Spain), with the breech of an iron eight-and-forty pounder, and so set fire to the whole pile. I forgot to inform you that I threw all their ammunition-wagons upon the top.

Before I applied the lighted match I had laid the combus-

tibles at the bottom so judiciously, that the whole was in a blaze in a moment. To prevent suspicion I was one of the first to express my surprise. The whole camp was, as you may imagine, petrified with astonishment: the general conclusion was, that their sentinels had been bribed, and that seven or eight regiments of the garrison had been employed in this horrid destruction of their artillery. Mr. Drinkwater, in his account of this famous siege, mentions the enemy sustaining a great loss by fire which happened in their camp, but never knew the cause; how should he? as I never divulged it before (though I alone saved Gibraltar by this night's business), not even to General Elliot. The Count d'Artois and all his attendants ran away in their fright, and never stopped on the road till they reached Paris, which they did in about a fortnight; this dreadful conflagration had such an effect upon them that they were incapable of taking the least refreshment for three months after, but, chameleon-like, lived upon the air.

[If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy and make him drink it at one draught.]

About two months after I had done the besieged this service, one morning, as I sat at breakfast with General Elliot, a shell (for I had not time to destroy their mortars as well as their cannon) entered the apartment we were sitting in; it lodged upon our table: the General, as most men would do, quitted the room directly; but I took it up before it burst, and carried it to top of the rock, when, looking over the enemy's camp, on an eminence near the sea-coast I observed a considerable number of people, but could not, with my naked eye, discover how they were employed. I had recourse again to my telescope, when I found that two of our officers, one a general, the other a colonel, with whom I had spent the preceding evening, and who went out into the enemy's camp about midnight as spies, were taken, and then were actually going to be executed on a gibbet. I found the distance too great to throw the shell with my hand, but most fortunately recollecting that I had the very sling in my pocket which assisted David in slaying Goliath, I placed the shell in it, and immediately threw it in the midst of them: it burst as it fell, and destroyed all present, except the two culprits, who were saved by being suspended so high, for they were just turned off; however, one of the pieces of the shell fled with such force against the foot of

the gibbet, that it immediately brought it down. Our two friends no sooner felt terra firma, than they looked about for the cause; and finding their guards, executioner, and all, had taken it into their heads to die first, they directly extricated each other from their disgraceful cords, and then ran down to the seashore, seized a Spanish boat with two men in it, and made them row to one of our ships, which they did with great safety, and in a few minutes after, when I was relating to General Elliot how I had acted, they both took us by the hand, and after mutual congratulations we retired to spend the day with festivity.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH.

We all remember Captain Phipps's (now Lord Mulgrave) last voyage of discovery to the north. I accompanied the captain, not as an officer, but a private friend. When we arrived in a high northern latitude I was viewing the objects around me with the telescope which I introduced to your notice in my Gibraltar adventures. I thought I saw two large white bears in violent action upon a body of ice considerably above the masts, and about half a league distance. I immediately took my carbine, slung it across my shoulder, and ascended the ice. When I arrived at the top, the unevenness of the surface made my approach to those animals troublesome and hazardous beyond expression: sometimes hideous cavities opposed me, which I was obliged to spring over; in other parts the surface was as smooth as a mirror, and I was continually falling: as I approached near enough to reach them, I found they were only at play. I immediately began to calculate the value of their skins, for they were each as large as a well-fed ox: unfortunately, the very instant I was presenting my carbine my right foot slipped, I fell upon my back, and the violence of the blow deprived me totally of my senses for nearly half an hour; however, when I recovered, judge of my surprise at finding one of those large animals I have been just describing had turned me upon my face, and was just laying hold of the waistband of my breeches, which were then new and made of leather; he was certainly going to carry me feet foremost, God knows where, when I took this knife [showing a large clasp knife] out of my side pocket, made a chop at one of his hind feet, and cut off three of his toes; he immediately let me drop and roared

most horribly. I took up my carbine and fired at him as he ran off; he fell directly. The noise of the piece roused several thousands of these white bears, who were asleep upon the ice within half a mile of me; they came immediately to the spot. There was no time to be lost. A most fortunate thought arrived in my pericranium just at that instant. I took off the skin and head of the dead bear in half the time that some people would be in skinning a rabbit, and wrapped myself in it, placing my own head directly under Bruin's; the whole herd came round me immediately, and my apprehensions threw me into a most piteous situation, to be sure: however, my scheme turned out a most admirable one for my own safety. They all came smelling, and evidently took me for a brother Bruin; I wanted nothing but bulk to make an excellent counterfeit: however, I saw several cubs amongst them not much larger than myself. After they had all smelt me, and the body of their deceased companion, whose skin was now become my protector, we seemed very sociable, and I found I could mimic all their actions tolerably well; but at growling, roaring, and hugging they were quite my masters. I began now to think how I might turn the general confidence which I had created amongst these animals to my advantage.

I had heard an old army surgeon say a wound in the spine was instant death. I now determined to try the experiment, and had again recourse to my knife, with which I struck the largest in the back of the neck, near the shoulders, but under great apprehensions, not doubting but the creature would, if he survived the stab, tear me to pieces. However, I was remarkably fortunate, for he fell dead at my feet without making the least noise. I was now resolved to demolish them every one in the same manner, which I accomplished without the least difficulty; for, although they saw their companions fall, they had no suspicion of either the cause or the effect. When they all lay dead before me, I felt myself a second Samson, having slain my thousands.

To make short of the story, I went back to the ship, and borrowed three parts of the crew to assist me in skinning them, and carrying the hams on board, which we did in a few hours, and loaded the ship with them. As to the other parts of the animals, they were thrown into the sea, though I doubt not but the whole would eat as well as the legs, were they properly cured.

As soon as we returned I sent some of the hams, in the captain's name, to the Lords of the Admiralty, others to the Lords of the Treasury, some to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, a few to each of the trading companies, and the remainder to my particular friends, from all of whom I received warm thanks; but from the city I was honored with substantial notice, viz., an invitation to dine at Guildhall annually on Lord Mayor's day.

The bear-skins I sent to the Empress of Russia, to clothe her majesty and her court in the winter, for which she wrote me a letter of thanks with her own hand, and sent it by an ambassador extraordinary, inviting me to share the honors of her bed and crown; but as I never was ambitious of royal dignity, I declined her majesty's favor in the politest terms. The same ambassador had orders to wait and bring my answer to her majesty *personally*, upon which business he was absent about three months: her majesty's reply convinced me of the strength of her affections, and the dignity of her mind; her late indisposition was entirely owing (as she, kind creature! was pleased to express herself in a late conversation with the Prince Dolgoroucki) to my cruelty. What the sex see in me I cannot conceive, but the Empress is not the only female sovereign who has offered me her hand.

Some people have very illiberally reported that Captain Phipps did not proceed as far as he might have done upon that expedition. Here it becomes my duty to acquit him; our ship was in a very proper trim till I loaded it with such an immense quantity of bear-skins and hams, after which it would have been madness to have attempted to proceed further, as we were now scarcely able to combat a brisk gale, much less those mountains of ice which lay in the higher latitudes.

The captain has since often expressed a dissatisfaction that he had no share in the honors of that day, which he emphatically called *bear-skin day*. He has also been very desirous of knowing by what art I destroyed so many thousands, without fatigue or danger to myself; indeed, he is so ambitious of dividing the glory with me, that we have actually quarreled about it, and we are not now upon speaking terms. He boldly asserts I had no merit in deceiving the bears, because I was covered with one of their skins; nay, he declares there is not, in his opinion, in Europe, so complete a bear naturally as himself among the human species.

He is now a noble peer, and I am too well acquainted with good manners to dispute so delieate a point with his lordship.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT ON THE BACK OF AN EAGLE.

About the beginning of his present Majesty's reign I had some business with a distant relation who then lived on the Isle of Thanet; it was a family dispute, and not likely to be finished soon. I made it a practice during my residence there, the weather being fine, to walk out every morning. After a few of these exeursions I observed an objeet upon a great eminence about three miles distant: I extended my walk to it, and found the ruins of an aneient temple: I approached it with admiration and astonishment; the traces of grandeur and magnificence which yet remained were evident proofs of its former splendor: here I could not help lamenting the ravages and devastations of time, of which that once noble structure exhibited such a melancholy proof. I walked round it several times, meditating on the fleeting and transitory nature of all terrestrial things; on the eastern end were the remains of a lofty tower, near forty feet high, overgrown with ivy, the top apparently flat; I surveyed it on every side very minutely, thinking that if I could gain its summit I should enjoy the most delightful prospeet of the circumjacent country. Animated with this hope, I resolved, if possible, to gain the summit, which I at length affected by means of the ivy, thought not without great diffieulty and danger; the top I found eovered with this evergreen, except a large chasm in the middle. After I had surveyed with pleasing wonder the beauties of art and nature that conspired to enrich the seene, curiosity prompted me to sound the opening in the middle, in order to ascertain its depth, as I entertained a suspicion that it might probably communicate with some unexplored subterranean cavern in the hill; but having no line I was at a loss how to proceed. After revolving the matter in my thoughts for some time, I resolved to drop a stone down and listen to the echo; having found one that answered my purpose, I placed myself over the hole, with one foot on each side, and stooping down to listen, I dropped the stone, which I had no sooner done than I heard a rustling below, and suddenly a monstrous eagle put up its head right opposite my face, and rising up with irresistible force, carried me away seated on its shoulders: I instantly grasped it around the neck, which was

large enough to fill my arms, and its wings, when extended, were ten yards from one extremity to the other. As it rose with a regular aseent, my seat was perfeetly easy, and I enjoyed the prospeet below with inexpressible pleasure. It hovered over Margate for some time, was seen by several people, and many shots were fired at it: one ball hit the heel of my shoe, but did me no injury. It then direeted its eourse to Dover eliff, where it alighted, and I thought of dismounting, but was prevented by a sudden diseharge of musketry from a party of marines that were exereising on the beaeh: the balls flew about my head, and rattled on the feathers of the eagle like hailstones, yet I eould not pereeive it had reeeived any injury. It instantly reaseended and flew over the sea towards Calais, but so very high that the ehannel seemed to be no broader than the Thames at London Bridge. In a quarter of an hour I found myself over a thiek wood in Franee, where the eagle deseended very rapidly, whieh eaused me to slip down to the baek part of its head: but alighted on a large tree, and raising its head, I reeovered my seat as before, but saw no possibility of disengaging myself without the danger of being killed by the fall: so I determined to sit fast, thinking it would earry me to the Alps, or some other high mountain, where I eould dismount without any danger. After resting a few minutes it took wing, flew several times round the wood, and sereamed loud enough to be heard aeross the English Channel. In a few minutes one of the speeies arose out of the wood and flew direetly towards us: it surveyed me with evident marks of displeasure, and eame very near me. After flying several times round, they both direeted their eourse to the southwest. I soon observed that the one I rode upon eould not keep paee with the other, but inelined towards the earth, on aeeount of my weight; its eompanion, pereeiving this, turned round and plaeed itself in sueh a position that the other eould rest its head on its rump; in this manner they proeeeded till noon, when I saw the roek of Gibraltar very distinetly. The day being elear, notwithstanding my degree of elevation the earth's surfaee appeared just like a map, where land, sea, lakes, rivers, mountains, and the like were perfeetly distinguishable; and having some knowledge of geography, I was at no loss to determine what part of the globe I was in.

Whilst I was eontemplating this wonderful prospeet a dreadful howling suddenly began all around me, and in a moment I was invested by thousands of small, blaek, deformed, frightful-

looking creatures, who pressed me on all sides in sueh a manner that I eould neither move hand or foot: but I had not been in their possession more than ten minutes when I heard the most delightful musie that ean possibly be imagined, whieh was suddenly ehanged into a noise the most awful and tremendous, to whieh the report of eannon or the loudest elap of thunder eould bear no more proportion than the gentle zephyrs of the evening to the most dreadful hurrieane; but the shortness of its duration prevented all those fatal effeets whieh a prolongation of it would eertainly have been attended with.

The musie eommeneed, and I saw a great number of the most beautiful little ereatures seize the other party, and throw them with great violenee into something like a snuff-box, whieh they shut down, and one threw it away with ineredible velocity; then turning to me, he said they whom he had seeured were a party of devils, who had wandered from their proper habitation; and that the vehiele in whieh they were enelosed would fly with unabating rapidity for ten thousand years, when it would burst of its own aeeord, and the devils would reeover their liberty and faeulties, as at the present moment. He had no sooner finished this relation than the musie eeased, and they all disappeared, leaving me in a state of mind bordering on the eonfines of despair.

When I had reeomposed myself a little, and looking before me with inexpressible pleasure, I observed that the eagles were preparing to light on the peak of Teneriffe: they deseended to the top of the roek, but seeing no possible means of eseape if I dismounted determined me to remain where I was. The eagles sat down seemingly fatigued, when the heat of the sun soon eaused them both to fall asleep, nor did I long resist its fasеinating power. In the eool of the evening, when the sun had retired below the horizon, I was roused from sleep by the eagle moving under me; and having stretehed myself along its baek, I sat up, and reassumed my travelling position, when they both took wing, and having plaeed themselves as before, direeted their eourse to South America. The moon shining bright during the whole night, I had a fine view of all the islands in those seas.

About the break of day we reaehed the great eontinent of Ameriea, that part ealled Terra Firma, and deseended on the top of a very high mountain. At this time the moon, far distant in the west, and obscured by dark clouds, but just afforded light

suffieient for me to discover a kind of shrubbery all around, bearing fruit something like eabbages, which the eagles began to feed on very eagerly. I endeavored to discover my situation, but fogs and passing elouds involved me in the thickest darkness, and what rendered the scene still more shocking was the tremendous howling of wild beasts, some of which appeared to be very near: however, I determined to keep my seat, imagining that the eagle would earry me away if any of them should make a hostile attempt. When daylight began to appear I thought of examining the fruit which I had seen the eagles eat, and as some was hanging which I could easily come at, I took out my knife and cut a slice; but how great was my surprise to see that it had all the appearanee of roast beef regularly mixed, both fat and lean! I tasted it, and found it well flavored and delicious, then cut several large slices and put in my pocket, where I found a erust of bread which I had brought from Margate; took it out, and found three musket-balls that had been lodged in it on Dover cliff. I extraeted them, and cutting a few slices more, made a hearty meal of bread and eold beef fruit. I then eut down two of the largest that grew near me, and tying them together with one of my garters, hung them over the eagle's neck for another oecasion, filling my pockets at the same time. While I was settling these affairs I observed a large fruit like an inflated bladder, which I wished to try an experiment upon: and striking my knife into one of them, a fine pure liquor like Hollands gin rushed out, which the eagles observing, eagerly drank up from the ground. I cut down the bladder as fast as I could, and saved about half a pint in the bottom of it, which I tasted, and could not distinguish it from the best mountain wine. I drank it all, and found myself greatly refreshed. By this time the eagles began to stagger against the shrubs. I endeavored to keep my seat, but was soon thrown to some distance among the bushes. In attempting to rise I put my hand upon a large hedgehog, which happened to lie among the grass upon its back: it instantly closed round my hand, so that I found it impossible to shake it off. I struck it several times against the ground without effect; but while I was thus employed I heard a rustling among the shrubbery, and looking up, I saw a huge animal within three yards of me; I could make no defence, but held out both my hands, when it rushed upon me, and seized that on which the hedgehog was fixed. My hand being soon relieved, I ran to some distanee, where I saw the

creature suddenly drop down and expire with the hedgehog in its throat. When the danger was passed I went to view the eagles, and found them lying on the grass fast asleep, being intoxicated with the liquor they had drank. Indeed, I found myself considerably elevated by it, and seeing everything quiet, I began to search for some more, which I soon found; and having cut down two large bladders, about a gallon each, I tied them together, and hung them over the neck of the other eagle, and the two smaller ones I tied with a cord round my own waist. Having secured a good stock of provisions, and perceiving the eagles begin to recover, I again took my seat. In half an hour they arose majestically from that place, without taking the least notice of their encumbrance. Each reassumed its former station; and directing their course to the northward, they crossed the Gulf of Mexico, entered North America, and steered directly for the Polar regions, which gave me the finest opportunity of viewing this vast continent that can possibly be imagined.

Before we entered the frigid zone the cold began to affect me; but piercing one of my bladders, I took a draught, and found that it could make no impression on me afterwards. Passing over Hudson's Bay, I saw several of the company's ships lying at anchor, and many tribes of Indians marching with their furs to market.

By this time I was so reconciled to my seat, and become such an expert rider, that I could sit up and look around me; but in general I lay along the eagle's neck, grasping it in my arms, with my hands immersed in its feathers, in order to keep them warm.

In these cold climates I observed that the eagles flew with greater rapidity, in order, I suppose, to keep their blood in circulation. In passing Baffin's Bay I saw several large Greenlandmen to the eastward, and many surprising mountains of ice in those seas.

While I was surveying these wonders of nature it occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to discover the northwest passage, if any such thing existed, and not only obtain the reward offered by government, but the honor of a discovery pregnant with so many advantages to every European nation. But while my thoughts were absorbed in this pleasing reverie I was alarmed by the first eagle striking its head against a solid transparent substance, and in a moment that which I rode experienced the same fate, and both fell down seemingly dead.

Here our lives must inevitably have terminated, had not a sense of danger and the singularity of my situation inspired me with a degree of skill and dexterity which enabled us to fall near two miles perpendicular with as little inconvenience as if we had been let down with a rope; for no sooner did I perceive the eagles strike against a frozen cloud, which is very common near the poles, than (they being close together) I laid myself along the back of the foremost and took hold of its wings to keep them extended, at the same time stretching out my legs behind to support the wings of the other. This had the desired effect, and we descended very safe on a mountain of ice, which I supposed to be about three miles above the level of the sea.

I dismounted, unloaded the eagles, opened one of the bladders, and administered some of the liquor to each of them, without once considering that the horrors of destruction seemed to have conspired against me. The roaring of waves, crashing of ice, and the howling of bears, conspired to form a scene the most awful and tremendous; but, notwithstanding this, my concern for the recovery of the eagles was so great, that I was insensible of the danger to which I was exposed. Having rendered them every assistance in my power, I stood over them in painful anxiety, fully sensible that it was only by means of them that I could possibly be delivered from those abodes of despair.

But suddenly a monstrous bear began to roar behind me, with a voice like thunder. I turned round, and seeing the creature just ready to devour me, having the bladder of liquor in my hands, through fear I squeezed it so hard, that it burst, and the liquor, flying in the eyes of the animal, totally deprived it of sight. It instantly turned from me, ran away in a state of distraction and soon fell over a precipice of ice into the sea, where I saw it no more.

The danger being over, I again turned my attention to the eagles, whom I found in a fair way of recovery, and suspecting that they were faint for want of victuals, I took one of the beef fruit, cut it into small slices and presented them with it, which they devoured with avidity.

Having given them plenty to eat and drink, and disposed of the remainder of my provision, I took possession of my seat as before. After composing myself, and adjusting everything in the best manner, I began to eat and drink very heartily; and through the effects of the mountain, as I called it, was very cheerful, and began to sing a few verses of a song which I had

learned when I was a boy: but the noise soon alarmed the eagles, who had been asleep, through the quantity of liquor which they had drank, and they arose seemingly much terrified. Happily for me, however, when I was feeding them I had accidentally turned their heads towards the southeast, which course they pursued with a rapid motion. In a few hours I saw the Western Isles, and soon after had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Old England. I took no notice of the seas or islands over which I passed.

The eagles descended gradually as they drew near the shore, intending, as I supposed, to alight on one of the Welsh mountains; but when they came to the distance of about sixty yards two guns were fired at them, loaded with balls, one of which penetrated a bladder of liquor that hung to my waist; the other entered the breast of the foremost eagle, who fell to the ground, while that which I rode, having received no injury, flew away with amazing swiftness.

This circumstance alarmed me exceedingly, and I began to think it was impossible for me to escape with my life; but recovering a little, I once more looked down upon the earth, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw Margate at a little distance, and the eagle descending on the old tower whence it had carried me on the morning of the day before. It no sooner came down than I threw myself off, happy to find that I was once more restored to the world. The eagle flew away in a few minutes, and I sat down to compose my fluttering spirits, which I did in a few hours.

I soon paid a visit to my friends, and related these adventures. Amazement stood in every countenance; their congratulations on my returning in safety were repeated with an unaffected degree of pleasure, and we passed the evening as we are doing now, every person present paying the highest compliments to my COURAGE and VERACITY.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

Murfree, Mary Noailles (Charles Egbert Craddock, *pseud.*), an American novelist; born at Grantlands, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., about 1850. In early youth Miss Murfree became lame, and devoted herself to study. Her family moved to St. Louis, Mo., and she began to write stories of life in the Tennessee mountains. These were published in the "Atlantic Monthly," under the pen-name of Charles Egbert Craddock. Her stories have been published in book form, and include "In the Tennessee Mountains" (1884); "Where the Battle Was Fought" (1885); "Down the Ravine" (1885); "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885); "In the Clouds" (1886); "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" (1887); "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" (1888); "In the Stranger People's Country" (1891); "His Vanished Star" (1894); "Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge" (1895); "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain" (1895); "The Juggler" (1897).

A Gentleman of the Old School.[1]

(From "Where the Battle was Fought.")

The pulses of life throbbed languidly in Chattalla. Sometimes there was hardly a creature to be seen upon the Square — and then again the noontide sunshine would rest only on the figure of a belated countryman, drunk overnight, lying in the safe shadow of the Temple of Justice, and sleeping off the effects of "bust head," in the soft spring grass beneath the budding sycamore tree. Sometimes a wagon would rattle heavily across the stones; at long intervals the sound of chaffering would rise upon the air from "Jerusalem;" or perhaps the silence might be broken by the talk of a knot of gentlemen who brought chairs from the bank, and took up a position in the midst of the public pavement. If you should thread your way through this group, you would not overhear the discussion of news of the present day, local or foreign — you would catch

[1] Copyright, 1884, James R. Osgood & Co. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co

such phrases as — "The enemy's artillery opened the ball," — or, "Then we executed a brilliant flank movement." And you would go on realizing that all their interest lay in the past, and that they looked upon the future as only capable of furnishing a series of meagre and supplemental episodes.

It seemed to Estwicke afterward that one of these episodes, which roused Chattalla and diverted it momentarily from its occupation of contemplating its own history, was charged with the special purpose of effecting a breach between himself and General Vayne. It operated solely upon the peculiarities of their respective temperaments, for each had in the matter as slight concern as might be.

One morning Estwicke came down by rail from the barracks, and as he entered the lower cross-hall of the court-house he encountered General Vayne marching meditatively back and forth upon the brick-paved floor.

"I have been endeavoring, sir," said General Vayne, as he offered his hand, "to drill some raw recruits of recollections. I am a witness, you know, in that Jartree suit against the life insurance company — shabby, shabby affair! Do you know, sir," lowering his voice effectively, "that the pretext upon which they refuse to pay the loss is that Major Jartree died — by — his — own — hand!" Impressive pause. "They claim that the deed was done for the sake of securing the insurance money for his children!" Still more impressive pause. "That he *died*, sir, in the act of cheating and chousing. *My* friend, Major Jartree!"

He drew himself up to his full height, twirling his moustache fiercely with his left hand, and looking frowningly intent — much as he did when he led a charge at Shiloh or Monterey.

There was an expression of embarrassment on Estwicke's face; he was about to speak, but General Vayne, roused with affronted friendship, went swiftly on: —

"I am only to testify to the life-long integrity of Major Jartree — my limited knowledge of the minutiæ of this affair will permit me to go no further. But I am glad to enter the lists on any terms. I am glad to break a lance for those orphaned children! *Six* of them, Captain Estwicke — six of those helpless children, all under fifteen years of age! No father — mother a confirmed invalid — and their half-brothers both family-men struggling along on little tid-bits of salaries. But" — with a change of voice, and waving the whole matter

into a diminishing distance with his expressive left hand, "the effort on the part of the company to avoid the obligation is utterly futile. It will only be painful to Major Jartree's friends and relatives to hear the puny, malicious attempts to tarnish his motives and character. *That* can't be done, sir, here in Chattalla, where the man was known and beloved and revered — *my* friend, Major Jartree! It is impossible for them to procure any reputable, credible testimony!"

"Perhaps you are unaware," said Estwicke, with a sudden hot flush, "that I am here to-day to testify in behalf of the insurance company."

General Vayne fell back a step.

"Most certainly, sir, I was unaware of it," he said, with slow emphasis. "And" — severely — "it seems to me you should before have stated the fact."

Now, General Vayne was the father of a daughter — otherwise Estwicke would have sharply retorted that he had found it impossible to get in a word edgewise. He trembled with the effort at repression, but still stood confronting the elder gentleman, and intimating by his expectant eye that he anticipated something more definite in the way of an apology.

In General Vayne's foolish, partisan indignation that the legal adversary of Major Jartree's orphans had any witness at all, and that he himself had been thus unwittingly and ludicrously hob-nobbing with the enemy, he would have been glad to put Estwicke off with something less than the full honors of war. But the young man's manner and attitude constrained him.

"In that case," he resumed stiffly, "I beg to withdraw anything offensive I may have said concerning the character of the testimony which the insurance company can command."

Here Estwicke should have dropped it.

"I did not have the opportunity," he persisted, however, imperiously resolved to place himself exactly right upon the record, "to intimate earlier my slight connection with the affair. I was interested and surprised by what you were saying."

And here General Vayne should have dropped it.

"And, if I may ask, what did I say to surprise you?" he demanded.

Combat was to Estwicke like the breath of his nostrils. Already restive under the many restraints imposed by the

other's seniority and paternity, his aggressive manner was only imperfectly tempered as he replied: —

"If you may ask, I may answer. I was surprised that so serious a doubt should be entertained that Major Jartree killed himself."

"Doubt, sir! That he killed himself!" exclaimed General Vayne. "If I were warned of God in a vision I could not — I could not constrain myself to believe it! My friend" — his voice trembled — "Major Jartree!"

"And, Captain Estwicke," he added, after a momentary pause, "it will be very difficult to make a jury believe *that*, in the face of Major Jartree's character, which, fortunately, he left behind him, and which cannot be taken away even — from — a — dead — man."

"I shall not attempt to make a jury believe it," said Estwicke, irritated beyond bounds. "I shall only tell the jury, under oath, what I know."

General Vayne looked at him gravely.

"I beg your pardon once more. I supposed that you were here to prove some slight collateral point. I had no idea that you intended to *try* to make the jury believe that. Let me ask you, Captain Estwicke," he continued, in a sudden tremor for the result of the case, "how you, a stranger, happen to be so fully informed about this matter?"

So much had been said of questionable intent that Estwicke fancied an implication in this, too.

"I should answer that question more appropriately from the witness stand," he replied, altogether overtaken.

"Thank you!" cried General Vayne, fiercely, "I am schooled!"

He was about to pass by, but Estwicke, already penitent, hastily added: —

"I was at Bandusia Springs when he killed himself — I mean when he died."

"I perceive in you, sir, a very formidable witness against the widow and the orphan," said General Vayne, hotly.

"I assure you," returned Estwicke, losing every vestige of self-control, "other people have some rights under the law — even an insurance company — and the law accords them my testimony, such as it is."

"I wish you joy of your tilt in its behalf, and I have the honor to wish you also, sir, a very good morning." And Gen-

eral Vayne passed swiftly through the door and strode off down the pavement to the gate, twirling his long, gray moustache, and touching his hat with a military salute to the men he met, who greeted him in like manner.

There were ten windows in the Circuit Court room, all of them furnished with great, green shutters, which stood, night and day, broadly flaring. This gave them from within a bare and unnaturally glaring aspect, and might have suggested, to a mind enervated and rendered morbid by the sophistication of shades and inside blinds, a painful resemblance to eyes lidless and lashless. In the summer-time, when the grimy and cobwebbed sashes were thrown up, the thick leaves of the sycamore close at hand, with here the flash of the dew and there the flutter of a wing, afforded a pretty make-shift for upholstery, but to-day only the budding branches touched the glass and occasionally rapped sharply upon it as if to call to order the assemblage within.

Besides the Bar, many of the unprofessional "quality" of Chatalla were present, and a considerable number of heavy country fellows from the outlying districts of the county, clad in brown jeans and stolidly eyeing the town folks, lounged on the benches or strolled aimlessly in and out of the room. Close to the wall, on the left, sat rows of the litigation-loving negroes, whose habit it is to frequent the trial of all causes, great or small. Admirers of oratory are these, and never a word is lost upon them. The jury held their heads attentively askew, for already the plaintiff's *prima facie* case had been made out, and depositions were being read on the other side. Then Estwicke was called, and as he took his conspicuous place on the stand an expectant silence ensued.

The glare of the ten windows was full upon his expressive, irregular features, and his dark red hair, clipped close about his finely shaped head. His whiskers and mustache seemed to take a lighter tinge. There was a slight frown upon his face, and a grave, almost anxious, intentness in his brown eyes belied the cool, impassive manner with which he awaited the questions.

The first of these were comparatively unimportant, and elicited ready replies. They were put by the defendant's senior counsel, a muscular, wiry, hatchet-faced man of the name of Kendricks, a stranger at this bar, and bearing in his garb and manner the stamp of a metropolis. He was a practitioner of

some note in the city of Marston, and Temple Mercdith had at first regarded with self-gratulation the fact of being associated with him in this case. It was calculated, Meredith thought, to impress the public with a sense of his increasing professional importance, since it could not be generally known that the influence of a kinsman, who was a director in the insurance company, had caused that corporation to secure also the young fellow's valuable services. And in fact his services were valuable. He had done most of the drudgery in preparing the case, he had studied it carefully, drawn the papers, discovered important testimony, and armed himself to the teeth with precedent. But now that it had come on for trial, and was before the public, Kendricks had resumed his position as principal performer, and left the young man, ambitious of distinction, to saw away on the second fiddle with what complacenee he might. Meredith maintained his habitual serenity of aspect, but, after the manner of such young shoots who desire to be century oaks in a fortnight, he felt ill-used. It never occurred to him that this state of silent obscurity was exactly the same which Kendricks had graced some twenty years before.

Presently a sudden break occurred in the examination.

"State anything that Major Jartree may have said to you on the subject of suicide."

The witness hesitated, turned his hat in his hand, and glanced down at it, conscious of General Vayne's fierce eyes fixed upon him — conscious of no others. A flush rose into his face — and then he looked up. He was sensible of an angry contempt for himself that he had sought to shirk any man's gaze, that there should be any man whose displeasure he deprecated — and deprecated for a selfish reason. And in this instant he caught the expression of faces that had a far more unnerving effect — that smote upon his heart. The dead man's two sons sat before him — shabby-genteel young drudges, with joyless, troubled eyes, in which he read the terrible anxiety that possesses men who hold character dear, when character is called in question. And he remembered, too, the widow and the six orphans whose little all was in jeopardy.

He chafed under the sense of these influences. "Have I a conscience?" he asked himself. "Do I realize the obligations of an oath?"

In the effort to sustain his equilibrium he was unaware how much of the indifference, which he sought to foster in his mind

and heart, was expressed in his manner as he replied, "Major Jartree often spoke to me of suicide. He alluded to it as 'the solution of a problem.'"

General Vayne threw himself back impatiently in his chair, which creaked beneath the shifting of his heavy weight. There was a cruel, blanching dismay in the faces of the dead man's sons. They looked at each other in painful doubt and bewilderment, and then they looked back in increasing surprise at the witness.

This to the crowd seemed almost conclusive. The depositions of the physicians which had been read proved only that Major Jartree had for some time, under advice, used morphine, and had taken an overdose. From their showing, it might have been an accident. This testimony seemed to indicate a deliberate intention.

Estwicke was requested to give the particulars, so far as his memory might serve, of all that Major Jartree had said alluding to suicide, and the circumstances under which these conversations took place.

And as he complied, the impression he created was one which his slightest friend might regret. His glance was both hard and careless. Now and then he turned, with an idle gesture, his soft hat which he held folded in his hand. His manner seemed the exponent of a callous nature — the very tones of his voice indicated a peculiarly frivolous insensibility to the painful and even tragic elements involved in the recital. For it began to be very evident that a bankrupt, in broken health, in great depression of spirit, in frantic anxiety for his children's future and the support of an invalid wife, the dead man had sacrificed his honesty, his conscience, his life, for a pittance, and sacrificed it in vain. He had talked too much in his loneliness and his sorrows to a friendly young stranger whom he had met at the "Springs," whither his sons had sent him for a few weeks to recuperate his health and divert his mind — they felt every day even yet the hard pinching of the economies which that extravagance had entailed upon them. Though Estwicke gave every detail so lightly, as he recounted the scenes, they seemed to pass visibly before the jury. Even the least imaginative among them had a vivid mental picture of the long, mysterious, wooded Cumberland spurs, and the grim gray cliff projected against a red sunset sky, and heard the dead man's shrill tones, breaking into the still evening air, as he rose, and with uplifted hand protested, —

"A man's life is his own, Captain Estwicke, — shall he not say when it shall end!" And again there was a conversation in the freshness of the morning as they sat in the observatory, which hung over the precipice and quivered and shuddered with the wind, and here he had calculated the depth below, and argued with his companion whether it were certain death to fall. And once they drank together the sparkling chalybeate water that bubbled out from a cleft in a crag. "I wish you health, my young friend," he had said. "You are at the entrance of the great stage. I hope you have a fine *rôle* to play, and a good stock company of friends for support, and a great ovation and glorification awaiting you. I am but a supernumerary at best, and nearer the exit than you think. Instead of this health-giving water I should drink some deadly drug. And then you would see with what grace I can make my bow to an audience which has not troubled itself overmuch about me, and about which I shall trouble myself no more."

General Vayne rose and walked heavily out of the room. He went down the stairs, leaning ponderously on the balustrade, and joined Mr. Ridgeway, who chanced to be aimlessly strolling about the porch.

"Sir," said General Vayne, facing round upon his friend in the flickering shadow of the leafless sycamore boughs, "sir, the quality of sympathy is the one quality which lifts the human animal above the beasts that perish. The man who lacks it, lacks his soul."

After a pause he continued impressively. "It is a quality, sir, which ennobles a beggar and adorns a prince."

Then he fell suddenly from his rounded periods into an inconsequent heap, so to speak, of indignation.

"I — tell — you — what — it — is — sir," — he said in that effective diminuendo — "this belated invasion — this post-mortem invasion, as one might call it, is" —

He checked himself; he would not speak disparagingly of a man behind his back, — not even of the post-mortem invader, his own familiar home-made Yankee who invaded his native soil.

For a time the two elderly gentlemen sat on the front steps in silence. Then General Vayne rose and paced up and down the brick-floored hall, struggling with an inclination to return to the court-room and hear the testimony that was so repugnant to him. Finally the impulse prevailed. When he went back he

found that Estwicke was under cross-examination. This was very skillfully conducted, but elicited nothing of value, except that he had heard other men who had never committed suicide say many like things, and that he had considered these of no special import until after Major Jartree's death. There were no contradictions, no admissions, no involutions. He was the ideal witness, bold, succinct, and as transparent as crystal. As he went down from the stand, Meredith, with the *camaraderie* of youth, indicated, by a gesture of invitation, a vacant chair at his side. Estwicke hesitated; then, saying to himself that he would not truckle, he would not seem to avoid them, he sat down by the defendant's lawyers, although he thought as he did so that this was an overt act of perfect accord which he might well spare himself, and he felt as if he and they were conspirators in some dark deed against the widow and the orphans.

The plaintiff's rebutting testimony was now to be taken, and General Vayne was the first witness called.

"Will you state," said the counsel, "what was Major Jartree's character for integrity."

"Sir," exclaimed General Vayne, while the tears rushed to his enthusiastic eyes, and he made an agitated gesture as if he would clasp his missing right hand — clasping only the empty air, "I would answer for his integrity with my life — with — my — life!"

There was throughout the room an electric current of painful sympathy. The jury were surprised, thrilled, touched. The hatchet-faced Kendricks was on his feet in an instant with an objection.

"Could I say more — or less?" cried the witness, suddenly, forestalling the plaintiff's counsel, "knowing him as I did — *my* friend, Major Jartree! Only the voice of the stranger is raised against him!"

All eyes were turned toward Estwicke. He was a-tingle in every fibre, his face grew hot and scarlet, the veins in his temples were blue and swollen; he made a movement as if he were about to rise.

"Steady — steady!" said the placid and debonair Meredith, in an undertone, laying a staying hand on Estwicke's shoulder.

The contentious Kendricks was in his element. "I appeal to your Honor," he vociferated, "to protect my witness" — Estwicke gasped — "to protect my witness against these aspersions

intended to prejudice the jury against the conclusive testimony he has given."

"Aspersions!" exclaimed General Vayne, leaning forward suddenly toward the plaintiff's lawyers. "*Did* he say *aspersions?*"

There was a jostling rush forward to obtain a better view of the actors in the little drama, and the constantly contracting crowd was shaded off by a line of black faces enlivened by glittering ivories and the whites of astonished rolling eyes. A clamor of voices had arisen, and above all dominated the sheriff's stentorian, "Silence in court!"

"I'll commit somebody presently," said the judge impersonally. He had a wooden face, an impassive manner, and a brier-root pipe which he smoked imperturbably throughout the proceedings. He was a man of few words but of prompt action; at the sound of his inexpressive voice the tumult was stilled instantly.

"Will your Honor be so good as to admonish the witness that reflections on those who preceded him are not evidence and are inadmissible."

"The witness must comport himself with all due regard to this court and counsel," said the judge. Then the examination was resumed.

"What was Major Jartree's habit of conversation?"

"He often spoke figuratively. He might have been easily misunderstood by a man of different mental calibre — a literal-minded man."

"Will your Honor instruct the witness to confine himself to the necessary replies," exclaimed Kendricks, again on his feet. "The witness does not answer questions. He is only seeking to utilize Captain Estwicke's testimony, which he has heard, to make an argument. I see that we ought to have had all these witnesses put under the rule."

"Too late now," interpolated the judge, dryly.

"Instead of answering questions," pursued Kendricks, "the witness is trying to persuade the jury that all Major Jartree said to Captain Estwicke were merely flowers of rhetoric which" — with a fine sneer — "his limited mental capacity prevented him from comprehending."

"Counsel may sit down," said the impassive judge, who had weathered many a storm like this.

Kendricks sat down in — paradoxically — a towering rage, and the plaintiff's lawyer proceeded.

"What was Major Jartrec's temperament?"

The witness looked inquiringly.

"State whether he was kindly disposed, or otherwise, and anything you may know of his character."

"Kind, sir? He had the kindest heart that ever beat! He was humane, and gentle, and generous! He was imbued with a fine ehar-r-ity." Here the witness demonstrated his own char-r-ity by pausing impressively to scowl at Estwicke. "He saw men, not as they were, but as they ought to be. He revered his fellow-ereature. He beheld in man the majesty of his Maker's image!"

"I objeet," said Kendrieks hastily. For there was a change ominous to his client's interests in the expression of the jurymen. They had all known and been "mighty sorry" for Major Jartree, who was an amiable but useless old gentleman, and nobody's enemy but his own. They reeognized him in all this, but somehow he loomed before them in impressive proportions as General Vayne lent them his moral magnifying glass. "If the court please, this is not evidence," persisted Kendricks.

"Keep strictly to the point," said the judge.

"I will, your Honor," returned the witness earnestly.

"Was he a religious man?"

"He was a sineere and humble Christian," said General Vayne eonelusively — in his own way he was a pious man himself.

"Can you state anything whieh would intimate his possible horror of the crime of suieide?"

"Sir, he entertained a deep reverence for the sanctity of life. He took ample cognizanee of that stupendous right to exist whieh dignifies the meanest worm of the earth. I onee heard him say to a grandchild who was torturing an inseet — 'My dear, the beetle is your brother. Spare him!'"

He repeated this with a noble gesture of intercession and a fine oratorieal effect. He fixed his magnetie eyes on the jury, who were subtly agitated by an illogieal responsive fervor, and then with a sudden wild burst of indiguation he exelaimed: —

"And they ask us to believe that this man, of all men, held himself, whom God had so nobly endowed, as slighter than the beetle — and took his life and falsified his eharaeter, so graeiously won, to eheat an insurance company. It is monstrous — monstrous! *My* friend! Major Jartree!"

"Stop! *Stop!* Stop!" Kendrieks had roared in a steadily

increasing crescendo, but throughout these vociferations General Vayne had kept steadily on, regarding them only as a strategic movement of the enemy designed to divert his attention.

"Your Honor, I insist — I *demand* that you admonish this witness as to his duty, and require him to conform to it."

"The witness *must* answer questions, and say nothing further," said the judge emphatically.

The witness turned his flushed, enthusiastic face toward the plaintiff's lawyers as an invitation to come again. They were taking heart of grace. It is not always safe to trust the appearance of a jury, but those twelve good and lawful men were beginning to assume the aspect of a row of intent and eager partisans. An influence more potent than law or right reason swayed them. The witness had fast hold of their heart-strings, and their pulses quickened under his touch.

"What was the character of Major Jartree's mind?"

"He possessed a highly cultivated understanding, sir. His power of discrimination between right and wrong was as solid as the heart of that tree, and as perfectly adjusted as the hair-trigger of your pistol, sir."

"What was his habit in the matter of prudence or rashness?"

"He was cool and deliberate. He possessed remarkable foresight. I will instance the fact that he foresaw, from the beginning, the result of the Late War" — which on the day of the surrender had been a great surprise to General Vayne.

"You are not here to instance facts," exclaimed Kendricks pettishly.

To this General Vayne paid no manner of attention, but went on eagerly.

"If he were capable of such a deed, for such a purpose — the mere supposition is abhorrent — he could but have perceived that it would of necessity defeat itself."

"I desire to ask of your Honor," said Kendricks, once more on his feet, and utterly losing control of his temper, "whether throughout the testimony of this witness I am to be subjected to the ignominy of this bravado, and my client's interests to a flagrant injustice? It is plain that the witness does not desire to give evidence. He only seeks to insinuate prejudice and to foster misapprehension in the minds of the jury."

General Vayne rose slowly from the chair. The movement at such a moment was unprecedented and unexpected, and there was a breathless pause of surprise and doubt. He was so pre-

eminently a calm man that he never found it necessary to subject his intentions to the scrutiny and question imperative with men of impulse. His gesture was appropriately deliberate as he reached up to the judge's desk and grasped the heavy glass inkstand that stood there. The next moment it was hurled wildly at the head of the defendant's counsel, impartially distributing its contents on the irreproachable shirt-bosoms of the "quality" of Chattalla, and endangering in its defective aim the row of negroes, high up on the benches, who dodged as one man. The wind of its flight, as it crashed harmless against the wall, nearly took off a darkey's ear, and impressed with his peril, and holding the threatened member in his cautious hand, he vociferated — "I tell ye now, dey 'd better leff de ole gen'al alone!"

Kendricks had — instinctively, perhaps — thrust his arm behind him. It was a significant motion. The next moment something steely and sinister gleamed in hand. But quick as he was, he was hardly quick enough. The pistol was cocked, but not levelled, when General Vayne rushed upon him. There was a swift, muscular moment of that dextrous left arm, and the learned counsel, hit fair and full between the eyes, was sprawling upon the floor, the revolver discharging in his fall, and the bullet skipping lightsomely through the little that was left of the crowd. An eager curiosity as to the subsequent proceedings rallied the audience, and it was re-enforced, in a solid phalanx, by the Grand Jury, that had been in session in the opposite room, and was roused from its absorptions by the exhilarating note of the pistol.

The judge sat astounded upon the bench. "Why, bless my soul, General!" he exclaimed weakly. And then once more, "Bless my soul!"

He gave, however, a sign of return to judicial consciousness in imposing a fine of fifty dollars upon General Vayne for contempt of court; and to the lovers of sensation it seemed that the Grand Jury was providentially close at hand, for it went back to its den and indicted the stranger for carrying concealed weapons.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "adjourn the court till two o'clock."

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" quavered Mr. Sheriff, greatly distraught. "The honorable Circuit Court stands adjourned till two of the clock!"

General Vayne's friends had hustled him out of the room. He was in the deepest humiliation. The want of dignity in his demonstration smote upon him sorely. That *he* should have so far forgotten himself! That *he* should lift his hand against his fellow-man — without a pistol in it!

When his colleague had left the room the defendant's junior counsel walked to the other door and waylaid a plethoric, eager, unwieldly old man who was hastening after General Vayne.

"Let me detain you a moment," said Meredith politely. "Mr. Ridgeway, I think?"

The old gentleman, facing about, solemnly acknowledged it.

"This is a terrible affair, Mr. Ridgeway, and for General Vayne's own sake it must not be allowed to stand as it is. As you are a friend of his, you must help me to get an apology from him."

The old gentleman seemed on the verge of apoplexy. He became scarlet in the face as he stood unsteadily before his junior. He spluttered and gasped in his excitement; his eager words struggled for precedence, and ran over each other — "Anapology? — 'napology, sir? Anapology for being shot at!"

"The pistol was discharged when Mr. Kendricks was knocked down," said Meredith. "Do you think it is fair to conclude that he would have fired it?"

"Wha — what was he doing with it, then?" spluttered the old gentleman sarcastically.

"Don't you admit the possibility that he drew it to intimidate General Vayne — he could not stand still and be struck, and he could not strike a maimed man. You don't reflect, Mr. Ridgeway, that General Vayne will occupy the intolerable position of taking advantage of that circumstance. Of course Mr. Kendricks can do nothing but submit to the indignity."

The old gentleman tugged meditatively at his tuft of beard, as if it had some cerebral connection and he sought thus to stimulate mental activity.

As the lawyer was accustomed to present only one side of a question, and Mr. Ridgeway to see only one side, neither took any notice of Mr. Kendricks's "intolerable position," one ignoring it from intention and the other from fatuity. And at this moment, that gentleman, walking the narrow bounds of his room at the hotel, was absorbed in agonizing deprecation of public opinion, which he knew would not take into account a hurled inkstand in a case in which a pistol had been drawn on an unarmed and maimed man.

In a sudden flutter of anxiety, Mr. Ridgeway acceded, with apoplctic haste, to Meredith's suggestion, and the ill-assorted couple crossed the square to one of the lawyer's offices, where General Vayne sat with a friend, who, upon recognizing Meredith, rose and left the room, marvelling greatly as to his mission.

"General Vayne," said Meredith, who had previously met the elder gentleman, "I do not come from Mr. Kendricks; understand that. But I think some disinterested person should say to you, both on his account and your own, that you mistook altogether his intention. If you had been calm, you would have realized that his manner of urging his objection was a mere matter of course; it was his duty to his client's interest to seek to injure your testimony."

"Calm, sir, calm!" exclaimed General Vayne, his bald head purple. "I assure you, sir, I was as calm as I am at this moment."

"It is absurd, General," said Mr. Ridgeway, eagerly, "to attribute to a sane man an intention of seriously reflecting upon you. Your friends cannot sufficiently regret that under this delusion you should have permitted yourself to insult a gentleman" —

"And a gentleman in the discharge of a purely professional duty," added the wily young diplomatist.

General Vayne sprang up and began to walk back and forth the length of the apartment, nervously pulling his mustache.

"And in the presence of a motley throng," said the elder peacemaker.

"Bringing a court of justice into contempt," said the lawyer.

"And offering a spectacle of insubordination to the men of your command, who hold you as an exemplar," pursued Mr. Ridgeway.

The unsuspecting subject of all this craft groaned aloud.

"Inflicting a public humilation, and personal injury, and pecuniary loss upon a man who only sought to do his duty to his client," said Meredith.

The simple-hearted gentleman paused in his rapid striding to and fro, and with that agitated gesture, as if he would clasp his missing hand, he turned credulous eyes first on one of the tacticians, then on the other.

"And a stranger in the town!" exclaimed Mr. Ridgeway, capping the climax.

"I — I — will write to him," declared General Vayne,

altogether overwhelmed. He turned to the table, and placed pen, ink, and paper with that adroit left hand. "I — I — am afraid I have been very hasty — very wrong — I will write." Then, suddenly, "No, I will not write. The affront was offered in the presence of a large assemblage" — this was his way of dignifying that motley little crowd; "I will apologize publicly, sir, publicly."

He looked about him wildly for his hat, caught it up, and strode with his buoyant step into the sunshine, twirling his gray mustache, and glancing keenly about for the object of his search.

The other two had risen at the same instant, and as they were about to follow him out of the door, the young lawyer, equally surprised and elated by the readiness with which peace had been patched up, attempted to exchange a leer of congratulation with his red-faced coadjutor. The demonstration was received with an expression of blank inquiry.

"Why, God bless me!" thought young America, feeling much like a child caught making faces, and mastering the situation with an effort, "here's another!"

Kendricks had already emerged from his room at the hotel. It had required some nerve to face Chattalla again, alive, as he knew it must be, with its enjoyment of the "fight free for all," but he did not want the "cursed little town" to say he was hiding, and with this view he was strolling listlessly about the public square. There General Vayne met him. Admiring Chattalla could only see from a distance the dumb show of an oratorical apology, and catch, now and then, the echo of a rotund period. It seemed, however, that the thing was very handsomely done, and handsomely received, too; for this unexpected turn of affairs had solved the lawyer's dilemma, which had offered the equally impracticable alternatives of challenging a one-armed man, or submitting to the ignominy of a blow. His relief gave his manner an unwonted geniality, and as they parted, Chattalla, looking after them, said that this was no doubt the best solution, although the whole affair, from the inkstand to the apology, was painfully "irregular." Then knots of men fell to talking about the propriety of blows, and apologies, under "The Code."

It was a long day to Estwicke, and fraught with many anxieties, but late in the afternoon, as he pressed with the crowd out of the court-house yard, they all seemed merged in the canvassing of his position in regard to General Vayne, and how far it might effect the future. He had inwardly resented the

allusion to himself in the court-room, and he was not a man to tamely submit to an affront. But how was it possible to openly resent it from one old enough to be his father, whose hospitality he had often accepted, and with whose family he was on terms of cordial friendship? Then, too, impartially viewed, the ground of offence was untenable. He had been called a stranger, which was true, and it had been intimated that he might have misunderstood General Vayne's friend. Ought he, in justice to himself, to allow this to bar all further intercourse between them; to go to General Vayne's house no more; to relinquish, in effect, his hope of winning the woman he loved, and every dear prospect of the future?

The question was summarily settled. As he crossed the square he passed General Vayne. The elder gentleman returned his bow with a courtesy as fierce and as punctilious as if they faced each other at twelve paces. Estwicke went on, his blood on fire, swearing a mighty oath that he would take what cognizance he could of his own dignity, and that, whatever sacrifices might be involved, he would not go again to the house of a man who had offered him a public affront, confirming its deliberate intention by his manner afterward, which intimated a feeling approaching enmity.

Date Due

CAT. NO 23 233 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PN 6013 .P3 v.15
010101 000
Masterpieces of the world's li
0 1163 0238641 6
TRENT UNIVERSITY

PN6013 .P3 v. 15

Peck, Harry Thurston
Masterpieces of the world's literature, ancient and modern

DATE | ISSUED TO
162720

162720